FORREST AND STREAM.

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SPRING FEVER.

As the sun grows stronger and the last lingering snowdrifts become gray dirty streaks, as the earliest spring birds return and the brown earth steams and swells beneath the midday warmth, there comes to us a restless longing for something different from the ordinary life, which is perhaps the survival of a migratory instinct transmitted from some long forgotten ancestor, who changed his skies with the changing seasons. Call it by whatever name we may, "spring fever" or "bad blood," this state of mind exists and needs a cure.

There is no better remedy for it than to yield to the feeling, just as the birds and the beasts do, to burst our bonds for a little while and to spend a day, a week or a month, if we can, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." It matters little what the excuse may be that we make to ourselves and our business associates, whether it is to go fishing on the opening day, or to collect birds or wild flowers, or to take a long bicycle ride; any excuse is a good one which for a time frees man or woman from the restraints of every-day life and gives opportunity for communion with nature, now just stretching her arms after her long sleep.

Although this restlessness comes to every one except the most hardened business man, it does not come to all at the same time nor by reason of the same causes. One man may recognize its first symptoms as he walks through the crowded streets and feels a warm soft air of spring blow upon his face; another may be stricken as he walks through a city park and sees the swelling buds of the soft maple or the elm; a third may sit at his desk dreaming for an hour over a letter containing some chance remark which sends his thoughts a thousand miles afield, or yet another may find the sweet poison in some spring odor or in the voice of a newly come bird. Whatever its cause, all know the symptoms of the disease and all know the remedy.

Let him who dreams of brown foam-flecked streams, whose waters are kissed by the swollen catkins of bending willows, and bordered by sprangling alders, make ready his rod and start for the trout stream. There he will perhaps catch some fish, but whether he does so or not, he will find what is of more worth to him than trout, though he may not know it. He will see the new come sandpiper wading along the shallows of the stream, and the water thrush and the redpoll warbler sedately marching by the water's edge; the little tortoises scrambling along the bottom, and the muskrats diving in the quiet places. He will hear the merry gurgle of the blackbirds, the clink of the jay, the tumultuous cawing of the mating crows, and the far-off scream of the soaring hawk. He will stretch his legs in a long day's tramp and will come to his resting place at night honestly tired out, and with an appetite such as he has not had for months.

Or, if his dreams be of Florida, what more easy than to take train and find himself in a day at the long white beaches where the surf thunders unceasingly, where the sun is ever bright and warm, where the waters are bluer than the sky above them, where light-winged seabirds sail and dip, and where the man may turn back the pages of twenty years and at once become a boy again, running bare-legged over the sand, or wading in the surf to capture shells or fish, winning at the same time the rest and the new strength which mean for him, in the months to come, better work and more of it than he could have done without this interval of transformation from man to boy.

The mountain climber or the big-game hunter has his attack of the spring fever as other men do, but it does not send him away, for he knows that his time is not yet. But he plans, oh how he plans! He orders new guns or new ice axes and new climbing shoes; he studies maps and he corresponds with guides, and above all he talks over the contemplated trip with his chosen companion. They discuss elk countries and sheep countries and the best way to get a bear; or they figure on unclimbed mountain peaks and talk of glaciers and crevasses and bergschrunds and couloirs and cornices. And it may be that out of all this talk and planning and anticipation they get more pleasure than they do at last out of the trip.

There are many to whom these outings are their sole recreation, pleasures anticipated for one-half the year and looked back on for the other half, and the number of such is constantly increasing. It ought to increase, for they who really delight in such things do better work and make more useful citizens than those who pin themselves down to an unending round of narrow business life.

The laying aside for a time of the daily routine, the mental rest, the delight of again seeing beautiful things, long known, yet ever fresh, and of seeing other things which are wholly new—all these combine to pour into a man's system a new vigor which will enable him when he returns to his work to do that work with an increased interest, intelligence and earnestness. From the point of view of mere dollars and cents it is worth every man's while to take two vacations each year, one in the spring and one in the fall. Such play-spells pay for themselves in the better work a man by reason of them can do through the long months of cold and heat.

BASS TRAPS IN LAKE ONTARIO BAYS.

OUR issue of March 21 contained a letter from Dr. R. W. Amidon, of this city, describing the havoc wrought with the black bass supply of the bays at the east end of Lake Ontario by the trap-netters. The general State law applying to Lake Ontario forbids the use of nets within one mile of the shore, but exempts from this prohibition certain of the bays at the east end of the lake. This exemption was made some years ago at the instance of a few netters whose cause was espoused by Senator Mullin. From that day to this Mr. Mullin has looked out for his netting friends. He has done this and is doing it to-day at the expense of the public he should represent. No one wants or asks for the license to net, except the few individuals who make their money by netting black bass and disposing of them by an illicit trade with dealers in New York and elsewhere. Dr. Amidon has discovered by personal investigation that barrels upon barrels of black bass from these waters are received in New York in May, and being unsalable here are sent on to Philadelphia. The traffic in out-of-season bass profits a few; it is an outrage and robbery of the people at large. Senator Mullin's measure to shield it is a specimen of the rankest class legislation. It is for the advantage of a small class made up practically of outlaws, men who have been driven away from the interior waters of the State, compelled to remove themselves and their unlawful engines of destruction to quarters where they find immunity because they can induce a State Senator to champion their demands.

The bill proposed by the New York Association contains a provision repealing this Lake Ontario netting license. The measure should have the endorsement of the Legislature. Senator Mullin, as usual, is on hand to look after the interests of his black bass trapping friends. He has put in a bill—Senate Bill No. 972—which not only gives the bass trappers all they have had in the past but more too, for it extends the area of excepted waters and lets the trappers in where they have been kept out. The continuance of netting in these waters means the exhaustion of the supply of bass. It is for the public interest that Senator Mullin's class measure should be killed.

SNAP SHOTS.

A notable characteristic of the reports of the game and fish protective commissions of Nova Scotia and of Massachusetts alike is the degree of attention given to the trappers of game. In Nova Scotia the complaint is general of traps set for moose. This is a favorite method employed in the backwoods, and the most persevering activity of the wardens appears to be insufficient to cope with the moose snares. In the Massachusetts report most of the duputy commissioners record the prevalence of ruffed grouse snares and dwell upon the difficulty they find in checking the evil. Snaring is the favorite method with the man who kills for market. It is well known that game dealers find a ready sale for birds which have been snared instead of shot, for such birds bring a higher price because of their freedom from the leaden pellets. The method is also surer and more profitable than shooting. The snare will more certainly bring to hand the grouse; in practice snaring effectually cleans out the supply of birds. Deputy Commissioner Alon D. Faye reports an interesting experiment with which he has been successful in getting the best of the trappers and in preserving the game supply. Finding among the farmers of a certain section a general willingness to combine for the protection of game, Mr. Faye called a meeting before the law was off, at which it was determined by a number of owners of adjoining lands to prohibit entirely trespassing without permission. This was intended not as a restrictive measure, but for the purpose of saving the birds from the "game hogs" for the benefit of the farm owners themselves and their friends, who would be satisfied with a half dozen birds or so as the result of a shoot. The agreement thus entered into having carried out, the result has proved all that was anticipated. The birds have been protected successfully and have been found sufficient to repay moderately pursuit with the gun, and for one local territory, at least in Massachusetts, there is likely to be good sport for years to come. We used to hear much from Massachusetts about the rights of the farmers' boys to snare grouse. As a matter of fact what right the boy had was not worthy of consideration, for it was not actually the maintenance of this right that the advocates of snaring were intent upon, but rather the interest of the professional market snarer. With the cheapening of firearms and the correspondingly increased popularity of the gun and its more common use among farmers' boys as well as others, the partridge snare is rapidly being relegated to oblivion by every one except the man who takes birds for market.

New York city is to have one of the largest and best equipped zoölogical gardens in America. During the winter months a committee of experts, consisting of Superintendent Arthur Erwin Brown, of the Philadelphia Zoölogical Garden; Dr. Frank Baker, superintendent of the Zoölogical Park of Washington, and Prof. Daniel G. Elliott, curator of the Zoölogical Department of the Field Columbian Museum, have been studying sites available in the 4,000 acres of park lands in the northern part of this city, and it is understood that they have determined upon a site for the garden subject to the approval of the newly-appointed director, Mr. Wm. P. Hornaday, of Buffalo. Mr. Hornaday is known as a zoölogist who has had much experience with wild animals both in their native state and in captivity. The New York park will give him an ample field for the exercise of his best talents; the opportunity is one which might satisfy the most ambitious.

The appointment of Col. H. H. Lyman to the Excise Commission caused a vacancy in the Fish Commission, which has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Hendrick S. Holden, of Syracuse. Mr. Holden is vice-president of the Commercial Bank of Syracuse, and is known as one of the successful business men of that city. He is a sportsman interested in shooting and fishing, in fishculture and fish and game preservation. It is said of him that he will fall in with the progressive ideas which have characterized the present Commission.

We regret to learn of the death at the early age of 36 years of our contributor, Mr. F. C. Gilchrist, of Fort Qu' Appelle, Northwest Territories. Mr. Gilchrist was the fishery inspector of the Northwest Territories, an office into the work of which he entered with enthusiasm. In the performance of his duty he had visited very many of the streams and lakes within the vast district under his jurisdiction, often under very severe personal exposure and hardship, to the severity of which is attributed the disease which resulted in his death. His contributions to the FOREST AND STREAM had to do mostly with the life history of fishes as observed by him. His notes were marked by originality and had the value which always attaches to first hand records of the ways of nature. The father of Mr. Gilchrist was Charles Gilchrist, Overseer of Fisheries at Rice Lake, Ontario, who has done so much to renew old-time wildfowl grounds by the planting of wild rice.

We print in our columns this week the full instructions given by Commissioner E. A. Brackett, of Massachusetts, for the rearing of Mongolian pheasants. Massachusetts has been successful in her pheasant enterprise, and Mr. Brackett's experience with the birds promises to induce a more general adoption of his methods. Pheasants are soon to be counted among the game birds of New England.

The FOREST AND STREAM is now domiciled in a handsome suite of offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, two blocks north of the former location. The present entrance is on Leonard street. The offices are on the eighth floor, rooms 809 to 812.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TWO OCEAN PASS.

[Continued from page 281.]

Saturday, Sept. 9.—The weather having cleared, Phillips and I went to where I had killed the eight-point bull on Thursday. We took Brown along and a pack horse for the purpose of packing the meat to camp. The snow had melted and the morning was bright and crisp, as is usual in these mountains after a storm. After assisting Brown to pack the meat and the head of the bull, and seeing him on his way to camp, we hunted afoot near the head of the valley, in a basin or park, inclosed on all sides but one by steep, rugged mountains. We hunted for several hours without even seeing so much as a fresh sign until about noon, when I saw what seemed to me the shoulder of an elk between two trees. Upon examining it with my glasses my surmise proved correct, and now I could also see the tips of the horns, proving that it was a bull. The distance was not over 80yds., but I made a disgraceful miss nevertheless, and I missed the bull again with the left barrel as he ran away. Trying to run after him to get another shot, I was soon out of breath, when Phillips called my attention to two more bulls which, alarmed by the shooting, had started after the first one. I shot at the last of these two, he being the larger, but again missed with both barrels. Disgusted with my bad shooting, we took after them on the run, but the rarified air soon winded me. After regaining my breath somewhat, I separated from Phillips, and had hardly proceeded 150yds. when I saw the head and shoulder of a large bull behind a breastwork, so to speak, of evergreens. He was looking toward Phillips, and had not noticed me. Pulling myself together for a steady shot and taking my time, I took aim at the bull's shoulder and pressed the trigger, but as the smoke hung in a dense cloud I could not see with what effect. Phillips, however, who had not seen the bull until after I fired, called to me to hurry, that he thought I had hit the bull, but that the latter had crossed the creek below us. When we arrived at the creek I was delighted to find a lot of blood in the spoor. The blood, however, soon stopped, or at least we could only find it at rare intervals. Once Phillips picked up a small piece of wood with some frothy blood on it, showing that the bull was hit in the lungs. We now decided to give him plenty of time to get sick and sat down to eat our lunch, resting for about an hour.

After that we again took up the track, and some fifteen minutes later jumped the bull, which had been lying down. Being somewhat in the rear I did not see him, but Phillips saw him plainly and said he could also see the bullet mark and that I had hit him too high up. After him we went again, and directly came to a place where the wounded bull had disturbed another one, and there being no difference in the size of the track we for a little time followed the wrong one before we discovered our mistake. Phillips now did some very clever work at tracking, I myself being unable to follow the spoor except under his guidance. After a mile of such slow work we again jumped the bull in some green timber. I just got a glimpse of him, but fired a snap shot nevertheless, which missed and made him go now down-hill faster than ever. Fortunately he was now going in the direction of where we had left our horses. Another mile or so of tracking and Phillips again put him up. I being to one side could not see him. I now proposed to Phillips that I take the lead and follow the track, which was here quite plain, and had hardly advanced 200yds. in that way when I saw the bull watching his back track. As no other part of his body was visible from my position except his head and neck I aimed for the latter. At the shot away went the bull again. Does he bear a charmed life? But while I reload I can see that he staggers, and down he goes with a crash.

He had a nice and very symmetrical head of twelve points.

We returned to camp with a pardonable amount of satisfaction at having killed the wounded bull after this long chase. The admirable woodcraft displayed by Phillips this day makes me forgive him all his former shortcomings, for without his aid I certainly never would have gotten the wounded animal.

Sunday, Sept. 10, is, according to P., mainly remarkable for the fact that I stayed in camp and cleaned up things generally. P., Woody and Brown went to bring in the head of the bull killed by P. on Thursday, and P. killed another bull of twelve points near the same place.

We have now plenty of bear bait, and if any bears are in this section of the country they should come to the carcasses of the elk. But so far we have only seen old sign, months old at that.

P. is rather "rubbing it into me" this trip, but he deserves his success. He is not only a tireless, resolute hunter, but also a good shot and good all-round sportsman. C. takes after his father (P.), but this being his first hunt in the mountains, he is not quite as successful as his pluck deserves. He broke the ice to-day, however, killing a nice nine-point bull with abnormal horns.

I attribute my ill success so far, or rather my bad shooting, to the rifle I carry. It is a new one, .45cal., and should have been made after the pattern of my old .40. But the stock is so very much straighter that I can hardly get my eye down to the sight at all, which causes me to overshoot. I have always been rather proud of my ability to shoot large game, having killed lots on previous trips, with misses only few and far between, and shall stick hereafter to the old .40, than which a better rifle never was made and which I fortunately brought along. I also like its long, heavy bullet, with only a small hole in front, better than the shorter one of the new .45, which seems to lack in penetration and breaks up too soon.

Monday, Sept. 11, is marked with red letters in my hunting diary, for on that day I killed the biggest bull elk that I ever saw, or for that matter ever expect to see again. That morning Phillips and I went on the high ground after sheep. We left our horses at the entrance of a cañon some three miles from camp, and climbed through the cool, green forest and later through a maze of dwarfed cedars until we got above timber line. We hunted the rocks and ridges faithfully, but saw no fresh signs of sheep; only elk tracks, even at this elevation, seemed to be plentiful. About noon we were within a couple of hundred feet of the top of the highest peak of the range, the name of which on the maps is given as Yount's Peak, and sat down to eat our luncheon. The day was beautifully bright and clear, and the wind for a wonder, even at these higher levels, quite steady, gentle and from the east. What magnificent views one gets when hunting in the mountains. They alone are worth all the toil and trouble one has to undergo. To the east the mountains which form the cañon of the Stinking Water could be seen, looking so rough and barren that I doubt whether even in the centuries to come the mountain sheep, whose favorite haunts they are, will ever be quite exterminated in that range. To the west, just peeping over the nearer ranges of the Shoshones, I recognize my old friend the Grand Teton, under whose shadow I camped but three short weeks ago. And there, some hundreds of feet below us, a large hawk rises from his rocky perch and sweeps in circles, each larger than the foregoing, and on motionless wings through the rarified air in search of food, uttering discordant cries. How strange it seems to look down at the bird instead of up, and I cannot help suppressing the wish that I had wings to be able to sail away through space whenever the notion would take me. Altogether, we are up here "pretty close to God Almighty," as a friend with whom I hunted once in the Colorado Rockies quaintly expressed it.

With another friend, a lawyer, my companion on many a big-game hunt, and than whom a better sportsman and scholar never lived, I was once traveling on the divide between the Grand and the Eagle rivers, in Colorado. Neither of us had spoken for over an hour, but when we got near the highest point we both, actuated by the same impulse, reined in our horses to admire the scenery, which there was sublimely grand. Suddenly M., turning in his saddle, said: "F., do you believe in the existence of God?" To which I replied that I certainly did. "But," M. continued, "at times I seem to have doubts about His existence;" and then proceeded to argue and to illustrate his meaning. To all of which I only made answer that I failed to see what good it would do any man to doubt; that I had reasoned with myself on that subject many a time, and that I was a firm believer. Finally M. said, "F., I believe you are right. Few unbelievers can come out here, see what we are looking at right now, and not experience a change of heart. Unbelief is a disease of the cities." To all of which I agreed, and we proceeded on our way. Poor M., he has now gone to that land where all doubts cease.

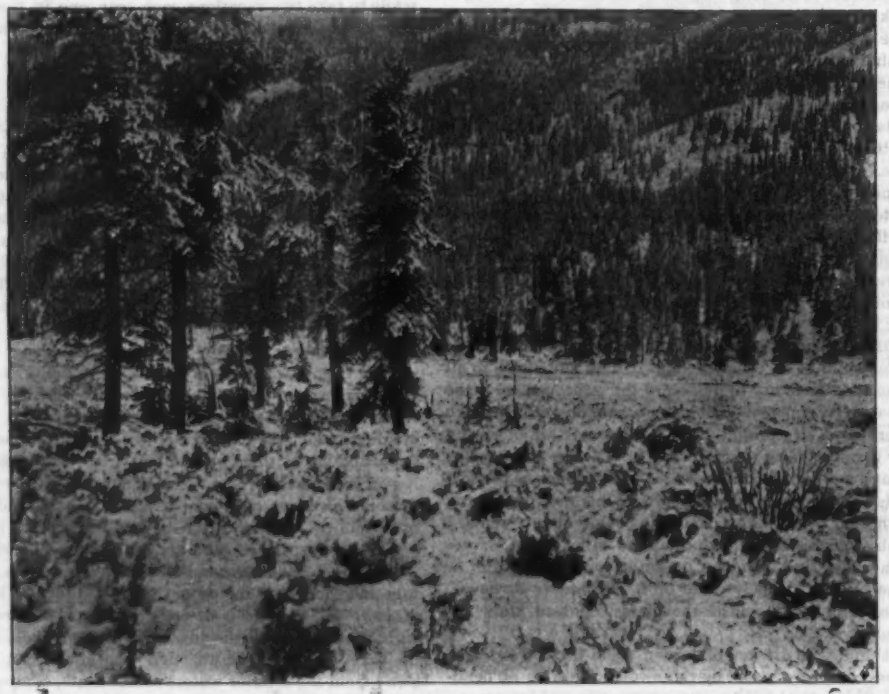
But while I was thus day-dreaming Phillips had, with a more practical turn of mind, spread out the contents of the luncheon bag: cold fried elk meat, bread and a little dried fruit. I for one never get tired of venison of any kind, but Phillips said he'd give something pretty for a nice piece of ham! After our somewhat laborious climb of the morning it felt good to rest, but after Phillips had smoked his pipe we started again.

We had not gone very far when we descried at a great distance below us, in fact just at timber line, a band of animals. The field glasses showed that they were five bull elk and that they were feeding. As at least three of them carried very fine heads, I resolved to stalk them.

The descent over the snow and precipitous slope below it proved very laborious, and once I had a nasty fall on some slide rock, tearing my skin and my clothing and getting the muzzles of my rifle full of dirt. As I always carry a pocket wiping string, made of strong harness leather so it cannot break, my rifle was soon cleaned. But in my fall I also dislodged some loose stones and rocks, which went bounding down the steep side of the hill. Although this did not disturb the elk, which all this time were hidden from our view by a projecting cliff, it alarmed a band of nine mountain sheep, which had presumably been enjoying their siesta unknown to us, below the edge of the cliff. Very pretty they looked, but very tantalizing withal, being at least 600yds. away, as they went in single file at a rare pace down the hill, across the narrow valley and up the opposite side of the mountain, where we soon lost sight of them as they disappeared in one of the many snow-choked ravines. I was much afraid that the sheep would alarm the elk, but this fear proved groundless, for when we again got sight of the latter they had all five of them lain down.

But how to get nearer than 400yds. to those elk was now the question that worried me. The cliff we were on, the edge of which had heretofore both prevented the elk from seeing us and us from examining the intervening ground, had a sheer drop here of about 200ft., and from the base of it there was a gradual slope of perfectly open ground covered with short grass—a regular mountain meadow—to where the game was. It was therefore impossible to proceed on the same line we had been doing. If we went further to the right the elk would surely get our wind and take alarm. We were therefore obliged to take the left side of the cliff, but after crawling along on our knees in the dry bed of a ravine for some distance, we only found that its course would eventually only take us further from our game. Contrary to the advice of Phillips, who wished me to stay here and wait till the game moved—which he supposed would be in our direction—I now retraced my steps to our first position on the cliff, crawling to the edge of it; but try as I would, I could not get nearer than what I estimated to be about 350yds. to the elk without being observed by them. There was no help for it, however, and I prepared to chance the shot. I am willing to confess that I did not like the distance. My rifle, a .400 double express by Fraser, of Edinburgh, was sighted to only 200yds., and except one buck antelope, which I had bowled over with it the previous season at what I afterward stepped over 400yds., I had never risked any long shots. At this high altitude, however, any rifle will hold up better than on a lower level, the thinness of the air straightening the trajectory by offering less resistance to the bullet and increasing its range.

Taking off my hat I put it on the ground beside me, placing a number of cartridges in it ready to hand. Then I took a careful look at the bulls through the field glasses and selected what seemed to me the one with the best antlers. This bull had its neck and head stretched out on the ground,



A HUNTING DAY.
Photo by Mr. Clay Pierce.

much in the same fashion that a well-trained pointer or setter does when commanded to "down—charge." I then gave the glasses to Phillips, telling him to watch the effects of the shot, raised the 200yds. sight and took aim at the bull's shoulder. At the crack of the rifle all five bulls jumped to their feet as if touched by an electric wand and moved a few steps toward our position, but being unable to locate the danger they there stood for some time all huddled together without moving. Not long though, for when I fired the left barrel at the same bull as before he made a tremendous jump sideways, while the others made off at a quick trot toward the timber. The big one made several ineffectual attempts to follow his master, but seemingly paralyzed in his hindquarters was unable to do so.

Phillips, who now had a good view of the bull with the glasses, called to me, "For God's sake, Mr. F., shoot; that bull carries a thousand-dollar head; there is not another one like him in Wyoming!" So admonished, and naturally a trifle excited, I reloaded and fired several more shots at the bull, who all this time was making frantic but ineffectual efforts to move. Finally, however, he succeeded, first walking very slowly and painfully, then a trifle faster, when I gave him another right and left barrel, which he acknowledged each time with a decided wince. Just then he came to a little rising ground which he intended to cross, and while pushing in fresh cartridges I could see that twice he almost fell in his efforts to ascend the rise. Then, after he got over the top of it, it seemed to me that I saw him fall and not rise again. Phillips, who all this time had been giving vent to his feelings in strong language—one moment praising the size of the bull's antlers and the number of tines, the next reflecting in not very parliamentary terms upon my shooting abilities (as if that would improve them) and the next again cursing his luck because I would not allow him to shoot—now declared with an oath of superior emphasis which surpassed all previous efforts in that line, that he'd have that bull. (N. B.—If about to make a difficult shot at game tell your guide or companion to keep his mouth shut; or better still, if the nature of the ground permits, post him in a position some distance from you, so he cannot disconcert you by his remarks.)

Making all haste possible, we finally got near the place where the bull had disappeared. Holding my rifle at the "ready," I carefully and slowly peeped over the ridge—and there, just on the other side of it, lay my bull dead.

What a monster he was! and certainly larger by far than any of our horses. His antlers were of truly immense size, curiously palmated, with twenty-two points, and flatter than any I have ever seen before or since. After knocking out the whistling teeth—to be afterward made into a charm for my watch-chain—we set to work to cut off his head—no easy job, on account of its great size and the awkward position in which the animal had fallen. We finally succeeded, however, and, with plenty of neck skin attached, left it to be called for the next day with the pack horses. Then, the afternoon being already well advanced, we trudged along, tired out but happy, back to camp. Several times we disturbed elk during our tramp homeward, but only twice did I get so much as a glimpse of a fleeing form through the green trees. The sun had set long before we reached our horses; then mounting these, we rode through the gathering gloom to camp as fast as the nature of the ground would permit. After supper and sitting near the blazing camp-fire I related to my friends the killing of the big bull.

P. did not hunt this day. C. went out, but got no game; he saw two sheep, however.

Tuesday, Sept. 12.—Phillips went this morning to bring in the head of the big bull which I had killed the previous day, and C. and Billy went with him part of the way and then hunted by themselves. They returned in the evening without having seen anything. P. and I stayed in the camp, as it was snowing and looked stormy. This morning we had a visitor in camp—a trapper from the Wind river country whose camp, he told us, is located on the next creek north of us.

In the afternoon I went with Brown to see if any bears had visited the elk carcasses in the upper part of the valley, but found them undisturbed. Except two black-tail does, we did not see any game.

Wednesday, Sept. 13.—It being still very stormy, none of us went out in the morning, the wind being too high to allow us to walk on the ridges with safety, and in the forest dead trees were continually crashing down, making it dangerous to hunt there also. In the afternoon, however, P. and Woody went out, but soon returned, the storm having again increased in severity. P. had shots at two bulls, but did not hit either. This day we had some more visitors, two prospectors who had lost their way and did not know where they were "at." They were old acquaintances of Phillips's and made camp a little below ours. We gave them all the venison they cared to take.

As the evening was bitterly cold and old logs plentiful, we lit a huge camp-fire, around which we and our visitors crowded, listening to C.'s music on the banjo, and afterward telling stories. PAUL FRANCKE.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XVIII.

Around the Fire.

THE two uncles of all their acquaintances got on exceedingly well together, for it transpired that Uncle Tyler had been a Plattsburg volunteer, which was a close bond of friendship, and in their exchange of reminiscences he had no difficulty in understanding the other, who, he said, "talked jest as folks used tu."

"Some on 'em says 'at I'm a-gittin' deaf, but I tell 'em its 'cause they don't speak plain. The' don't nobody, sca'cely, now-er-days. But I can hear you a-talkin' jest as plain as I could hear the cannon tu Plattsburg. An' the' wa'n't no trouble o' hearin' them, was the'?"

"No, ner the hollerin' nuther;" said Uncle Lisha.

"Du you reckerleck haow that minister hollered?" continued the other. "He come from over your way somewher's, cap'n of a comperny he was, all the men folks of his congregation his comperny was, an' he got 'em all squatted daown behin' a stun wall, an' when the British come a-marchin' up, some on 'em kep' a-stickin' of the' heads up an' a-peekin' at 'em, an' the minister he kep' a-tellin' on 'em tu lay low, but they wouldn't, for all naow an' ag'in one on 'em would git a chunk o' lead in his head which it spilte him fer fightin', till bimebye the minister he got mad an' damned 'em up hill an' daown an' grabbed a muskit an' swore he'd shoot the fust one 'at peeked over the wall. Yes, he did; damned 'em right tu the' heads. An' so arter he got hum they hed a church meetin' an' hauled the minister over the coals for cussin', an' by gol, sir, they voted tu 'scuse him, 'cause they 'lowed his swearin' was a military needcessity."

Uncle Tyler indulged in such immoderate silent laughter over his story that he brought on a violent fit of coughing, from which he recovered after so protracted a struggle for breath that his entertainers were relieved to see him depart homeward before he should die on their hands.

"He's a crabbed ol' creetur, but he's got his good p'ints," Uncle Lisha remarked, as they watched him rounding the great bend, his pipe in full blast and puffing with the regularity, if not quite the volume, of a high-pressure steamboat. "Deaf folks an' blin' folks lives in worlds by theirselves, still worlds an' dark worlds, an' I cal'late it makes a man sort o' crabbed tu live by hisself. But the ol' creetur hes got his good p'ints."

"Yes," Joseph assented, "so he hes, an' it kinder seems 's 'ough his best ones was earin' a boat an' ketchin' fish, an' I do' know but borryin' terbarker in a way 'at you can't deny him, 'cause he allers meant tu ha' hed some o' his own. But he is a turrible man tu oar a boat an' a turrible man tu ketch pickerels. I do' know 's I ever see a more one. An' naow I s'pose these 'ere 'at he helped me ketch has got tu be dressed."

He heaved a sigh of resignation as he slowly drew his jack knife from his pocket and as slowly opened the rickety blade, while his eyes made deliberate selection of a worthy subject for his skill. This he laid upon a convenient slab, and began the task with increased courage when he saw Uncle Lisha opening his knife with an evident intention of lending a helping hand. As they scraped gray-green backs, spotted sides and silvery bellies to an even whiteness, and beguiled the most irksome of the angler's labors with friendly discourse, they heard Sam's return heralded by occasional shots faintly echoed far up the Slang, then saw the infrequent puffs of powder smoke whisked away by the wind before the tardy report burst on their ears, with briefer intervals, till the light birch canoe came swimming, swift and silent, around the last bend like a great duck, and glided into port close beside them.

Antoine rejoiced over the prospective change in the bill of fare from fowl to fish and promised such skill in cookery as should no less gladden the others.

"O, bah gosh! Ah'll tol' you, Zhozeff," he cried, as he sidled around with his arms akimbo when they were not engaged in gesture, and his head tilted to one side and the other, in inspection of the progress of the work, "w'en you'll gat dat peekrils scrope so he white lak snowballs, Ah'll goin' cook him so you'll wish you was kingfish'n' bird an' heat feesh every day, all de tam, sem lak one man Canada."

Uncle Lisha scraped his fish softly while he listened in expectation of a story, but Antoine seemed to have forgotten that he had one to tell, though the old man prompted him with an interrogative "Wal?"

"Wal," he repeated after a while, "I've allers b'en wantin' tu hear suthin' abaout a man in Caneedy, an' if you've got anythin' tu tell le's hev it. But whilst you're a-talkin', Ann Twine, you might be a rippin' one o' these 'ere fish."

"No, seh, Onc' Lasha, Ah'll can't oversaw de work an' tol' de storee an' work mahse'f all de once."

"Wal, tell yer story then, if you've got it thought up. You wouldn't half clean the fish if you sot aout tu."

"Wal, seh, Onc' Lasha," Antoine began, as he deliberately filled his pipe. "Great many while 'go, w'en de tam was hol', dar was one man Canada was lak for feesh so much he a'n't do mos' not'ing but dat. W'en his corn ought for be plant his waf was plant it, if he gat plant 't all, an' he go feeshin'. W'en his corn was ought for be hoe, he go feeshin', W'en it was tam for cut off, his waf cut it off, an' de mans go feeshin' an' de sem for husk it, an' jes' de sem for rip his wheat, an' t'rash it, his waf he do it, all of it. An' w'en his hwood was ought for be cut he go feeshin' in de ice. An' w'en de Govny want it for go faght de Hinjin an' de Angleesh, he'll run 'way an' go feeshin', so bambye de pries' he'll gat mad at it an' he tol' it 't he a'n't 'have hese'f for be so shiftin', he goin' turn it into kingfishin' an' den see 'f he'll gat 'nough feeshin'.

"De mans he some scare an' promise for be better, 'fore soon he fregit an' go feeshin' all de tam jes' de sem. Den de pries,' O haow he'll was mad an' turn dat man into kingfishin' raght off. De man he was supprise prob'ly, for feel hese'f such leetly feller all cover wid fedder, but pooty soon he feel glad, for t'ink he'll a'n't gat for wear clo's dat was trouble for git, an' can go feeshin' all de tam.

"He go up de river, 'K-r-r-r-r,' an' he go daown de river, 'K-r-r-r-r,' an' wen he see leetly feesh, 'baout so big he can swaller, 'splosh' he jomp on it an' flew on a tree for heat it an say, 'T'ank you, Pere Jerome, it was funs for be kingfishin'.' When he was flew pas' hees hown haouse on de river an' see hees waf homp hees back hoein' an' rippin' in de sun an' his chil'len cry for hongry he'll holler 'K-r-r-r' jes' lak he was laught at it, he such gre't wicked.

"Wal, seh, he'll had good tam all summer an' long in de fall 'fore it come col'. Den he a'n't hear de sing bird yaller any more 'cause dey all gone 'cep' de jay an' de whoodpeckit; den de river froze on top, but he'll a'n't know 'nough for go to de warm wedder. He guess he was be hable for stay jes' long anybody. One morny de river was be froze on top, but he'll a'n't know when he go for his breakfis' an' he go 'K-r-r-r,' lookin' for see some feesh, an' bambye he'll see leetly fish swim under de ice an' he holler 'K-r-r-r-r' an' go firs' head raght on top of it, 'Floop,' an' bus' his head on de ice an' broke his brain all off an' dat was de en' of it."

"Sho, Ann Twine, you'd a gre't sight better be'n a-dressin' fish 'an a-wastin' your time a-tellin' sech a dumb lie!" Uncle Lisha commented. "Naow you rence 'em off an' kerry 'em up tu camp, fer Jozeff an' me hes done aour sheer."

While Uncle Lisha made his way to the water side with hands and knife held abroad till he stooped to cleanse them, Antoine began washing the fish, protesting meanwhile:

"O, Onc' Lasha, you was want me tol' it. You was jes' lak man feeshin' an' git leetly bite, an' he keep feeshin' for ketch it, an' w'en he ketch it, it was punkin seed, an' he mad 'cause it a'n't bull pawt. It bes' was for be satisfy. Naow, hurrah for de suppy!"

With that they bore their fish to camp, where Sam had preceded them and got the fire in full blast. Presently Antoine pranced around it in a culinary ecstacy, while the others watched him in rapt regard and grew hungrier with every whiff borne to their nostrils from the screeching pan. When at last they sat down to their rock table Uncle Lisha heaved a sigh of satisfaction as he adjusted his spectacles for detection of bones.

"Ah-h-h! This 'ere 's suthin' like. The fact on't is, I've eat duck till I'm a-gittin' web-footed."

"An' bah gosh! Ah'll pull up some fedder on mah back dis morny. Ah'll was put it on Zhozeff's bag if you a'n't believed it."

"I swan, Antwine," said Joseph, "if you'll let 'em grow all over ye, I'll pick ye at the halves."

"Say what you're a mintur," said Sam, "a good fat duck hain't tu be sneezed at. I cal'late them leetle teal ducks is the ch'icest eatin', and wood duck next, an' black duck next, but any on 'em 's good enough for poor folks. Arter all, the's more fun in gettin' on 'em 'an the' is a-hevin' on 'em, same as it is in most all huntin' an' fishin' in the true sperit. I guess it's his soul 'at enj'ys it. But then ag'in there's dawgs 'at folks says hain't got no souls, but I don't b'lieve it.

"Ner I nuther," said Uncle Lisha. "I've seen some dawgs an' some hosses 'at thinks more 'n some men du an' reasons aout things tew."

"Yes," Sam continued, "an' jest think o' humern fools an' tew-legged hawgs a-goin' tu heaven, an' good dawgs 'at thinks an' dreams an' sticks tu ye through thick an' thin a-goin' aout intu nothin'. It hain't no fair shake! I cal'late dreamin' is a sign of a soul. The body's all asleep, but the's suthin' keeps a-goin' on a-thinkin' arter a fashion, an' what is 't if 't hain't a soul? You never heard a hawg du nothin' on'y snore when he sleeps, but you'll hear a leetle bird in the dead o' night an' darkness a-singin' aout on his rwust suthin' he hed left over from daytime, so faint an' fur off, you know he's asleep. An' a dawg 'll show 'at the's a part on him a huntin' in his sleep jest as much as folks feels tu be when they're asleep. A dawg 's got some advantage over us in not hevin' no gun tu git off. It's our'us 'at a dream gun never will go off. You pull till you shet your teeth an' eyes, an' when the hommer falls it goes daown abaout 's quick as a wiltin' weed an' abaout as heavy, an' your dumb gun won't go off. But what I was a-goin' tu say, a baoun' dawg 'll foller a fox all day an' all night a-singin' glory hallelujah all the time, an' when you shoot the fox afore him he'll on'y jest chaw his backbone a minute an' give him a shake an' then curl up an' lay daown as com-f'table as a kitten an' jest as contented. His stomerk 's as empty as a contribution box, but his soul is satisfied jest as much as a man's is. But I'm a-losin' my chance o' gittin' my supper, a-gabbin'! Shove the fryin' pan this way, Antwine."

When they had their fill of fish they enjoyed their loaf by the fire and recounted the day's doings. Sam and Antoine told of the Indians' progress in canoe building, Joseph his brief experience of Crusoe life and Uncle Lisha of his visit to his old friend and his alarm at Joseph's disappearance.

"I didn't know but them 'ere nigger hunters hed kerried the creatur' off," he said, "but I know'd they'd bring him back arter they tried workin' on him an' boardin' on him a spell. But I tell ye I was glad tu find the creatur' a-hollerin' to that ol' Tyler, 'cause I feel kinder 'caountable for his safe-keepin'."

"I druther hev a deaf man tu talk tu 'an not tu hev nob'dy, if it is strainin' work," said Joseph, caressing his throat with a tender touch. "Gol, my throat 's all furred up."

"Dat was feeshbone, prob'ly. You'll a'n't wan' heat more hurry as you spoke, Zhozeff."

After planning how to spend the morrow, which was to be their last day in camp, they turned into their blankets and drowsed into restful sleep to the sound of the crickets' faint, monotonous complaint and the fleeting whistle of passing wings. ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN TENNESSEE.

At Home.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 5.—There is a rumor that when Mr. and Mrs. Irby Bennett, of Memphis, returned from a visit to the Atlanta Exposition, last December, they found a sign on the front door of their home, "Meals at all hours. Lodging 25 cents." In their absence they had turned over their *menage* to a gentleman guest who had been running the establishment as a sort of wide-open resort for sportsmen, with Mr. Bennett's relatives, his cook and servants as accessories after the fact. It is said that when Mr. Bennett saw the sign he made no objection of serious nature. "It's all right about the meals," he said, "but it seems to me they've set a rather low price on the lodging." After which the lawful heads of the household entered into their own castle, where they experienced difficulty in resuming control, and indeed never did, according to rumor, succeed in breaking up the succession of midnight chafing dish orgies until they had promised to buy their guest his railroad ticket if he would only go home, which at last he reluctantly consented to do.

Such is the quality of the hospitality of the South. When you are told to "make yourself at home" there is something more than Hispaniolian in the invitation. The high quality of this gentle Southern trait—which makes it distinctive and inimitable—is its sincerity and matter-of-factness. With the invasion of this Memphis home I personally had nothing to do, except once in a while, in a quiet and dignified manner, to eat a bite of lobster or something at 12 or 1 o'clock at night; but I heard of the occurrence while at Memphis. Meantime I was again to "make myself at home" with Dr. W. D. Taylor, at Brownsville, some forty miles east of Memphis, where I had spent some delightful days the year previous. Of the way we went quail shooting there I would like to tell, and by the time I am done the telling I shall be ready to ask if it is not plain the South is the delightfulest part of all America. Megrims, moroseness, melancholy and misanthrophy abide not there, and the man who goes South and cannot say he is glad he is alive ought to be dead and buried forty fathoms deep beneath the green earth, and away from the face of the smiling sky.

To begin with, there were the greetings of Dr. and Mrs. Taylor and of the children down to the baby, "Sweet," a yellow-headed cherub I wouldn't mind having tied to my desk so I could talk to her once in a while. But my host allowed small time for this in the morning, and intimated we would best be afield. So we began three days of a sport which I consider the ideal sport of America when at its best, and which certainly was to be seen here at its very best. We had hunted horseback, had the best of horses, the best of dogs, pleasant weather and plenty of birds in good country. Moreover, the shooting was in the company of men who know what sportsmanlike shooting is, and who shoot as gentlemen should for the sport of it alone, with no rush, nor hurry, nor unseemly greed or emulation. I think I have never seen three days of prettier sport.

The First Day.

Our party on the first day was made up of Dr. Taylor, Dr. T. D. Cooper and Mr. J. E. Chapman, and much to the pleasure of all we were accompanied by Miles Bennett, who handled the dogs and did not shoot. Mr. Bennett trained for a long time with Mr. Tucker, of Stanton, and had lately gone in for himself, and had some dogs in charge for Dr. Taylor and others of that neighborhood. Everyone knows that the sport of quail shooting lies in having a well-broken dog. For Miles Bennett's success as a handler the pleasure of our shooting was sufficient evidence, and if he always does so well and has so good stock to operate there will be small room left for any objection. One thing I liked especially; Miles Bennett's dogs were finished retrievers when he got through with them. To me, who am old-fashioned, and do not care to receive my opinions second-hand from the field trial authorities, there is no perfection in a day's shooting if my dog does not retrieve. This is the one act of all others which fastens the companionship of man and dog afield. A special retriever to follow you around may be a better thing for those who fancy it, but I would not ask for it myself. It does not seem to me that field shooting need be a finely differentiated system, intended to destroy the very last bird and not to let one get away. Suppose your dog does flush a bird or so when he is bringing you the dead, and suppose a few birds do get away. Let 'em go, and God bless 'em. Are you not freed of the marking and hunting of dead, and the scramble after wing tips, and the haunting dread that your dog will nose out a dead bird and then go away and leave it? In the dog which brings you to your game like a gentleman, which is steady when you shoot, and which then enables you to stand quiet and untroubled like a gentleman while your game is brought to you—in that sort of dog you have not only a dog, but a

friend. To my notion Mr. B. Waters, in his work on retrieving, "Fetch and Carry," does as great a service to sportsmanship as is offered in any book of the dog whatever, in that he points out ways to that sort of friendship. But my dog, if I love him, must be no undersized and lathy field trialer, but a big, strong, handsome fellow. Behold! such were our dogs. And no bird went into pocket not handed there by mouth of dog. And there was no scrambling either for shots or for birds. Both dogs and men were under perfect control. Did I not say all was ideal?

Last year our mainstay was old Joe, a son of famous Gladstone Boy; but Joe had now at last yielded to the weight of years, and had been gathered to his father and his father's pedigree before him. But we had Mr. Chapman's Lemon, a fine old fellow, brother to Joe (Gladstone Boy—Lou), now well stricken in years also, but as good and sensible a dog as one ever fired a gun over. And we had The Boy, Dr. Taylor's handsome and high-headed young dog (Gladstone Boy—Echo), a F. F. V. and an all-day goer. This dog was a gift to Dr. Taylor from Dr. G. G. Ware, of Stanton, Tenn., who owned Gladstone Boy. Besides these setters we had Dr. Cooper's pointer Hazel on the first day, and on the second day we had Jack, a son of old Joe, yet another magnificently broken shooting dog. There are few parties ever better equipped even in west Tennessee, and that is saying a great deal. And we had the smoothest, nicest, most enjoyable time anybody ever did have out shooting—unless it was ourselves and friends on the days following. Against my companions no word could be said except that they wanted me to do about all the shooting, and my shooting was for some time of a very patchy sort. We bagged somewhere between twenty-five and thirty birds and then rode home—some six miles—in an air just frosty enough to make the horses feel good.

The Second Day.

On our second day we had a most welcome and desirable addition to our party in the person of Dr. G. G. Ware, who came over from his home on Dr. Taylor's invitation for a day's shoot. Dr. Ware is a fine specimen of manhood, well preserved and vigorous, though the silver of time is coming faintly into his hair and beard. He is said to have been a remarkably fine field shot in his younger days, and this I can well believe, with the amendment that he still is such, as I had reason to know from my day afield with him. Indeed, all the gentlemen of the party were good field shots, the Southern shooter understanding quail above all things. But not one of them would fire a gun that day, leaving all the shooting to be done by the two guests, Dr. Ware and myself. On this day we were Dr. Ware, Dr. Taylor, Mr. Benj. Miles, Mr. Marmaduke Johnson and myself, and again Miles Bennett went along to handle the dogs, which on this day were Jack and The Boy; Dr. Ware thus having the pleasure of seeing two of the descendants of his favorite Gladstone Boy working in the field at the same time, and very handsomely too.

This certainly was shooting at its very best. The day was simply faultless, the dogs were in good shape and everybody was happy. At least everybody was till we got into the shooting, and then I don't see how the others could have been absolutely happy to sit in their saddles and watch us shoot—and sometimes miss. Both the shooters would have been glad to hand over the guns to others for a turn; yet no, ours were the only two guns brought out from town at all, and the others would have it only that we were the actors and they the spectators. So they held our horses for us, and marked our birds, and carried our dead birds, and brought us shells, and handled the dogs for us, and in general treated us as though we were foreign dignitaries come down to buy the country. And Dr. Ware and myself rode and walked and shot ourselves through the loveliest sort of a day. When not actually at work among the birds we rode along with the others across the brown fields and under a blue sky which had no chilling winds. We visited as we hunted, and the whole occasion seemed to me typical of what the higher side of sportsmanship can mean. There never was a pleasanter or more courteous shooting companion than Dr. Ware, and as I stated above, he was a fine shot, and therefore all the better company, for he had no excuses to make. My one difficulty with him was to make him take his turn at the points, and sometimes the only way I could get him to take the shot was to tell him he was afraid to shoot for fear he would miss! Then he would put up the bird and always kill it, much to the pleasure of us all. My recollection is that we bagged thirty-three birds that day, thanks chiefly to Dr. Ware's steady skill alike in open or cover. The birds were big, well fed and strong, and out out plenty of work, always making for the thickest cover they could find at the first rise. I do not recall just how many bevies we put up, but I should think somewhere near a dozen; so it may be seen the birds were wary.

That evening we hurried in before dusk, for it seemed that Mrs. Taylor had another of her hospitable surprises in store for us. The big Taylor mansion was full of guests, who all sat down to an old-time Southern dinner. In compliment to the Northerner there was a special dish of possum, and it was there I learned that in the South the possum *de luxe* is served whole, with a baked apple in his mouth. And again I had reason to marvel at what corn bread and sweet potatoes—and a hundred other things—can become in the hands of a genuine Southern cook; which latter, in my opinion, occupies a realm of her own in this world, and will have a separate balcony among the select saints in the world to come.

Dr. Ware and Mr. Ben Miles were in fine story-telling fettle that night, and our evening in all was the only possible climax of so enjoyable a day. We talked of many things, and I remember the negro problem came up. To this day I carry in mind a remark I heard Mr. Miles make once when we were speaking of the race problem. "God bless the American negro," said he; "I just love him! What would the South be without him! For my part, I tell my friends that if the negroes are all going to move to Liberia, I'm going too! I am satisfied that life without the negro would be a failure!" The real bearing of this remark would be plainer to those familiar with Southern life and acquainted with the genial personality of Mr. Miles. I am afraid if the latter had to do with our city darkies he wouldn't want to follow them very far if they were about to be exported.

I should have related that an important guest that evening was Mr. T. A. Divine, of Memphis, whom Dr. Taylor had never met, but whom he had asked to come over with me. Mr. Divine did not arrive in time to join in the hunt, but, true to his promise, when we got home we found him in the best room in the house talking to Mrs. Taylor, and with a baby on each knee, each of whom was already calling him "Cousin Tom." The remaining features of Mr. Divine's introduction to Dr. Taylor were very simple. There is only one Tom Divine.

The Third Day.

On the following morning, very much to the general regret, Dr. Ware was obliged to return home. Mr. Divine also tried to go back home, but was prevented from doing so. He pleaded that he had brought no gun and no shooting clothes, but every man in Brownsville offered him his whole outfit, so Mr. Divine was soon equipped and we got him into a saddle in spite of his protests about getting back to business. On this day our party was made up of Dr. Taylor, Mr. Divine, Mr. Benjamin Miles, Dr. T. D. Cooper and myself, and yet again Mr. Bennett went with us to handle the dogs. This time we had Jack and Lemon, the latter being thought fit to go again after a day of rest. The old fellow is getting pretty old and stiff, and Mr. Chapman dared not ask too much of him; though he finished the day in elegant shape and showed himself again the grand bird dog. Dogs like Lemon, Jack and Joe may be meat dogs, but they are certainly the kind of dogs I should prefer to own. To shoot over such dogs, perfectly broken and perfectly handled, is the privilege of but few Northern men. To make a bird dog you must have birds, and in the North there are now few places where a dog finds birds enough to learn his trade and keep always at it. I do not hesitate to say that the cream of American sport as well as of American sportsmanship is in the South to-day.

On this day we made rather a late start, and at noon we had just two birds in our bag, having put up only one bevy, I believe. Mr. Divine was handicapped by his strange gun, which did not fit him and which shot too close a pattern for a quail gun; so that, though he is a very fine field shot, he was at some trouble to get the hang of things at first. There was a third gun in the party, but no one would use it, so Mr. Divine and I had to keep on at it. At length we quit being polite with Mr. Divine, and began "roasting" him when he missed, which seemed to agree with him. We got out some singles which had scattered along a little brushy gully, and Mr. Divine killed one of these, an overhead twister, in great shape. At first we all burst out into a great chorus of applause—enough to ruin any bird dog that ever tried to fathom the meaning of a human mind—and all shook hands with Mr. Divine in order. That was the end of his troubles, for he had found out his gun. I think he killed the next ten straight after that, and had no more trouble at all.

We had a great deal of sport that day, and a great deal of fun too. We got into some great bird country, and found birds until Mr. Divine and I fairly begged the others to get down and do some shooting. Late in the evening we got into a great open field of sedge and corn nearly a mile square, as grand a shooting place as ever lay out of doors. Here we soon had a big bevy scattered out in the sedge, and under threats of quitting on the part of the active members the third gun was brought into action, on this basis, that the man missing his second bird must give up the gun and also submit to what is technically known as a "bumping." Miles Bennett had been having all the work and none of the fun for a long time, and we prevailed on him to try a shot or so. He started off in hot style, but in a rise where Mr. Divine killed a double he missed right and left, and this ended his career. He was led to a fence and properly punished. There was hesitation among the others as to who should take the gun, but Mr. Chapman ventured. His reign was brief and inglorious, and not much more could be said for Dr. Cooper, who soon found himself receiving the condign punishment he had been ready to inflict on others. There remained then only Dr. Taylor and Mr. Miles.

"Gentlemen," said Dr. Taylor, "I have to introduce to you the best quail shot in Tennessee, commonly known in these parts as Bogardus, on account of his matchless skill in wing shooting." Loud cries of "Hear! Hear!" and "Bogardus! Bogardus!" greeted this, but Mr. Miles was not elated at the reception.

"No, thank you, gentlemen," said he, "I don't care to shoot. Go ahead, go ahead."

"He never killed more than six quail in a whole day in all his life," whispered Dr. Taylor to me. "We'll just have some fun with him." So then he so renewed his flattery of "Bogardus," and the rest of us so joined in, that at length with great reluctance that worthy consented to take the gun. There were no birds located just at that time, but in less than quarter of an hour we marked down a fine bevy in the sedge. At this we heard a suppressed groan from our victim, but he kept a good face upon it, and at length crawled down off his horse to go up to the dogs when they pointed. He made a pretense of forgetting his shells, but we stopped the procession till he got in line, and then the three guns went on up to the dogs. About half the bevy went up at once, and in such shape that each man had fair shots. The best I could claim was a wing-tipped, down far off. Mr. Divine only got one of his two. But "Bogardus!" Well, "Bogardus" got both of his!

We walked on in again, and again we got fair shots all around. I got nothing, Mr. Divine got nothing. But once again "Bogardus" killed his double, and did it in excellent time too. The rest of us looked at each other, and we felt pretty sick, but we didn't say anything. The expression of surprise on Dr. Taylor's face was a study.

"Ah-h-h!" said Bogardus, drawing a long breath, "this reminds me of old times. Now, gentlemen, what say you if we follow the scattered birds into the cover along the gully?"

We meekly consented, feeling that our confidence had been misplaced. In the edge of the thicket a bird got up which I allowed I would kill at a certain point, but before I had begun to shoot "Bogardus" smashed the bird down with a center charge.

"My favorite shot," said he, calmly. "Let us go a little further along the thicket." So we scattered out, and worked along up the narrow cover which lined a flat and marshy little draw. The birds were scattered all through this and we put them up constantly. "Bogardus's" gun kept up its deadly work. He shot at every bird, and if we didn't kill it he did. The joke at length became too funny, and Dr. Taylor called a halt to allow all hands to laugh properly.

"Honor bright now, Ben Miles," said he, "how did you happen to do it? You know mighty well you never did such shooting in all your life before."

"Blessed if I know," said Mr. Miles, wiping the sweat off his forehead (for he had been working hard). "But I do know that I had it all figured out that if I did miss my first birds I was going to throw down the gun and break for the tall brush in that ravine yonder, and then I don't reckon you'd have seen me any more to-day."

We all had to apologize to Mr. Miles for the joke we intended to play on him, and which he really played on us. It was a long time before he gave us any peace about it afterward. By the time we got done laughing we were tired. By this time we thought we must have killed a good many birds, and, although it was early, we left our scattered birds, called in the dogs and started home.

"I think we've got enough," said Mr. Divine. "I never had a better day's sport in my life." We found we had forty-five birds this time, which surely was a great plenty, and was crowding close enough for me the limit of twenty-five birds a day which I always set on my own gun—not that my gun did half the work, nor Mr. Divine's. It was the deadly weapon of Bogardus that brought up the count so rapidly!

So this is how they go quail shooting in Tennessee. Can one be blamed for growing enthusiastic over it and over the friends who made it possible in such perfection for an alien? Can one be blamed for using the expression I found in a letter from an Eastern man to-day: 'I never was South but once, and I have never wanted to go there again but once—and that was all the time!"

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

Natural History.

STARLING BOXES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to recent articles on the European starling, and especially to the one of Albert W. Schiele in your issue of March 28 on their nest in a hollow branch in Pelham Park, would it not be worth while, in order to induce them to nest, to do as we did, and undoubtedly do now, in Saxony, viz.: to erect nest boxes for them?

These boxes are 6 or 8in. square, 12 to 15in. high, made of slabs with the bark side out, built like a shed, with sloping roof, the front of the roof projecting 3 or 4in. beyond the box to protect the entrance hole, which is 2½in. in diameter, and bored three-fourths of the height of the box from the bottom, with a 4in. peg under it for the starlings to light upon. A hollow log of suitable size is used when handy, with the same kind of a roof. These nest boxes are fastened onto a smooth-peeled pole to make it difficult for the cats to climb up, and erected in the trees so that they are just over tops of the leaves.

These nest boxes would be occupied for years in succession by apparently the same pair of starlings, and woe to the intruding sparrow that had taken possession of it while the starlings were absent on their winter migration, for the starling is not afraid of that pest, the sparrow.

There were one or two starling boxes in every orchard in the outskirts of the towns, and the country village orchards were full of them. It was considered a downright sin to kill a starling, and the little speckled blackcoats knew it too.

Starlings are great insect eaters, and in their feeding and general actions are the counterpart, except in color, of our American robins, and, like them, they are fond of a cherry or plum or grape, but in consideration of their great value as insect destroyers, some ripe fruit is gladly granted them.

After all, why not foster our native robin? C. G.

WOODLAND BIRD NOTES.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., March 31.—No sooner does the snow disappear and the sun shine warm than a flush of green overspreads the ground, the trees to bud, and the birds to become numerous; so that, in spite of our treacherous weather, we can well believe that

> "Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
> Hoar winter's blooming child, delightful spring,"

has arrived at last.

On a fine, springlike day (March 28) I went for a ramble and a collecting tour through the woods. I found birds very numerous, and was surprised to see insect life begin to appear in the shape of butterflies, bees and flies. Through the air numerous flocks of birds were flying. Among them I could distinguish robins, bluebirds, goldfinches, and what is quite rare in this locality, a flock of cedar waxwings.

On every telegraph line I came to was perched a phœbe merrily repeating its own name in the sunshine. In a certain pine grove I came across I found many fox sparrows and juncos (snowbirds), and was delighted to hear their song. The song of the fox sparrow is, as near as I can make out, similar to that of the Baltimore oriole, and upon hearing it the first time I thought it was of that bird until I found my mistake. We might say that his song is like a wild flower, and if it could fall to the ground and take root it would probably spring forth as hepaticas or something similar. The fox sparrow, which is not only the most handsome of the sparrow family, but also the best singer, has a peculiar habit of scratching in the ground for food, not like a hen, with one foot at a time, but with both at once in a funny little spasm.

To keep the fox sparrow company the junco also sang a little, but his song did not compare with the other. It was simply a chirping and twittering like the chirping sparrow's, but louder and clearer. I have taken particular pains to note the songs of these birds, because it is said that our migrants and winter residents do not sing until they reach their Northern homes. Perhaps it was the fine day that made these birds so far forget themselves as to sing before they ought. To cap the climax, I captured on my way home a fine male specimen of a pine warbler (*Dendroica vigorsii*), which is said to be a very rare migrant in this locality, and it is only on very wild parts of Long Island where it is a rare summer resident. It arrives—if it does at all—about April 10, and its taking so early in the year, I think, is quite unusual. It is a pity that these interesting little specimens cannot find our climate more convenient to spend their summers than the cold, bleak regions of the North. EDWIN I. HAINES.

The Bluebirds' Coming.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, April 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At this point (latitude 44° 30') the welcome bluebird came on March 31. On April 1 I saw the robin. Will some one please enlighten me with regard to the robins I see in flocks during the coldest months of the winter. In December, January and February I saw flocks of the red-breasts, which in every respect resemble the robin of the spring, unless it is their breasts may not be as brilliant.

Pine grossbeaks and snow buntings have been abundant, and in March large flocks of what I think must be redpolls come for the seeds we scatter for them about the house. We tried the experiment of nailing beef suet to the tree near the house to attract the chickadees, woodpeckers, etc., but on account of the heavy snows of the latter part of March the crows became very tame and came right up to the house and stole it.

I would very much like to know whether the little birds of which I speak are redpolls. The top of the head of each is dark red, backs darkish, breast ashy, and in many the breast is suffused with pink-like blood. Individuals among them are much lighter in plumage than the rest. Who knows?

To-day I saw a flock of a kind of grackle, or blackbird. They are not as large as the crow blackbird, but have the same note, viz., *Ora-hee! ora-hee!* and they differed from familiar grackle in being white at the bend of the wing, and I thought once I caught a glimpse of red too, but the white was very decided. They kept in compact flocks. Will not some correspondent tell us the proper names of the birds described? The redpolls are about 5in. long and the grackle 7in. C. D. B.

WESTFIELD, Mass., April 2.—I would like to hear something more about the bluebirds. Last year during the whole season I saw about thirty-five of our "bluejackets." This year I have already seen a score of times that number—in fact, nearly as many as usual. A. S. R.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 3.—Seeing that so great interest is being taken in regard to the bluebirds, I want to add my mite. I saw my first pair this year to-day, and although it was cold and equally they seemed to be in the best condition. G. C.

Wild Pigeons in Massachusetts.

ASHBURNHAM, Mass., March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A week ago I wrote you a line saying I had just seen the first bluebirds since 1894. I to-day saw what I have seen but once for fifteen years—I have seen a flock of wild pigeons. I stopped at an old house to get shelter from a smart shower and heard the old familiar prate of the pigeon, which used to be so plenty. As soon as it slacked up a bit I went to look them up and found a little bunch of seven in some hemlock trees. They were not at all afraid, and I walked directly under them and was near enough to see that five were females and two old red-breasted cocks. The brakeman on the branch road in this town said he also saw quite a flock in some pine trees near the road to-day. H. C. NEWELL.

Red Pine Squirrel in Southern Indiana.

THORNTON, Ind.—Seeing in almost every number of your grand old paper something in regard to freaks in animals and birds in their migratory movements, reminds me that on last Christmas Day—Dec. 25, 1895—there was brought to me by a farmer a red or Northern pine squirrel, the first and only one ever known to have been seen in this part of the country or nearer than a point eighty miles north of this. The person who killed the squirrel had no idea what kind it was and many were the suggestions offered by those who saw the specimen, many thinking it a cross of the fox and gray squirrel, and various other combinations. The quail and rabbit crop has been very short here the past season. C. E. TRIBBETT.

Big-Horn Head Imbedded in a Tree.

BOZEMAN, Mont., March 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you photos of a big-horn head imbedded in a large green, quaking asp tree, found on Porcupine Creek—tributary of upper West Gallatin River—Gallatin county, Mont. The tree was near a rocky ledge or wall. As you will notice on the photo, the skull is completely imbedded. One horn slipped off the bone while it was being packed out of the mountains, the other horn is perfect. How did this big-horn head get imbedded in the quaking asp tree? Probably some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM can solve this question. AUG. GOTTSCHALCK.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, April 14 and 28, at 8 o'clock. April 14—J. A. Allen, "Remarks on a Fish-eating Rodent from Peru." April 28—R. L. Ditmars, "The Sea Snakes (Hydrophidæ)."

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

It is reported that Col. Buffalo Bill Cody has at his ranch in Nebraska a carload of buffalo which will not go with the show, but will be kept there for breeding purposes.

Adirondack Deer Hounding.

THE New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission has indorsed the Malby bills prohibiting hounding and jacking, in the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Commission of Fisheries, Game and Forests approve of the Malby bills prohibiting the hounding and jacking of deer, and are satisfied that unless the Legislature takes immediate action against the cruel and inhuman slaughter, there will be no deer left in a few years to be hunted. Statistics at hand show that during the year 1895 5,000 deer were killed in the Adirondack region.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE CLUBMEN AT HOME.

IN the area of a score of miles on the North Carolina coast where Currituck Sound is separated from the Atlantic by a narrow strip of land, there are more sporting club houses than in any one other spot on earth. Most of the resorts are not only handsome structures outwardly, but inwardly are the very abode of luxury.

There are five great sounds which run parallel to the ocean and were at one time a part of the Atlantic, but a sandy bar was thrown up for nearly a hundred miles that varies from a few hundred yards to a couple of miles in breadth. In this long stretch of water, running from Virginia Beach to Cape Henry, the ocean only succeeds in two places in forcing its way through the sandy barrier, one at Roanoke Inlet and the other ten miles south at New Inlet.

This makes the waters of the southern sounds of Albemarle, Roanoke and Pamilo brackish during the heavy rains and salt in the droughts. The northern sound is Currituck and here the water is fresh, and that delicate marine plant, the wild celery, grows in its greatest profusion. This plant is the favorite food of that king of waterfowl, the canvasback, and his cousin, the redhead. In their autumn migrations from the regions of the far north, vast flocks of wild ducks following the trend of the Atlantic coast stop at Currituck Sound and spend the fall and winter months in what is probably the finest feeding ground on the North American continent. The vast profusion of wildfowl which annually crowd this section is almost incredible. Every foot of marsh, point and island in Currituck is owned by sporting syndicates, amateur or professional gunners, and the price of some of these choice spots prove them as valuable as town lots.

All the clubs are close corporations, the number is limited and it is exceedingly difficult to obtain admittance.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP HORNS IMBEDDED IN A TREE.

A sportsman may have to wait years before his time comes, and then a single black ball will reject him. The sporting members of these clubs are like the office-holders, "few die and none resign." It is related of a New Yorker that he waited ten years before there was a vacancy in a certain well-known club, and during his first visit to Currituck his gun went off prematurely and crippled two of his friends for life. On the mantel of the Culane Club house is a placard announcing that the period of probation shall be ninety-nine years.

Currituck Sound is a trifle over fifty miles long and varies in width from three to ten miles, in depth it is from 1 to 5ft. It is interspersed with islands, sandbanks and marshes, which are covered with coarse grass and reeds. Any part of land that runs sheer into the open water is called a point, and here the blinds are built and decoys placed.

The slaughter of wildfowl by every species of weapon by day and by night bade fair to exterminate the game, and the Legislature passed stringent protective laws. If they were observed the game supply would be kept up indefinitely. Under the enactment there are two rest days in every week. Outside of the marshes and inside the sounds the shooting is free to the natives, but only battery shooting is allowed. All big guns, sneak boats and rifles are tabooed. Only the natives who gun for the market use the battery.

The rougher the weather the better the shooting. In calm days the fowl do not fly; they congregate and feed and are so wary it is impossible to approach them. The occupant of the blind can smoke and read his novel without any fear of interruption. When a driving wind is blowing then the club man's hopes are high. It means a day of hardships, for it is intensely cold sitting in these exposed blinds despite the warm raiment worn. Most of the sportsman's attire consists of two pair of undercloth-ing, corduroy pants, India rubber boots coming to the thigh, cardigan jacket, hunting coat and another over that. Every club has its tame decoys and water dogs. These latter generally consist of mongrels crossed with Chesapeake Bay dogs. The finest retrievers I ever saw was this cross with the Irish setter. These dogs soon learn their business and become perfectly trained, and enjoy the sport as well as their masters. They crouch at the gunner's feet until the gun is fired, then rise on their hindlegs and glance over the blind, then dash first after the cripples, and will follow them everywhere. They seem impervious to cold and will doze tranquilly after their rush in the water, though their hair is frozen solid.

The kind of shooting varies in the sound. Some of the club preserves are famous for being the haunt of the canvasback. A noted place for this sport is the Ragged Islands on Back Bay adjoining Currituck; from fifty to seventy-five a day have been killed. This club was formed by Norfolk, Va., sportsmen two or three years ago, but a Northern syndicate now controls it.

The oldest and a "three-tailed bashaw" among the clubs is the "Currituck."* James Watson Webb, of New York, and his confreres are the members. The house is built on a sand dune a couple of hundred yards from the ocean beach. The interior arrangements of the club are more like a modern hotel. The membership is limited to twenty-five and each has his private apartment, his locker, guide, boat and dog. The sitting room has a good miscellaneous library; a vast fireplace, capable of holding a quarter of a cord of wood, is one of the attractions. One can imagine what a comfort this roaring crackling flame must be on a wild, stormy night, when the storm king has marshalled his forces and Boreas as advance guard is sweeping across the ocean and storming across the sound.

The club owns several thousand acres of marsh, islands and estuaries, and for common duck it is the best in Currituck. The canvasback and redhead are rarely seen in the marshes. These species feed in the open sound on the roots of the wild celery, which only the canvasback are strong enough to pull up. The other varieties of wildfowl, such as the shoveller, black duck, pintail and mallard, are found in marshes which consist of stretches—sometimes of vast area, interspersed with ponds—through which streams of sluggish water cross and recross each other. The ground in fine weather is generally firm and is used for grazing cattle, but is covered with such a tangle of vines, grass and reeds as to make walking impossible. In the dusk of evening all the wildfowl wing their way to these sheltered ponds, where they pass the night, and return to their favorite haunts before the break of day. Anyone paddling up these creeks in the night can hear all around him the whistling of wings and splashing of the water as these birds disturbed in their slumbers fly a few yards and then settle down again.

It is here that the pot-hunters get in their work, and they have done more to drive the game away than all other agencies combined. It is a well-known fact that no matter how persistently wildfowl are hunted in the day, if the feeding grounds are good they will remain in the same locality all the season, only getting more wary and timid; but if they are fired upon in the night, they will rise high in the air and leave the section for good and all.

The poachers steal up in a sneakboat in the night with a swivel gun, some 10ft. long, loaded with ¼lb. of powder and some 20oz. of shot, and slaughter the ducks by the hundreds. If they are closely pressed they throw the guns overboard, first taking the precaution to tie a cork or a piece of marked wood to identify the spot. Thus it is almost impossible to take them red-handed. Then, again, they build great fires on the edge of the estuaries and fire into the ricks of bewildered waterfowl. This night shooting is carried on regularly, despite every precaution, and if a club man has no luck and wants to carry home a string of ducks, some of the guides can always supply him—from a friend, of course.

Many club men prefer marsh shooting to blind shooting. It is infinitely more comfortable, for the cutting winds which come sweeping across the ocean are stayed by the high grass. In fact, there is no real hardship in sitting by decoys in a snug grass blind; though the wind may be blowing a hurricane outside, nothing but an occasional gust reaches the sportsman, who can smoke his pipe in peace without having the bowl emptied by furious blasts.

It is here that the club man uses live decoys, which are common mallard and barnyard ducks. These birds are kept in an inclosure half in and half out of the water, and when anchored a leather loop is attached to one leg, to which is fastened a stout twine with a pound weight at the other end. This is lowered gently into the water and the decoy is soon diving after his feed. They will hear the calls of the wild duck when inaudible to the gunners. These birds seem to delight in luring their wild brethren to the death, and so well trained are they that often when returning to the club house after a day's shoot I would not take the trouble to place them in the coop, but would merely unfasten the gyves and they would swim contentedly alongside the boat, gabbling and quacking as noisy as a gang of children released from school.

The Lighthouse Club is another old organization, which dates back to the antebellum days. All the old members have passed away. It is composed of Boston and New York men, elderly, portly and fond of good living as well as fine shooting. The building is like a huge barn, and a lofty mountain of sand threatens in the near future to bury it out of sight. Mr. Brumaley, keeper of the club, tells me that the shooting has fallen off of late years because of the persistent killing of the game by lawless market gunners, but this tale is duplicated by every keeper on the coast.

In looking over the record book of this club I find that eighty redheads was the largest scored for one day's shooting.

Probably the most exclusive sporting club in America is the Pamunky, named after that tribe of Indians. It is on an island of some four or five acres sitting out in the middle of the sound. To an antiquary this spot would be full of interest, for it is of artificial formation, and is composed entirely of oyster shells. As these bivalves do not grow in the immediate vicinity, they must have been brought in canoes, and the spot must have been chosen for festivals and pow-wows. This little island, resting like a jewel in the waters of Currituck, is as lovely a spot as ever nature formed or poet dreamed. The whole area is covered with a mass of tropical vegetation, and there are many big trees of distorted appearance, whose gnarled and rough limbs give evidence of great age.

The house is a low, flat, old-fashioned affair, in keeping with the surroundings. Four members constitute the club. This property is valued at $100,000, the shares are

* To this club I had the honor of conducting ex-President Harrison in the spring of 1893. It was an instance of the pure democracy of the American republic. Here was the head of the Government leaving his home, accompanied only by a colored valet, visiting a club the members of which were politically opposed to him, and throwing the cares and restraints of his office behind him, mingling on terms of perfect comradeship with the clubmen—who treated him exactly as one of themselves, neither better nor worse. The ex-President is an ardent sportsman; he used to be at his blind before the dawn of day, and would remain there by himself until too dark to see the ducks, and there was no better wing shot in the club than he.

$25,000 apiece and one could not be purchased for twice that amount. The president of the Pamunky is the head of a well-known New York railroad, and his three sporting associates are all multi-millionairies. During the past five years only one of them has visited the club, but the establishment is kept in perfect order all the same.

On a great wide stretch of barren sand near the ocean there stands a most interesting ruin. I was formerly a large and well-equipped club house. A half a century ago it was the finest place for sport on this continent. A great lake was near the house and it was the favorite resort of legions of wildfowl.

Tradition has handed down the record of some of the bags made here, and with the antiquated flint and percussion lock five hundred ducks a day were often made by a single gun. But the great mounds of sand moved toward the lake and every wind helped to fill up this game reservoir, until nothing but an acre or so of marshy ground was left to mark the site. The house, abandoned, has yielded to the crumbling touch of time. From its very inaccessibility it has not been disturbed. Rafter, brace, beam and girder remain just as they have fallen. Inside old chairs and bedsteads moulder untouched. I started to go up stairs, but the first step gave way and there was such an ominous creaking and rumbling that I was glad to get out without the whole structure tumbling about my ears.

The largest club house is the Narrow Island. It looks like an old-fashioned Virginia tavern. There is an island of about an acre which rises out of low, boggy marsh, and upon this the building rests. A wide stream runs close to the front door, where the boat house, wharf and craft are easy of access.

The interior is finely furnished. There is a billiard room and attached is a large sitting room, with lounges around the sides of the walls, where the members can slumber without taking the trouble to go to their own bedrooms. There are forty-one members in this club and all are ardent sportsmen, and the club is well filled from the opening to the closing of the season. Most of the members are from New York city. Sixty ducks was the largest bag made by an individual member last winter.

There is a club called Swan Island which is famous for the larger species of waterfowl. It has miles of sea meadows and the Canada goose and swan use these preserves as their resting and sleeping places, coming and going as regularly as the tame ducks to their home in the barnyard or cow-pen. In the night these geese and swan, who are as intimate as owls and prairie dogs, post their sentries and it is impossible to get near them. In the day they take flight at the sight of a man a half a mile away. I have often crawled behind the sand dunes and watched the birds by the aid of a powerful glass. On a fine sunny day they will sit for hours preening themselves.

Of all the birds that fly the Canada goose and the swan are the shyest, wariest and scarcest. After a little shooting they will not come anywhere near the decoys, and the only way to hunt them is with captured live ones, and toward the end of the season even these fail, and stray swan and geese will not approach anything but large flocks of their kind.

To get the finest wild goose shooting one must go some thirty miles south to Roanoke Island. It is among the low, flat sand wastes interspersed with ponds that these waterfowl frequent, and vast quantities are killed there. A club has just been organized, with Mr. H. A. Weeks, of New York, as president. A new club house has been built, and they have made a decided innovation in club life, for the members bring the lady members of their families with them, and thus lighten the monotony of many days when hunting is out of the question.

There are many other clubs, good, bad and indifferent, and there is the poor man's club. The club-house is generally built on piles in the marsh which he owns. This club always consists of two, one stays in and cooks while the other hunts. Like the Irishman's shanty, this club house consists of

> "Parlor, bedroom and hall,
> And their locker is three pegs on the wall."

The establishment is warmed and lighted by a small stove and a kerosene lamp. But these men know how to handle a gun, and they kill ten ducks to the club man's one. There is a wide difference in shooting for sport and killing for a living.

Attached to the ceiling of every club sitting room is a metal disk like the face of a clock, only it has marked upon its surface the points of the compass. The weather-cock at the top of the house is attached to the hand of this weather gauge and gives the direction of the wind. This is all important, for it means a good day's sport or failure. If it is calm and still many club men will not take the trouble to rise early, but if there is a brisk nor'-wester or southeaster blowing every man is awakened at 8 o'clock in the morning by a guide who flourishes a lantern in his face. Down stairs the stoves are red hot and the breakfast is eaten in silence.

The guides bustle about and soon the club man is sitting in the boat shaking with cold despite his many wraps. If his post is in the marsh he is soon comfortable; if, on the contrary, his station is an open blind in the sound, he sits in his boat and shivers the long day through. The sound is studded with brush blinds a few hundred yards apart. I counted nineteen from my post, and there was not much shooting after the sun rose in that special locality.

Even during good days big bags are the exception, not the rule, from thirty to fifty being the average to a crack shot. Many club men have told me that each duck they killed cost them $5, and that can be readily understood when it is known that during fine weather there is practically little shooting; besides, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Sundays are close or rest days, when shooting is forbidden by law.

A long-continued stretch of fine weather sends most of the members home. A couple of weeks' enforced inaction is very tiresome, and the scenery is not very enlivening. Sunny, calm days may suit the pot-hunter, who lives in his battery while his partner paddles around and stirs up the lazy wildfowl, but to the club man it means dawdling and loafing, without any of the city accompaniments. The mails are very irregular and the papers several days old when they reach Currituck.

While most of the clubmen are moderate shots, some of the guests they bring with them should, for the sake of common humanity, never be allowed to get behind the big end of a gun. Every club house guide has his tale to tell of wild firing, accidental discharges and narrow escapes. One of the visitors, who, like Mr. Winkle, wanted to be thought a sportsman, came to a certain club in Currituck a few years ago and made the champion shot on record. He was sent to the marsh in charge of an inexperienced guide, who put him in a blind on the side of a stream some 60yds. wide. Having placed a lot of wooden decoys and a half dozen live decoys in position, the guide thought he would go across to the other side and take a nap. When he reached the opposite shore he found that the Chesapeake retriever had followed him, but he knew the dog would return when he saw the game; so he hid his boat in the reeds, and as he was standing on the shore he saw a flock of mallards heading toward the decoys. He crouched on the bank and watched the scene. The dog saw the wildfowl also, and springing into the water swam silently toward the blind. In the meantime the foremost of the flock alighted in the midst of the decoys, but the rest growing alarmed rose in the air and vanished.

It is a common thing for the marsh wildfowl to mingle with the tame decoys, but it is the sporting law to rise and make the birds take wing and let them have it before they have gotten headway. But this individual had the buck fever—was evidently crazy with excitement—he knew enough to point his gun in the right direction and pull the trigger. The result was a yell from the man, a howl from the dog and the frenzied quacking and splashing of the decoys. If there was a madder individual in Currituck that day than the one who paddled across the stream tradition has never handed down his name. A pellet of shot had hit him in the ear and brought blood. The dog lost an eye and was gunshy for a long time afterward. Four tame decoys would never more lure their brethren to an untimely death and two more were crippled. As for the wild ones, not a feather had been touched, and as they started on their journey to the North Pole they must have quacked in joyous gladness over the result of that shot. The guest returned home the next day, and as long as he lives he will be asked by his sporting friends how he likes duck shooting.

The shooting grounds of Currituck are very inaccessible, and it requires several days to reach them. It is this unapproachability which serves to keep up the game supply. There will soon be a railroad running to that section, opening it to the outside world. When this is done the shooting at Currituck will be but a memory.

There are many other clubs, prominent among which are the Palmer Island, Duck Island, Martin Point, Midgett, Van Slycks, Marlin Points, the Inlet, Jupiter Point and half a hundred others.

ORIGIN OF THE GRASS SUIT.

GENESEO, Illinois.—It was just two days before Thanksgiving when an excited individual was seen running through the streets of Geneseo, coatless and hatless, shouting "Ducks! ducks! see the ducks!" and the multitude, myself among them, turned their eyes heavenward, and there sure enough, through the steely glint of the November morning, wheeled a flock of perhaps fifty mallards. Time was, and not so very long before, when a dozen such flocks might have been seen any November morning passing over Geneseo; but that was in olden time, before the advent of the new sportsman, who does such yeoman service in trying to keep the other fellow from killing the birds.

For a time business was at a standstill, and the excited populace stood on the street corners in groups watching the ducks fade in the distance and listening to reminiscences of similar events.

The man who kept a record was in his glory, and told to listeners how it was three years coming March since the last flock was sighted; and only five years since a flock of geese was seen on their way to the sunny South.

I listened to this unwritten history with as much interest as any one, until, like an electric shock, it suddenly flashed upon me that perhaps those ducks had stopped to rest in Flag Pond slough, and were even then disporting themselves in its cooling waters.

No sooner did the thought occur to me than I began to fear lest it should occur to others, and as speedily as possible I drifted out of the crowd and made my way homeward. Once there I was soon arrayed in a hunting suit that had been worn but once before, and that only down in Smith's pasture to make me look sporty as I worried mud pies. The rest of my equipment consisted of a Parker 12-gauge and a dozen target shells.

As I hurry along the country lanes and through fields and pastures, crawling under a barbed wire fence and climbing over a board one, expecting to hear the familiar "Hi there now, get out of that; don't 'low no huntin' here" from the farmer, I recall how twenty-five years ago I spent an afternoon at this same Flag Pond, and how my old muzzleloader became so foul from excessive use that in loading the ramrod stuck in the barrel, and I had to retire with a disabled battery while the birds were coming in from every direction and dropping into the water under my very nose. The Flag Pond is about three miles from Geneseo and across Green River.

As I crossed the wide bottom approaching the river, I was startled to see a man with a gun making toward the foot-log that crosses the stream. The cold sweat started as I realized that he was at least a quarter of a mile nearer the goal than I was, but my distress was soon relieved when I discovered his gun to be an axe and himself to be a farmer looking after his pasture fences.

Crossing the river I made my way to the border of the timbered lands that line the stream.

The slough is some 200yds. from the wood, and as I stood beneath the branches of a spreading elm, looking toward it, a great marsh hawk came sailing toward me. I was concealed from the hawk, but could trace his flight through the interlacing branches. As he passed over I held just ahead, and drew my gun along till an opening presented and pulled the trigger. The hawk comes chattering down with a broken wing and I turned and looked toward the pond just in time to see those fifty mallards rise above the grass and sail away to the north.

Instinctively I sink to the earth, feeling faint and sick as I see them fading to a mere speck. But, hold! they have changed their course and go east. Bemoaning the unlucky shot by which I have lost the chance of a lifetime, I watch the ducks. Again they change their course and for a time I was unable to tell whether they were coming back or going directly away; I was still in doubt when they drifted out of sight behind a grove. I watched for their reappearance, and had about given up ever seeing them again when they suddenly came into sight only a couple of hundred yards away, headed for the pond and with wings set.

Down they came in a bunch to within a few feet of the surface of the pond, dropping their red legs and spreading their palmated feet as if to break the force of their contact with the water. Hovering for an instant they suddenly shot upward again, scattering as they rise, as if they had discovered an enemy and were off for good.

They soon returned, however, and went through the same maneuver again and again, each time hovering as if about to alight, only to wheel away again. About the fourth time they returned a few did alight, while the rest circled away as before. At each return a few dropped into the water till all were down except one old drake, who was still unsatisfied; and then the way that old fellow circled, hovered, towered and circled again was enough to turn an impatient hunter gray. All things have an end though, and so did this old fellow's investigations, and after about the four hundredth circle he too alighted, satisfied that there was no further danger.

Now was my time for action. Stooping as low as I could, I hurried toward the pond. When within 100yds. I was compelled to get down on my hands and knees and creep, for here the ground sloped toward the water and the grass was not long enough to hide me. Going with all the speed possible, with due observance of caution, I was soon at the edge of the grass and had a view of the entire pond.

Cautiously looking about, I soon located the birds in the extreme east end and some distance to my right.

There was nothing now to cover my advance but a thick growth of Spanish needles that did not exceed 8in. in height. Half-way between me and the water's edge was a solitary cluster of weeds, just large enough to cover me if kept in line between me and the ducks. I must now lie perfectly flat and worm myself along inch by inch. Before I had made my way 10yds. I was one solid mat of Spanish needles. This aided me in my designs; for had the ducks discovered me, they must have given me a close inspection indeed to have suspicioned danger in anything so closely resembling a bundle of hay.

Arrived at the bunch of tall weeds, I take a look at the enemy. I am in no danger of being discovered now, and am at ease to admire—that is, as near at ease as any one could be with that bristling mass of Spanish needles grinding away at him.

There they are massed along the shore, preening themselves in the sun and talking to each other in satisfied little quacks. But alas for my hopes, they are still too far away for 88grs. of Schultze powder and No. 7 shot.

I must get still nearer. Twenty yards ahead was another bunch of weed ¶ By lying perfectly flat, the top of my back would just about line with them and the ducks. Down I went, literally sinking myself into the ground, and plowed my way along. How enticing that wriggling mass of green and white did look, and Thanksgiving only two days away.

Between me and the coveted position was a barbed wire fence, the lower wire of which was only about 10in. high. But such consummate skill have I acquired in the art of flattening that I passed under without even touching. At last I gained the point of vantage and took another look. Oh, but they were beauties! Lying flat as I was upon my stomach, I could not raise the muzzle of my gun quite high enough to clear the grass, and made up my mind to twist round with my feet toward the ducks, rise suddenly to a sitting posture, empty one barrel into their serried columns as they sat in "true sportsman style," and then get what I could with the second barrel as they rise. I calculated that a shot well placed in the center of the mass would net ten, and say I got two more with the second, that would be twelve. What a display I could make when I got back to town.

Quick as I was the ducks were quicker, and ere I could rise and get my gun leveled they were up and off, scattering as they went, and the best I could do was to pick out a fine drake with either barrel; this I did successfully, dropping one in the edge of the water and one a couple of yards up on the other shore.

I was greatly chagrined at my failure, and about to throw the ducks I had back into the pond, when I discovered another gunner approaching. This proved to be Mr. Frank Lawrence, who then lived in Geneseo. Frank had been struck with the same idea that had animated me, but having a long distance to go for his gun, had come in second best.

On the way home Frank felt very "blue" and I correspondingly elated. But the greater benefits of the trip accrued to him in the end, for from my array of Spanish needles he got the idea of his famous "grass suits."

E. P. JAQUES.

CAPERCAILZIE AND BLACK GAME.

PORTLAND, Me., April 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The readers of your interesting paper have been kept well informed upon the natural history of the capercailzie and black game, as well as upon the various attempts to introduce these noble birds to the American continent. Indeed no newspaper in the United States has given its readers so much information upon these birds, or has so warmly advocated their acclimatization among us, as the FOREST AND STREAM.

It is still fresh in mind, I am sure, that four capercailzie and seven black game were recently imported from Sweden, and on Feb. 29 last were set at liberty in the woods of Maine at the Swedish settlement of New Sweden.

Very many of your readers, besides myself, have no doubt been waiting with interest for some tidings from our new feathered guests. Are they still alive? Were they not so weakened by their long winter voyage over the ocean that they have succumbed to the cold and snows of this most blustering month of March? Have they not fallen a prey to the unaccustomed dangers of their new environment? Such questions have naturally suggested themselves.

It is therefore with feelings of great satisfaction, which I know many others will share, that I have to-day received information that both species of our new grouse are still alive and well. The information comes from Mr. Oak, one of the Game Commissioners of Maine, who resides only eight miles from New Sweden, who writes: "I have been making frequent inquiries about the birds to learn their prospects, and find that they are alive and well and apparently doing as finely as though natives.

The Swedes are very enthusiastic over the prospects. They are very much interested and say now that there is no doubt of the success of the enterprise. They have seen the birds a number of times and are exercising the closest police surveillance that they may not be destroyed. The birds have been seen 'budding' on the trees, apparently as contented and strong as though raised on the soil where located."

There would seem to be no reason why these valuable grouse, having survived their voyage over the ocean and their first month—the hard month of March—in the Maine woods, should not continue to thrive and to breed and multiply. They will be heard from often during the breeding season. In the early dawn of the bright spring mornings, the cocks of both species, perched on some lofty pine or birch of the forest, call the dames of their harem around them with a beautiful, oft-repeated love song. Indeed, the black game pours forth his liquid flute-like trills with a beauty and melody that would cause Melba herself to blush with envy.

Having myself enjoyed rare sport with both the capercailzie and black game in the woods of old Sweden more than thirty years ago, and having ever since advocated their introduction into America, I need hardly assure you, Mr. Editor, that it is a delight to me to know that these game Swedish birds are to-day happy and contented denizens of the forest of my native State, at the very spot where twenty-five years ago I founded a prosperous colony of the stalwart sons and the fair-haired daughters of old Sweden.

WILLIAM W. THOMAS, JR.

MORE NOTIONS ABOUT IT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent communication to this paper I compared that method of deer hunting which is known as "shining" with that manner of hunting moose which is known as "calling," fairly showing that the two are strongly analogous when the hunter depends upon the assistance of a professional guide to insure success. Inasmuch as "shining" is under the ban of the law in some States, and is not considered "good form" by those who are inclined to take high ground in such matters, I ventured to question the legitimacy of moose calling—an analogous sport—as a method of hunting to be adopted by those who consider themselves true sportsmen.

It may be set down as an axiom that any mode of hunting which gives to the hunter the maximum chance for success and to the game hunted the minimum chance for escape cannot be *habitually*—note the italics—used by true sportsmen. "Sure thing" methods are characteristic of the pot-hunter.

Calling being the most sure and deadly mode of hunting the moose, it follows that it must be classed with potting ducks upon the water, killing sitting grouse that have been treed and held there by a barking dog, "shining" deer and dogging deer, unless extenuating circumstances and conditions can be found to warrant it.

The "Snap Shots" man—presumably none other than the editor himself—argues, in effect, that the end justifies the means. Admitting that there is a more sportsmanlike way of hunting moose, he says that the amateur hunter cannot be expected to expend the time, labor and money necessary to learn that better way; that the layman, without professional assistance, has little chance of securing a head to exhibit to his friends and "yarn" about; that he goes out for game, and that it is far more satisfactory to hire a guide and through his efforts kill a moose than it is to go it alone, get nothing and feel himself a real good, virtuous, high-toned sportsman!

All of which is very human.

And very plausible.

The great majority of moose hunters will say amen to it, no doubt. So will the deer "shiner" and the deer dogger. They too go out to get game. And the pot-hunter goes out for meat. He too will agree that the end justifies the means.

I know of but one reason why the moose hunter should be permitted more latitude than the hunter of deer, which is that moose are more scarce than deer and their habitat more limited.

And yet it might, perhaps, be fairly argued that the scarcer any species of game is the more punctilious the hunter should be in his mode of pursuing it.

Deer hunting is an expensive pastime too, expensive even for those who live close to deer-inhabited districts. That it requires no mean skill to kill a deer by still-hunting I can myself testify.

I have been out more or less for five seasons, and have yet to feel the thrill of joy which—so I am told—runs through one when viewing his first deer. Had I been an expert rifle shot, which I am not, I might possibly have killed just three does, but unfortunately I shot first and "blasted" afterward—never had a standing shot—and always found the deer, like the boy's rabbits, "too short." During two seasons I never even saw the flirt of a white tail, and that too in a country where deer were fairly plenty.

My experience is that of many resident hunters, probably that of the great majority of still-hunters the country over.

Having by now created the impression, probably, that I am a very æsthetic article as a sportsman, a sort of Chevalier Bayard as a hunter, I shall promptly descend from my high horse and admit that I am nothing of the kind.

I questioned the legitimacy of calling as a mode of hunting moose simply out of curiosity to know how the craft looked upon it. In this last dissertation I have attempted to show by analytical reasoning the possible objections to it which might be set forth by a hunting purist or by a deer "shiner" in defense of the position that he is entitled to as much latitude in his sport as the moose hunter is in his. This not because I have the slightest objection to it myself, but—well, say that I have done it to be contrary, if you please, to take the other side against ye editor, or whoever the "Snap Shots" man may be.

As a matter of fact, I believe with Kelpie that circumstances are an important factor in determining what is true sportsmanship and what not.

If a man goes afield armed with a modern double-barreled breechloader which he has learned to use with skill, either from practice on game or at the traps, and shoots a sitting bird which his dog has pointed, I take it that he is little better than a pot-hunter.

So, also, if he takes a pot shot at a flock of ducks on the water. The only possible excuse for such acts would be perhaps the near approach of night and a still empty bag upon his shoulder. To get game is the primary object of every hunter, and few there be with the moral courage to resist toward night—after a day of hard luck—the temptation to make a shot which will surely put something in the bag, be it sportsmanlike or not.

Poor arms and lack of skill in their use certainly excuse many things which would otherwise be highly discreditable. Take the case of some poor country lad, for instance, who, having completed his afternoon's "stent," gets out an old-fashioned muzzleloading single gun which he loads with cheap black powder, newspaper or hornets' nest wadding—the latter considered best by country youths—and too much coarse shot by one-half, and then starts for the wood lot on a run, for the sun is already sinking low in the western sky. Gaining its cover, he steals cautiously along some old wood road, his bare, brown feet making no noise among the crisp autumn leaves that strew the way, his bright eye ever on the alert for "patridge" or rabbit or, perchance, a prowling fox. Mayhaps he sees a ruffed grouse sitting upon a log before she has become aware of his presence.

Distrusting the powers of the old gun, which he knows full well scatters "all over creation" and is likely to have a blank space in its pattern as big as a peck measure, he creeps along until he judges that he is near enough, or until the wary bird sees or hears him, and with outspread tail and ruff erect utters the quit! quit! quit!—which is the signal for her flight—when he gets a rest if he can, sights as long as he can, and lets drive. If, when he has picked himself up and the smoke has cleared away, the boy sees the bird kicking upon the ground, how he whoops with delight as he rushes forward to pick her up, smooth her ruffed feathers and admire her barred tail! If there has been a hole in the pattern, he "darns the dumbed ole gun," loads up again and hunts up another bird.

It would be absurd to say that the boy has done something unsportsmanlike. He knows no better. His equipment fits him for nothing better. If a barn could fly he could not hit it, and would not dream of trying. He might pot ducks, without reproach attaching to the act.

If the trout positively refuse the artificial fly, I do not think that I demean myself as a sportsman by trying them with bait. But I never use bait if they will rise to the fly at all.

To return to moose calling: if the hunter can stay in the woods but a very few days, I think that he would be amply justified in using the mode of hunting most likely to give him a moose. If he can stay two or three weeks, then he should try still-hunting until he sees his visit drawing to a close and no moose yet in camp.

F. A. MITCHELL.

MANISTEE, Mich., Feb. 27.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Piegan Delegation.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 2.—It may interest readers of FOREST AND STREAM to know that the party of Blackfeet Indians who had the Camp of the Red Hunter in the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit in the Sportsmen's Exposition last week have brought their journeyings so far West as Chicago on the way toward home, and on last Saturday evening left for Blackfoot, Mont., via the Wisconsin Central road to St. Paul, and thence over the Great Northern. All were in fair health, and Natoye, the baby, was about over her civilized croup. At Washington the entire party shook hands with the Great Father, visited the National Zoölogical Gardens and were photographed at the Ethnological Department. They saw the vaults of the U. S. Treasury, and an attendant explained what heaps of money were stacked up there, though he could not make the Indian mind understand what $1,000,000 means. Bear Chief pondered for about an hour after leaving the Treasury vaults, and then said, "I cannot understand these things. I have seen with my own eyes that the Great Father has houses full of money, yet when his men come to sit in council with us and talk of buying our land, they always tell us the Great Father is very poor!" One hopes that this level-headed Indian man may carry home other and less puzzling lines of reflection from his visit East. At Chicago the party bought about half a carload of household goods of Montgomery Ward & Co., and about the last word from Bear Chief was the practical request that after a while the FOREST AND STREAM would act as his agent here at Chicago, when he sent in his money, and get for him a good wagon with two seats, not a very heavy wagon, but one with thick tires, which the rocks would not wear out so soon. From *travois* to wagon would seem a long step, yet as FOREST AND STREAM showed to thousands, it has occurred in the lives of these people, and they are trying to make the most of it. At Chicago, as at New York, they made friends by the score, and I imagine that many readers of FOREST AND STREAM in this city will follow them with interest even after they have reached their home at the edge of the big mountains of the North.

Elk in Michigan.

A few weeks ago I chronicled the statement of Mr. F. H. Lord, of this city, in regard to his killing elk in Michigan South Peninsula about thirty years ago, when he was a boy, remarking that this was the last actual news of an eye-witness of the killing of this animal in Michigan. This brings out an interesting letter from Mr. H. N. Botsford, of the Wolverine Dry Dock Co., Port Huron, Mich., who tracks the elk considerably further along than Mr. Lord leaves it in the history of that State. Mr. Botsford says that in the winter of 1867, and about the time Mr. F. H. Lord got his elk, Mr. George Bryant, a resident of Port Huron, went into the lumber camp of Mr. Horace Bunce, located on the headwaters of Elk Creek, in Sanilac county. While on his way he met a trapper who had just shot an elk and taken it to the shore town of Forestville. The locality of the shooting was only a few miles from where Mr. Lord did his shooting, and it is possible this was one of the same band.

"Later on," says Mr. Botsford, "Mr. Bryant opened a butcher shop in Port Huron, and on Dec. 14, 1877, ten years later, a Sanilac county farmer brought an elk he had shot to this city on a sleigh and sold it to Mr. Bryant, who paid 6 cents per pound for it. It had the head and horns on, entrails taken out and weighed over 500lbs., as he paid $30.50 for it. Mr. Bryant kept it at his shop several days before cutting it up. I saw it several times and had part of it when cut up. Capt. F. J. Merryman bought the head and sent it to the Coast Wrecking Co., New York. Since then I have not heard of any elk being in the thumb of Michigan."

The above news is as authentic and definite as it is interesting, and at this writing is the last word on the elk as an inhabitant of Michigan, though I have heard unsupported rumors of elk having been seen in a certain part of the State much later than that.

Elk in Indiana.

This talk about the elk in this region brings also word on the subject from Indiana, though nothing except the proof that the animal once at some time abounded there. Mr. W. N. McKeehen, a merchant of Fremont, Ind., writes thus:

"I have been interested in the articles published in FOREST AND STREAM regarding the elk of Michigan. We think the elk were at home here at one time, evidence of which I send you by express to-day (a part of a small horn). What wouldn't a fellow give to have such game to hunt here to-day! Eheu! Many of these horns are being found in the marshes here since the marshes have been ditched and cultivated."

The piece of horn Mr. McKeehen is good enough to send is about 3ft. long, broken and weathered and softened in spots, but still for the most solid and substantial. It rather sets one thinking about the swiftness of the march of civilization; for all this is happening almost within a stone's throw of the second (or first!) largest city of the United States.

Elk in Ohio.

Elk were within this century no doubt numerous in northern Ohio. In an article printed some years ago I mentioned the heaps of antlers found in the boggy thickets along the famous Castalia trout stream.

Before It Is Too Late.

It is too late now to save the wild game of America, but what are we to think of a statement, it will soon be too late to secure specimens of some of the native African big game! Chicagoans will follow with interest the doings in upper Africa of Prof. Daniel Giraude Elliott and Mr. Casl Akeley, his taxidermist, both of the Field Columbian Museum, of Chicago, who have set forth to gather zoölogical specimens for that institution. The expedition is this week at London, Eng., and the cable quotes Prof. Elliott as saying that the "rapid disappearance of wild creatures in Africa made it necessary for the expedition to go upon the field before it was too late."

Prof. Elliott and party will outfit in London, go to Aden, cross Berbara and thence strike south, making for Somaliland. He will have a large body of men along, including some fifty fighting men to stand off native scientists possessed of a penchant for collecting specimens themselves.

Beaver in Nebraska.

Mr. L. A. Coburn, of the Citizens' State Bank, Chadron, Neb., writes, saying that Mr. Wm. Benham, of that section, has brought into town two beaver, an old one and a yearling, caught on the White River, near Chadron. The animals created a great stir, being the first of the kind seen thereabouts for some years.

Mr. Coburn says sentiment is growing in that part of the country against spring shooting of wild fowl. Ducks and geese are very scarce and in poor condition.

A New Bullet.

Mr. Alfred Weed, of the Arcade File Works, of Anderson, Ind., is a rifleman fond of experimenting, and has patented a number of curious devices. By kindness of Mr. J. W. McNevin he sends up one of his inventions, an expansive rifle ball, with which he is experimenting and about which he would like news of results on big game. This bullet has absolutely no top, and is simply a section of a cylinder, perforated throughout, from end to end, with a hole about the size of the usual express bullet cavity. The bullet is cannelured, and when seated projects but little beyond the metal shell. It is said to take the grooves all right, to fly with sufficient accuracy at express ranges, and to have apparently a great tearing effect, the substance of the object struck filling up the hole and wedging the projectile out much as the express ball in its action.*

Gun Flints.

I don't know whether New Brunswick comes under the head of "Chicago and the West" or not, but probably it does, as Chicago is a large place. Anyhow, I have a number of friends up there (whom I have never seen), and one of them, Mr. W. T. Chestnut, of Fredericton, N. B., writes me a rather curious thing about modern gunnery. He states that they still use flint locks in his country! Speaking of illegal killing of fish by dynamite, he says: "Our people would be too slow for that. I never knew of but one case of dynamiting. To give you an idea of our quiet ways, I may say, my grandfather started business in this town in 1836, and we still carry it on in the same store, at the same stand. And we keep gun flints for sale yet. A man came in to-day and got three flints. I asked him how he liked his gun, and he said, 'Fine!' So I thought if he was satisfied I was. The more flint locks, the more game. I thought I would write you about this, as a man buying gun flints nowadays is something of a novelty."

It is something of a novelty in this region of change and "progress." But what a restful vision of peace and permanency it does call up! I fear we have given the price for our modern improvements in many ways.

He can Make a Record.

A real estate firm of Port Lavaca, Tex., booming a piece of land, speaks of the wildfowl near by, and says: "Gunners are always on hand to kill for the New York, Chicago and St. Louis markets, and a sportsman away from home for an outing can make a record." Out upon it! Record us no records, for we have records enough. We hear too much of records. Let some man who is a sportsman make a record by not making a record.

Ruffed Grouse Eggs.

Mr. A. McAllister, of El Dorado, Ark., writes asking where he can get two or three sittings of ruffed grouse eggs. He wants to introduce the bird into that country, where quail and woodcock are native. I am just out of ruffed grouse eggs myself, but perhaps some one can tell where they can be had. I should think they would be

* The Weed bullet was described in FOREST AND STREAM ten years ago.—ED. FOREST AND STREAM.

worth about $10 apiece if guaranteed to be any good. I never had any experience raising ruffed grouse, but remember my father several times hatched out pinnated grouse eggs (prairie chicken) under domestic hens. They came out a-running, and were the eagerest things to go wild, starve, drown and die on general principles ever anybody saw. I should think ruffed grouse raising would be more grief in a short while than a man could get any other way; but this is not founded on actual experiment. What does anybody know about it, for our Arkansas friend?

Vacation Days.

To any one needing quiet and rest I can recommend the city of New York. It is a nice seaside place with good air. You can get horses and wagons at reasonable rates, and the fishing near by is excellent. I have been going there for quite a while on my annual vacations, and am just back from my trip there this spring, which my doctor said I ought to take. I feel much rested and refreshed. Of course, a fellow gets a good deal pulled down by the hurry and drive of Chicago life, and the best of men must have an occasional change of scene. New York is just the place. The sport with clams and lobsters is not surpassed, especially on the spring run. The pie bakery is still there, and the woman who makes ice cream has put in two new flavors this year. When you want to rest and catch step with your regular habits, go to New York.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

REARING MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS.

IN the annual report of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission, Mr. E. A. Brackett gives full instructions for the breeding of pheasants as successfully practiced by him at the State pheasantry. For the benefit of others who are engaged in a similar enterprise we give that part of the report in full:

The Aviary.

The aviary may be built in almost any shape to suit the taste of the owner. It should have, however, not less than 144 square feet of ground room for a quartet of birds. As the success in breeding depends largely on the health and vigor of the breeding birds, it is well to have duplicate apartments, where the birds can be turned in, in April, and the ground in the old one strewn with phosphates, spaded well, sown with herdsgrass and clover seed, and allowed to remain until the 1st of September, when they can be returned and No. 2 be made ready in the same way for occupancy in the spring. Unless the aviary is very large, this rotation is necessary in order to raise good stock, as it keeps the ground in healthy condition and provides much good food for the pheasants.

As a matter of convenience and economy, it is desirable to build the aviaries in groups. The ground should be dry and a little sloping, that heavy rains may run off freely. I built one as follows: measured off a piece of land 24ft. square, set posts at the corners and along the lines, sawed off even with the ground; made frames of 2×3in. joists, 12ft. long and 6½ft. wide; boarded the lower part 2½ft. closely, and covered the upper part with wire netting, 2in. mesh. Twelve of these frames were made, set upon the posts and fastened together with rag screws, giving four apartments, each 12ft. square. On the side of each I built a small projection 3ft. wide, 2ft. high and 6ft. long, top covered with waterproof paper, and opening into the aviary. This was for giving dry earth to dust in, and for shelter if they chose to take advantage of it—which they rarely do, however, preferring to remain out in the roughest weather day and night.

Those who breed English pheasants do not cover the top of the aviary, but prevent them from flying over by clipping one wing. This would not always be safe with the Mongolian. I have repeatedly seen a Mongolian cock, with a close-cropped wing, fly up, strike the wire netting, and with feet and wings climb to the top, and, had it not been covered, would have escaped.

I made my roof by making frames 12ft. long by 4ft. wide, of 2in. strips of board, with a 2×2in. joist lengthwise through the center, crowning the laths, which were laid across the frame 2in. apart, and nailed to the sides and center. Three of these frames or sections were required for each apartment, and by running a joist across the middle of each apartment, supported by a post under the center, it makes a roof sufficiently strong to resist any weight of snow likely to fall upon it.

I dug a trench at the bottom, 1ft. deep, and set boards close together and nailed them to the base, and then filled in with rubble stone and covered with earth, making it vermin proof. Roofing slate would answer much better than boards, as it would not decay.

As the Mongolian pheasant lays from sixty to eighty eggs a season, two or three aviaries would give all the eggs a beginner would care to handle the first year.

Food for the Breeding Pheasants.

Pheasants, like the turkey, prairie chicken and quail, will be found in the spring, summer and autumn in pastures where there are low bushes, in grass lands, in fields of growing crops and in meadows near running streams. They feed on green food, bugs, worms and insects of every description. In winter their food is scrub oak acorns, barberries, haws of the wild rose, berries of the privet, moss found on trees and stumps, grass seed and such evergreen food as they can find. It is not known whether they feed on buds or not.

In confinement feed them on wheat, cracked corn, scalded Indian meal with a little fine-ground beef scraps and a dash of cayenne pepper mixed in, barley, buckwheat and chopped cabbage. Feed no more than they will eat up clean, and keep fresh water, ground oyster shells and sand by them.

About the first of March withhold the Indian meal and cracked corn, and feed with cabbage, lettuce and grain—rather short allowance, for if the birds get too fat it will interfere with their laying. All birds and animals indigenous to this climate come into the breeding season reduced in flesh.

Put evergreen boughs up against the sides of the coop in several places for the pheasants to run under. In confinement they seldom lay in nests, but drop their eggs, morning and evening, promiscuously over the yard. They must be gathered up at once, packed in cotton and set away in a cool place. They will keep two or three weeks, but it is better to set them as soon as possible after they are laid. As the pheasants sometimes eat their eggs, it is well to keep a few glass eggs in the yard, where they can peck them if they are so inclined.

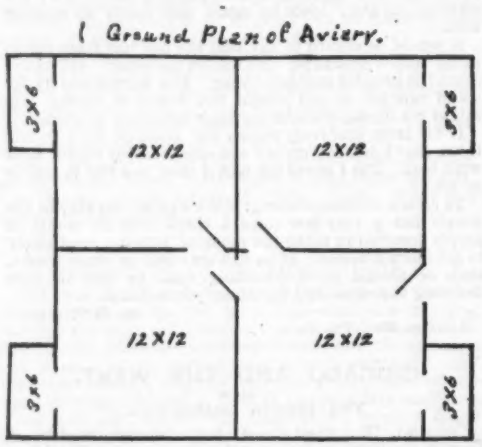
Brooding Hens.

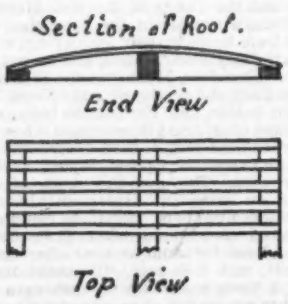
Pheasants can be reared with more or less success under any small hen; none, however, can compare with the bantams, and of these the Pekin is by far the best. No one intending to raise pheasants should be without a full supply of these patient, gentle little mothers.

Keep the bantams in a yard and coop by themselves, with plenty of room to dust. Everything should be done to keep them free from lice, as they are sure death to young pheasants. The following treatment, so far as I have been able to test it, has worked to my entire satisfaction: put ¼lb. of bar soap in two quarts of water and boil until entirely dissolved, then take it out of doors and add two quarts of kerosene. Churn it with a hand pump five or ten minutes or until it is thoroughly mixed, then set it away in a cool place and it will keep good for several months. Six or eight weeks before the hens are wanted for sitting, put half a pint of the mixture into a pail and pour in hot water to dissolve it; add one quart of naphtha, churn well together, fill up the pail with water, and about 4 P. M. syringe every part of the hen house, driving the liquid into every crack and crevice with the force pump. When the hens go to roost shut the house up tight. This had better be repeated several times during the season. To make it doubly sure, when setting the bantams rub some of the mixture with the fingers under the wings and on the neck of the hen, and saturate a piece of cloth or sponge and put it in one corner of the coop.

Arrangements for Hatching.

Make a box without top or bottom, 20in. long, 14in. wide, 20in. deep at one end and 14 at the other. At the





bottom of the deepest end cut an opening 8in. square, fitted with a slide so that it can be shut at pleasure. Cut a slot 3×6in. on each side of the box, and cover it with ½in. mesh wire netting, to give air to the hen and chicks. Cover the bottom with 1in. mesh netting, nailed firmly on. Make two frames for covers the size of the top; cover one with wire netting, 2in. mesh, and the other with waterproof paper. Put a cleat on the box, so that one or both covers can be used. Paint the box inside and outside with paraffine varnish, or, if that cannot be had, with coal tar mixed with air-slacked lime. The odor of either will drive away any insects without injury to hen or chicks.

For the yard make frames 4×4ft. and 2ft. high, of 2in. strips of board, cover two sides with ½in. wire netting, one end with laths nailed on perpendicularly, 2in. apart, and the other end with laths nailed close together; at the bottom of this end, near the center of the frame, cut an opening 8in. square; set the frame close to the coop, so that the hen and chicks can pass freely from one to the other. For the top of the yard make two frames, one 3×4ft. and one 1×4ft., and cover both with 2in. mesh wire netting. Fasten the large one on and leave the smaller one movable. Place on sloping ground if possible and dig a small trench at the upper end to turn the water aside.

Cut a sod the size of the box and 2in. thick, and remove some of the earth from the roots near one end in the shape of a nest. Lay it in the box, grass side up, with the nest at the upper end, and with a mallet or stick of wood pound the nest into shape, and put a little fine hay or chaff in it. A nest made in this way will not become damp nor allow the eggs to roll out. Put glass eggs in the nest, and at night set the hen. Put plenty of food and water in the yard, and the next day open the slide so that she can go out to feed. If she returns to the nest, all right; the glass eggs can be removed at night, and pheasant eggs put under her. If she does not return, put her on the nest and try her again.

It requires about twenty four days to hatch pheasant eggs. Look after them occasionally when the hen is off, and if any eggs are broken remove them, or if any are soiled cleanse them with warm water and a soft cloth or sponge. With Pekin bantams for brooders broken or soiled eggs are seldom found. Always be sure that the box is closed at night. When the chicks are due remove the food from the yard and put some in the box, and shut it so that the young pheasants cannot escape. As soon as they are all hatched lift the hen gently and remove the egg shells. This should be done with care not to frighten the chicks, and if any run out put them back under the hen. Persons whose experience has been confined to the English pheasant will find a marked difference in handling the Mongolian.

Food and Care of Young Pheasants.

Now comes the most difficult part of the work, for young pheasants, like young turkeys, are for the first two or three weeks very tender and hard to raise unless properly fed and cared for. There are a few rules that cannot be departed from without serious results. First, never allow the young birds, for the first two or three weeks, to get chilled, as it is almost certain death to them. Do not give any food for the first thirty-six hours, and little or no water for the first week unless the weather is very hot and dry. See that they are all in their coops at night and shut up.

After the first thirty-six hours feed a little at a time, several times a day, maggots if they can be had. if not custard, made without sugar and thickened with corn meal and finely chopped lettuce. Stir a very little meat crissel or finely ground beef scraps into the custard. When the birds are allowed to run out to forage the lettuce may be omitted. When they are three or four weeks old feed a little cracked corn and wheat, well soaked or scalded, increasing the amount as they grow older.

In their wild state young pheasants get very little food for the first two or three weeks, and it consists of small bugs, worms and insects, with more or less sand and a little green food. If we judge by the size of the broods, the wild mother pheasant brings up nearly all of her chicks.

As it is not possible to obtain to any considerable extent the same conditions which surround them in fields and woods, breeders have adopted various ways of feeding. We give below some of these methods:

Judge Denny, of Oregon, who so successfully introduced them into that State, bred them, while Consul to Shanghai, feeding them on ant eggs, a material not to be had in any quantity here.

English breeders feed on hard-boiled eggs and rice, allowing them to run out in inclosed grass land to forage for insects and green food.

Mr. Lownsdale, Lafayette, Ore., feeds on the custard without sugar, mixed with corn meal and lettuce, and a daily ration of crickets, until they are about 4 weeks old, and they are taught to eat wheat.

Mr. E. A. Stiles, game warden for the Liberty Hill Club, Connecticut, and a successful breeder of English pheasants, writes: "My birds begin to lay about April 25. The number of eggs that a single bird will produce in a season varies from fifteen to forty. No nests are required, as they drop their eggs at random. The eggs should be gathered as soon as laid, as otherwise the birds may acquire the habit of eating them. In regard to rearing the most important thing is to keep the chicks dry. Until they are a month or six weeks old it is death to them to run in wet grass. For the first few days I feed the young pheasants on custard cooked over a slow fire, also maggots and ant eggs if I can get them. I think your way of obtaining maggots an excellent one. I find that a little meat crissel goes a good way. Too much will give the birds dysentery—a very dangerous disease. Neither do I advise feeding too many maggots. Millet, canary and hemp seed may be given with the custard, also chopped lettuce, cabbage and onions. When the birds are a month old some wheat and cracked corn, soaked soft, may be given. The chicks should always be confined with the hen until they learn her call and then they may be given their liberty until they are several weeks; then, if they are to be kept under control, they should be put into a covered coop. Old birds lay better than young ones."

Mr. W. L. Gardiner, of Norwalk, O., a sportsman and breeder of pheasants, says: "I feed on maggots until six or eight weeks old—no grain or other food of any kind. I raise the maggots on beef's liver, hung in barrels with about 3in. of bran on the bottom, kept moist. Do not feed until the maggots are well grown. Never feed the young pheasants until they are 24 hours old, and feed the old hen corn as well, as if she eats too many maggots they will kill her. Keep livers enough to have plenty at all times. Set barrels in a partially shaded place and cover the top partially. The meat will be alive in three days, but not fit to feed for six days or more. The chicks must also have soft food, something easily digested, not constipating nor too loosening. They will stand any weather, but must be kept fed." Mr. Gardiner states that he raises 90 per cent. of his birds.

From the above statements it will be seen that various methods are recommended for feeding young pheasants, all of which are claimed to be more or less successful.

In the beginning of the breeding season, 1895, not having my arrangements completed for raising maggots, the first young pheasants were fed on hard-boiled eggs and custard thickened with Indian meal. However successful this may be in rearing English pheasants, it failed with the Mongolian, and we had the misfortune to see the coops strewn with dead birds. As soon as we were able to feed with maggots the death rate ceased, and scarce a half dozen birds were lost from feeding or disease of any kind. The method pursued was so simple and so successful that it may be of value to those who are interested in raising these birds.

The yards, coops and nests were made as heretofore described. Too much care cannot be given to the construction of the nest. If rightly made, the outer eggs will receive as much warmth from the hen as those in the center, and all will hatch at about the same time. This is very important, if you expect to have healthy birds. From thirteen to fifteen eggs were placed under each bantam, and in more than half the sittings every egg hatched, and the time between the hatching of the first and last eggs did not usually exceed three or four hours.

Most of the hens used for sitters were game bantams, and they made very good mothers, but were nervous and cruel to young birds belonging to other broods that strayed into their yards. In this way a considerable number were killed after they were three or four weeks old. When the coops and yards are made alike and placed near each other, this loss is likely to occur; and when it is possible to obtain Pekin bantams they should be used

in preference to any others, as they will cover more eggs and have not the nervous character of the game bantams.

A day or two before the eggs were expected to hatch the hen was shut into the box, as the chicks often escape from the nest almost as soon as they leave the shell, and get chilled. When the chicks were about 24 hours old the hen and her brood were moved to another coop, with yard attached. The nest in this is made of sod, grass side up and nearly flat, the old nest being too small and deep to allow the hen to brood over all her chicks without danger of smothering them. In moving them the hen was put into the yard with food and water, and the chicks were put in the new nest. When the hen had fed, the slide was opened to let her in to the nest, then the slide was shut and they were left undisturbed for twenty-four hours, when the top was opened, the hen removed to the yard to feed, the chicks fed sparingly on maggots and the hen allowed to go back. Until the chicks were 3 weeks old they were fed entirely on maggots.

At the end of the little yard, next to the coop, two pieces of board 1ft. long and 10in. wide were fastened in the corner, making an inclosure for keeping the food and water for the hen where the chicks could not get it until they were old enough to fly over to it. The grain and water for the hen were kept clean and fresh in two small glazed dishes.

The food for the sitting hens was the same as that given to the young pheasants after they were three or four weeks old, and consisted of one quart of whole wheat, one-half pint each cracked corn and Indian meal, a small handful of ground oyster shells, one spoonful each ground beef scraps and ground bone, all thoroughly mixed in a pan and boiling water poured over it, letting it stand several hours before using. When the chicks are strong enough to go over the little food inclosure they will begin to feed on it; and by the time they are three or four weeks old it will constitute a greater part of their living, one ration of maggots per day being enough.

The arrangement for raising maggots is simple and easily constructed. A small house 6×8ft. and 6½ft. high was framed and covered with matched boards. Four windows were cut in it, but instead of glass they were covered on the outside with ¼in. mesh wire cloth, and solid shutters hinged on the outside. A ventilator 8in. square and 12ft. high was attached to the roof. By opening the door and windows, the house was sufficiently ventilated in a short time to do what work was necessary inside. Across one side, near the top and about 10in. from the boarding, a 2×2in. joist was fastened, and thickly studded with small meat hooks. Twenty inches below this were placed hopper-shaped boxes, 18in. square at the top, 12in. at bottom and 7in. deep, the bottom covered with ¼in. mesh wire cloth. Below these were arranged tight drawers 18in. square and 4in. deep, around the tops of which were nailed strips of tin projecting inward about ½in., to prevent the maggots crawling out.

After many experiments we found that sheep plucks were the cheapest and most available material for the purpose, thirty-six plucks a week producing enough food for about 200 young pheasants. Three times a week from six to twelve plucks were spread in the morning on a hurdle covered with 1in. mesh wire cloth set out of doors, and by night were fully blown, when they were taken into the house and hung on the hooks. Seven plucks will produce from four to seven quarts of maggots. The hopper boxes were about half filled with a mixture of wheat bran and ground beef scraps (one quart of scraps to six of bran), thoroughly mixed and moistened with water. As this decomposes more slowly than the meat, it is well to mix it a day or two before the plucks are hung up. In about twenty-four hours (depending somewhat upon the temperature) the meat will be alive with maggots, which soon drop into the bran, where they find additional food and then drop into the drawers below. They are not in condition to use until the fourth or fifth day after the meat is blown, but if not then placed in a cool place will change to the chrysalid state, unfit for the chicks, in a few hours. By placing them in a refrigerator as soon as fully grown, where the temperature does not exceed 45°, further development is arrested, and they may be kept for several weeks.

All this may not seem very enticing work, but it is a necessity, as this or some equivalent must be used for food to insure success in raising Mongolian pheasants. The chicks are so small and tender for the first two or three weeks that all efforts to raise them on the food recommended for the English pheasants end more or less in disappointment.

After we began to feed on maggots the loss from disease was slight, but a considerable number was lost by accidents, nervous game bantams, and hungry cats that sometimes grew so bold as to climb over the fence into the large inclosure. When the young pheasants were but three or four weeks old they flew over into the garden and the adjacent woods, and many became the prey of marauding cats, my only compensation being that several cats came to an untimely end.

The treatment of the young Mongolian was quite different from the directions given for raising English pheasants. After the first week the board was taken away from the little yard, and the birds were allowed to go at pleasure into the large inclosure, shutting them up at night and letting them out in the morning, often by 5 o'clock, making no effort to keep them out of the wet grass or rain. They sometimes came in dripping, but did not seem any the worse for it. As Mr. Gardiner says, they will stand any weather if properly fed. Coming from the rough climate of China and southern Siberia, they suffer more from the heat in July and August than from the most severe winter weather.

Pheasant eggs are generally fertile, and under favorable circumstances will about all hatch.

There are very few diseases that pheasants are subject to. The most common is roup, which attacks the chicks when from one to three weeks old, and is most prevalent in cold, damp weather, and generally the result of getting chilled. As soon as one is affected with it, remove it, and move the coop to new ground. Keep the birds dry and warm, and they will not be much troubled with it.

Young pheasants sometimes develop weakness in the legs, which comes from sitting on cold, hard ground or on boards. If they are left in the coop, the others may pick upon them and perhaps kill them. Remove them to a place where they can have plenty of soft bedding, food and water, and they will soon get over it.

In handling pheasants, young or old, be careful to take them by the body, as their legs are easily broken.

In raising maggots it is well to remember that if it is intended to raise them in large numbers flies must be provided for that purpose. This is done by allowing a small part of each crop to mature. Flies are very prolific, depositing their eggs in a few hours, after which they die. If it is expected to have the meat well covered with eggs a sufficient number of breeding flies must be ready when wanted. In my first efforts in this direction I did not regard this, as I had no idea that the supply of flies would give out, but soon found my mistake. If you are in touch with the Darwin theory and have any regard for the survival of the fittest you will set steel traps around the house and one or two on top of posts set for that purpose. Homeless cats that ought never to have been, skunks, hawks and owls will contribute to swell your stock of food for the young pheasants.

Stocking.

Birds let loose in an unfamiliar place will be likely to scatter in every direction, and in a few days may be miles apart. To avoid this it may be desirable to make small coops of laths about 6ft. square and 2ft. high, with a small door that can be easily opened in one side. Place this coop in a quiet, partly shaded place, put the pheasants in it, and feed and water them for two or three weeks; then put plenty of food in, and quietly leave the door partly open, so that they can go in and out at will. If they are not frightened away they will come back to feed all through the fall and winter, and in that way will establish a locality in the vicinity where they were let out, and will be of interest to the farmer as well as to the sportsman.

Judge Denny, of Oregon, where they have become so plenty, says: "They have proved of great benefit to the farming and other agricultural pursuits in this State, in that they feed upon the pests and enemies of the crops—worms, grubs, borers, cutworms, flies, codling moths, aphis and other insect life, including their larvæ—without doing any harm to the crops."

The farmer can keep them on his farm by building a shed or lean-to in a sheltered place, or by standing boards up against a wall sufficient to keep bare ground on which to scatter grain or cracked corn during the few weeks of deep snow. The birds will learn to come for this food, instead of seeking it elsewhere. The location of all animal life is a question of food.

As an illustration of the hardiness of these birds, I will state that there was sent me from Vancouver last August a small box containing one hen and six small pheasants about 3 weeks old. They were eight days on the journey, with no other food except dry wheat and water. When the box was placed in the aviary and opened, they burst from it like rockets. Some of them were so small that they went through the 2in. mesh wire netting, but returned at the call of the mother hen. Owing to the fact that there was no bedding on the bottom of the box, two of them developed some weakness of the legs, but soon recovered. I have fed them on corn meal mixed with a very little ground beef scraps, cracked corn, wheat and chopped cabbage, and more healthy birds could not be found. Being a very late brood, they were not more than half grown when fall snow came; and yet they frolicked and skipped through it as if it were their natural element. Provided with shelter, they refused to take advantage of it, preferring to remain out day and night, no matter what might be the weather.

The addition of the Mongolian pheasant to our fauna, with his splendid plumage, stately bearing, advantage to the farmer and interest to the sportsman, would more than repay for any extra care that might be required in some places for his maintenance and protection.

Pheasant Rearing.

HOLLAND, Mich., March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to Mr. Brackett I will state briefly, first, my mode of feeding and rearing pheasants is that used by a gentleman who has had twenty-five years' experience in rearing them in England and who has kindly given me many valuable suggestions, which I have always profited by. Second, by following the directions given in my article of March 7 I have frequently had every egg in a sitting hatch and have reared all of the young birds.

It has been my experience that frequently the time of hatching of a sitting of eggs will cover a period of eight or ten hours. Now, since young pheasants will run soon after hatching, I have known the hen to leave the nest when but half the eggs were hatched. By removing the young birds when hatched this difficulty is obviated. If the nest boxes are made so deep that the young pheasants cannot jump out I have found that the hen will break many of the eggs by jumping upon them when she returns from feeding. Remember, all this refers to the English ring-neck. With us, as with many others who are interested in rearing pheasants for stocking purposes, the Chinese has, so far, proved a complete failure in my hands. The eggs hatch all right, but the young, almost without exception, die in a week or two. I have tried different kinds of food, but the result is always the same.

Mr. Brackett will confer a favor upon a great many of us who are endeavoring to rear pheasants if he will kindly give us his method of rearing the Chinese bird through the columns of "our paper."

As I stated before, the English ring-necks which we have liberated passed through the winter all right, and we expect a large increase if the hatching season is favorable.

ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL,
Sec'y Rod and Gun Club.

Keeping Game.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., March 31.—I killed during the last week in October two grouse weighing 1lb. 14oz., 1lb. 15½oz., and hung them in an upper room on the north side of the house. This is used for a store room and is unfinished. Yesterday I dressed them; to-day had them for dinner. One would think from their appearance and taste that they had been killed about the first of the week, and one wonders how long a game bird will keep under similar conditions.

H. CRUTTENDEN.

Missouri Game.

SOUTHERN, Mo.—The quail have wintered splendidly in this region, and if we can have a good hatching season our supply will be as large as it was before the freeze-out of '95. Ducks are reported plentiful. I have been too busy to see. I do enjoy FOREST AND STREAM. It reaches me on Saturday and is refreshing after a hard week's work.

SAC.

Adirondack Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In all the discussion relative to preserving deer in the Adirondacks, I do not recall a single instance where speaker or writer has suggested reducing the number of deer that one man may lawfully kill in one season.

At present the legal number is two.

Now, if the real object is to preserve deer, why not reduce that legal number to one? This would be just as effective as the prohibitory measures now pending at Albany, and which will cut off hounding and jacking. I do not plead for these methods. I am willing to take any chances with other still-hunters, but if protection and preservation of game are really wanted, here is a simple method whose effectiveness all must admit and which would work no hardship to any class of sportsmen, whether obliged to take their vacation early or late in the season. In view of all the discussion and shades of opinion, and, so far as I have observed, ignoring this point of legal number, I cannot help thinking there is force in the suggestion so pertinently made by some of your recent correspondents, viz.: that there is a large degree of selfishness in much that is written on this subject. JUVENAL.

Jacobstaff Receives a Tribute.

JERSEY CITY, March 30.—Upon opening my mail on Saturday evening I found a box containing a fine head of a woodcock. The bill was 3in. in length, showing a fine specimen of this great game bird. Mr. Wm. P. Boardman's cat had captured the bird and brought it to the porch. The bird was immediately confiscated as taken out of season. Upon reporting the matter to the sportsmen's assembly at Numan's, the headquarters of the lovers of the rod and gun in America, it was unanimously voted to send the same to Jacobstaff. "That," they said, "would bring him up here again when the season opens." Well, you may be sure it will.

But it is too bad. The ruthless capture of this head of a family may be the means of decreasing the woodcock in those swales by two, perhaps four members. Confound a cat, anyway. The body was not sent to us, as Mr. Boardman's little "handmaiden" is still on duty and knows how to prepare such delicacies. JACOBSTAFF.

Sea and River Fishing.

A SPRING IDYL.

The Poetry of Angling.

"IT is not all of fishing to fish." To some this may seem an unwarrantable assumption, but by many it is now accepted as the tersest expression of a fact having all the force of a syllogism.

In patriarchal and mediæval times the fisherman was accorded an honorable place in the limited vocations then open to man in which to earn a livelihood for himself and dependants, and because his labors added to the food supply of less favored localities. The gratification of mere animal wants, the selfish and mercenary alone, prompting doubtless then as now, when higher motives do not impel, made the fisherman a mere laborer, where work was an irksome task, and whose only enjoyment was measured by financial results.

There was but little healthy sentiment in an age when might was right, and when it was the plan:

> "That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

Of such a fisherman it may be truthfully affirmed, "It is all of fishing to fish."

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A primrose is to him, and nothing more."

But with the evolution of society, and the ascendancy of principle over might in government, the selfish and animal in our nature was ameliorated and softened, and the wholly selfish was largely dominated by the æsthetic and sentimental.

In no direction is this uplifting and ennobling of humanity more easily discerned and traced than in what is now comprehended under the very general term of sportsmanship, and in no subdivision thereof is the trail so well defined as in that blazed by the angler.

The older poets sing his praises and accord him honorable distinction in their immortal works, and in the early dawn of English literature appeared what competent writers and judges pronounce the leading pastoral classic in our language, "The Compleat Angler," by Izaak Walton.

Overworked professional and business men found then, as they find now, recreation, pleasure and renewed energy in the sights which come to their eyes and the sounds that fall pleasantly on their ears, and who will wonder that the contents of the creel are the less valued part?

Going forth in the early morning to his favorite trout brook, nature speaks to his spirit under many forms. Her voice captivates not his ears alone, but she appeals to what is best within him through his every sense.

The domination of winter is at an end, and on every hand there is a reawaking and bursting forth. The snow-capped hills of yesterday have disappeared, and their dull brown robes of autumn time blend more in harmony with the dark green of the conifers beyond; but vernal showers, like a magic wand, will soon deck all in tints of emerald green. The swelling buds of the maple and the bursting catkins of the willow tell him that nature is aroused from her winter's sleep; but the beauty of a flitting bluebird in the copse diverts his thoughts, while the melody of the song sparrow seems like spring's triumphal note of joy.

Already has he forgotten the perplexities and annoyances of every-day cases; already he drinks in with each deep inspiration renewed draughts of health; already has he broken away from the withering restraints and narrowing prejudices of conventional life; again he is in touch with what is grand, strengthening and elevating in nature.

But he has not yet wet his line nor baited his hook, nor have his eyes yet seen the tiny cascades of the purling brook, nor traced its sinuous course through the meadow.

The morning grows apace, but our fisherman hastens not his steps. Crossing a stone wall, which passes through a growth of mountain laurel and white birches,

he sees the beautiful pink buds of the mayflower peeping out from under the belated snowbank, as if in protest to winter's cruel restraint, and as if to be promptly on hand when the time comes to take its allotted place in the sequence of flowers attendant upon the ides of spring.

Journeying down the gentle declivity, where nature a little later will carpet the ground with beautiful violets and modest anemone, his friend of former years, the hepatica, attracts his eye, and, putting forth his hand to remove some encroaching grass, a meadow mouse scampers suddenly away in fright at the unwonted intrusion.

But the music of the rippling brook now claims his undivided attention, and hastening footsteps soon bring him again to its margin. The fringe of green grass close up on either side and the nodding watercresses in its pellucid depths tell him that nature's forces have been at work for some time past.

He marvels at the restful murmer of the rippling brook, its tiny wavelets and miniature cascades, and he wonders when they thus began and how long they will continue. Such a small streamlet! and ever running from nowhere somewhere—ever running, ever singing, ever flowing, ever, ever!

Our fisherman's rod was still unjointed, and his mind reveled in the delights and enchantments of the scene until he was called back to the work in hand by the landing of a mink on the bank a little below him with a beautiful trout in his mouth, which he soon devoured for his morning meal. It dawned upon him that the quadruped mink has his counterpart in some biped men who look not above the gratification of the selfish and sordid, and who respect not salutary human enactments. From long observation he well knew the skill and success of the mink as a fisherman, nor could he withhold a modicum of admiration for his discernment and good taste in showing his preference for the toothsome, gamy trout.

His rod is now assembled, the reel adjusted, and away goes his lure dancing lively before him down the stream. He skillfully directs it from side to side, carefully restrains it as it engages in the eddy and plunges to the pool below, steals stealthily and warily along so that no concussion or jar will follow footfall to disturb the wary trout, redoubles his best efforts at the overhanging bank at the bend, in the open meadow keeps as far away from the brook as possible, and does not allow his shadow to face athwart the stream; and who will say that our fisherman has not earned and does not deserve the beautiful trout which he so carefully takes from their bed of moss in his creel and arranges side by side upon the grass in the order of their size, that his eyes may feast thereon while he eats his noonday meal on the sunny side of the old abutment which sustains the rustic bridge that spans the brook in the meadow?

The unusual exercise and lengthy walk result in a fatigue that our fisherman would call exquisite; for while the physical man gladly gives way to needed rest the mental is as buoyant and elastic as in schoolboy's merriest day.

The enjoyments of his nooning are not limited to the conventional hour, and already the sun is aslant in the heavens before he resumes his pleasant occupation. At each bend of the brook a new panorama meets his eyes. Clouds of fleecy whiteness scud athwart the luminous blue of heaven's dome, and the song of the vesper sparrow swells the growing volume of melody that greets the return of spring.

As a reward of his skill and perseverance a well-filled creel is already his, and ere

"The sun descending dyes the clouds in crimson"

he reels in and turns his steps homeward.

Age has laid a heavy hand upon the friend of his early years who gave him his first lessons in the gentle art, and now his many thoughtful acts of kindness return unto him as bread cast upon the waters. Our fisherman finds it a pleasure to make a long detour to call at his humble home and pleasantly while away a reminiscent hour, and to leave behind some choice specimens of his day's catch. A generous share of the balance is left with a convalescent friend, and he reaches home in the early evening hour at peace with himself and all the world.

Who will say that his day was misspent and that it is all of fishing to fish? GEO. MCALEER.

WORCESTER, MASS.

ANGLING NOTES.

Killing Salmon with Broken Rod.

IF any one would take the trouble to gather together in one volume stories of the capture of fish under remarkable circumstances it would make a book of more than ordinary interest and one well worth the reading. Of course I refer to incidents that have actually occurred, and nearly every angler can furnish from one to a score from the pages of his own experience. These true stories are frequently quite as curious as those which some men rack their brains to invent for the pages of the daily papers and often prove that truth is stranger than fiction. Seated in an Albany club a few days ago after lunch, smoking with some friends, the conversation had turned to fishing, as I have noticed that it has the habit of doing on such occasions, when my old friend Dr. C. C. Schuyler came in and told this story, which is entitled to a place in that book which I have suggested. He was fishing on the Restigouche and his rod had given out a sound as though it had cracked, but a careful examination failed to disclose any defect, still he felt that there was something wrong which would appear at an inopportune moment. He was casting with this rod when a salmon rolled over the fly without taking it. Resting the pool he cast again and the salmon rolled over the fly as before. Another rest and the thing was repeated. Still another rest, and as the salmon again rolled over the fly the Doctor struck, and at that instant the rod parted, breaking square off about a foot above the reel. The salmon was foul hooked and going down stream like a race horse, with the major portion of the rod somewhere between the fish and the canoe.

A chase was made by the canoemen and the missing part of the rod recovered, when the Doctor, holding the fractured parts together with his left hand, played the fish until his hand gave out under the strain and the rod was passed over to one of the canoemen, who continued the fight until the Doctor was again able to take the rod and bring the fish to gaff. The salmon weighed 26lbs.

A Novel Question.

On a previous occasion a gentleman at this club had said to me that he thought that the salmon in the Restigouche did not now display the same game qualities when hooked that they did in former years. I asked Dr. Schuyler about it and he was quite inclined to confirm this opinion, and when asked if there was any reason for it, he said that it was attributed to stocking the stream with salmon fry artificially reared, and that these fish were not as game when grown to adult size as those hatched naturally. To me this theory seems utterly groundless, and I cannot conceive of anything in the handling of the eggs of salmon artificially hatched that would impair the game qualities of the adult fish. I have a theory of my own on this subject, but having written to Canada for the opinions of salmon anglers there it would not be well to air my views at present; but I hope soon to give the views of the veteran John Mowat on the subject, and perhaps the views of other salmon fishermen in Canada and elsewhere.

Ouananiche and Landlocked Salmon.

A friend surprised me a few weeks ago with the information that there were ouananiche in Tuxedo Lake, reared from eggs obtained from the Lake St. John or Saguenay region in Canada. This was so opposed to all that I had learned at Lake St. John that I was dumb, for my friend is a lady and I could not dispute the statement had I been inclined to do so, and I had no such inclination. I was reasonably sure, however, that her informant was in error, for I have had occasion to keep a little track of what was done or not done with the ouananiche of Canada in the way of artificial propagation. During the Sportsmen's Exposition I met Mr. James L. Breese and Mr. R. B. Lawrence one evening in the FOREST AND STREAM office section, and we talked ouananiche and landlocked salmon until taps, and so I missed seeing the show that evening, which I did not regret.

Mr. Breese very promptly informed me that the Tuxedo fish were landlocked salmon, reared from eggs of the Maine fish obtained from the United States Fish Commission.

He gave me some figures as to the number of fish reared to practically 3-year-olds, from a given number of eggs, that were marvelous for the results obtained, but to be absolutely sure that he was correct he promised to send me figures from his report on the operations at the Tuxedo hatchery, and this he has done. Under date of March 28 he says: "I have been waiting for some figures that have escaped my memory about the landlocked salmon before writing you about them. * * * We were supposed to receive 10,000 eggs of the landlocked salmon from Grand Lake stream, Maine. There were twenty-eight dead eggs on arrival, and we lost 633 eggs in hatching. They were received March 3, 1892, and in December, 1894, we counted and turned out 8,029 salmon. Some of them were taken from the lake the following May and June up to 1¼lbs. in weight. On March 28, 1893, we received 4,000 eggs and turned out 3,374 salmon. On Dec. 10, 1895, I think we have about 1,700 fry on hand obtained from the United States Fish Commission last November."

Of the first lot of salmon eggs mentioned, 9,339 fry were hatched, and over 85 per cent. of these were reared until they were nearly three years old. This is by far the best showing in rearing salmon fry of which I have knowledge. I have a memorandum that tells me that of a lot of salmon fry hatched in Maine by the U. S Fish Commission 83 per cent. were reared to yearlings.

Of the second lot of eggs mentioned by Mr. Breese, over 83 per cent. of the total number of eggs were hatched and reared to nearly three years of age, and if the number of eggs lost in hatching were given it would bring the percentage of fry reared to 3-year-olds up to, if not above, the first mentioned figures, and the operations at the Tuxedo hatchery may be considered as notably successful. I intended to say in this note that I made inquiries at Lake St. John when I was there, and have been in constant communication with Mr. Chambers, of Quebec, since, and have failed to learn of a single attempt made to hatch the ouananiche artificially or to transplant it. I refer particularly to Mr. Chambers, as he has written a book, now in press, about the fish and its environments, and would know of any attempts in this direction. While I was writing, the mail brought me a letter from Mr. Wm. Seaton, of Quebec, secretary of the Triton Club, in which he says: "We are intending to stock one of our ranges of lakes with ouananiche this summer. I propose to get a score of good fish from Lake St. John, and after running a wire netting across the outlet, to let them loose in one of our lakes, where they can have strong running water at the inlet."

This would seem to be the first effort made, or to be made, to transfer the ouananiche to other than its native waters in Canada. Mr. Seaton tells in detail how he proposes to transfer the fish, and it is sufficient to say that it must prove successful.

Within five minutes after I arrived at the Saguenay I satisfied myself why the ouananiche of Canada remained at the surface of the water in August and the landlocked salmon of Maine sought the depths of the lake at the same season of the year, for the water the last of August must have been not above 52 to 54° F.

I have known of quite a number of failures to establish the landlocked salmon in lakes that seemed in every way suitable for them, but I have not known a failure where the salmon have been planted where they could find smelt food.

I am of the opinion that lakes containing the round whitefish (Adirondack "frost fish") would prove as suitable, and that the salmon will become established in such waters. Acting upon this belief I have for two years been planting fingerling landlocked salmon for the United States Fish Commission in two lakes—one containing smelt and the other "frost fish" for food.

Commissioner Stanley told me in New York recently that he could stock any lake with landlocked smelt for $25. So the question of food for salmon is not a difficult one. In some localities where the landlocked smelt abound there are no facilities for hatching the eggs artificially for the purpose of transplanting. Where such is the case and it is desired to transplant smelt, brush may be cut and thrown into the stream where the smelt run to spawn, and the eggs adhering to the twigs can be transported in cans of water to the stream or lake to be stocked.

Commissioner Wentworth, of New Hampshire, told me that at Sunapee Lake, N. H., smelt were caught for salmon bait and put into an old half-sunken row boat near the shore. The smelt spawned in the boat and the fry hatched and literally swarmed in the boat after the parent fish had been used for bait. I have seen young smelt at the mouths of the streams in the same lake in myriads in spite of the number of fish ready to prey upon them.

I left my desk for a little while just at this point, and upon my return found a letter from Mr. W. de C. Ravenel, assistant in charge of the Division of Fishculture of the United States Fish Commission, in which he says the Commission will this year be very short of landlocked salmon, and a number of assignments will be short and the deficiency will have to be made good with young brook trout. Applications are constantly made to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York for landlocked salmon fry or yearlings, but the State has practically none to give out from eggs taken from fish in State waters. If Lakes Champlain and George become stocked from "yearlings" now being planted from the United States Fish Commission the State should have a supply of breeding landlocked salmon to draw upon to stock other waters.

The Ladies.

At the annual dinner of the Fly-Fishers' Club in London, in February last, Mr. R. B. Marston, the honorary treasurer, speaking to the toast "Success to the Fly-Fishers' Club," said: "I have another suggestion. My wife said to me, 'Why don't you ask the ladies to come sometimes to your gatherings?' Now, I belong to one or two clubs where they are invited, and I believe it is a very good thing, because the ladies go home and talk about it, and tell their lady friends, and their lady friends, who would also like to go, get their husbands to join. Of course I told my wife that fly-fishers were such bashful men that they would not like to have ladies present, and her reply to me was, 'Well, that is one of the best fish stories I ever heard.'"

Now for the sequel. On March 12 the Piscatorial Society held its annual dinner in London, and in a three-page account of the dinner, given in the last *Fishing Gazette*, there is a list of those present, and in the list I find "Mr. R. B. Marston and Mrs. R. B. Marston, Mr. Wm. Senior and Mrs. Wm. Senior, Mr. Booker and Mrs. Booker and Miss Booker; Mr. Blundell, Mrs. Blundell and Miss Blundell," etc., down through a long list in which there are as many women as men, but the reporter had the grace to name the ladies first, as was eminently proper, and the men's names followed, becomingly, after. I am a firm believer in this sort of thing, and if fishing clubs will entertain the ladies it will be better for the clubs and club members. I have the honor to be president of a fish and game club, and it is a satisfaction to remember that the first entertainment ever given by the club, just a little music, flowers, luncheon and conversation, was graced by the ladies, and I think it was the ladies more than the men who have made the club a success.

A "G. W." Angler.

A few days ago I saw about twenty trout on two marble slabs, making a sight to cause an angler's blood to quicken at any season of the year, particularly at this season. On one slab were a lot of yearling trout averaging about half a pound in weight, and on the other an equal number of 2-year-olds of about 1½ to 1¾lbs. each. They were exceedingly fat fish and the silver gleam on their sides told of intimacy with salt water as well as of rich salt-water food. The two slabs were on Governor Morton's desk in the Executive Chamber in the Capitol at Albany, and a friend of mine who had brought them to exhibit to the Governor was describing the fish, the fishing and the preserve from which they were taken, and as he is a talker from Talktown, he was doing the subject full justice, and the eloquence was pouring out of him like a spring freshet at its flood. He stopped a moment for breath, not inspiration, and I tried to fill in the gap with "a few well-chosen words." I was not down for a speech and there was no reporter present to take down my words, and so I went directly to the point thusly: "Commissioner, will you look the Governor squarely in the face and tell him how you caught those trout? Did you grovel for them with mud worms or did you catch them artistically with an artificial fly?" My friend made a sound as though he had swallowed some loose fish hooks and the points had stuck in his throat, and he turned that fuller crimson that comes upon the robin's breast in the spring; then he made one of those tangled breaks of a converted pacing horse, but gathered himself together and found he was going level again, and with a Chesterfieldian bow said: "Governor, I caught them with bait; permit me to present them to you."

That evening, when we were dining at the Albany Club upon some of the same trout, with my friend as host, he turned to me without any Chesterfieldian or other kind of bow, without making a break of any kind, and without swallowing his palate, he said, in a clear mezzo-soprano: "Doggone you, I thought I had muzzled you with an invitation to dinner, and was expecting no storm indications unless it was from your partner in crime, seated at your left, but I told the truth about catching those trout and maintained the reputation of the angling fraternity; but—it nearly choked me to do it."

Preserving Fish.

A correspondent desires to know how to preserve fish and retain their colors. I have had the best success with 50 per cent. alcohol and 50 per cent. glycerine, preserving fish eggs and young fish, but Dr. T. H. Bean has told me that he uses one-third each of water, alcohol and glycerine. A. N. CHENEY.

Fish and Freezing.

IT is quite generally supposed that the sudden and complete freezing of lakes and watercourses must necessarily be fatal to all their inhabitants. Recent experiments by a French scientist, M. P. Regnard, have proved this to be an error. He cooled the water in an aquarium containing live carp to different degrees below freezing. At 0° C. the fishes seemed to fall asleep, but were not frozen. At —3° they were apparently dead, but retained their flexibility. The water being then gradually warmed, they revived, began to swim, and showed no signs of suffering. This would indicate that the polar seas, whose temperature never falls below 3° C., may be a congenial abode for creatures inured to this degree of cold.—*Scientific American.*

MASSACHUSETTS TROUT STREAMS.

BOSTON, April 4.—April 1 found many of Boston's anglers tramping along the banks of Massachusetts trout streams, and most of those who had the courage to go found very fair success. A. H. Wood and C. B. Jefferson were down on the cape and report very good fishing for the day, so good in fact that Mr. Wood has gone down to try it again. Augustus Flagg and some other members of the Somerset Club fished Scorten stream down near Sandwich, but I have not yet heard with what luck. E. J. Brown owns a tide-water stream near Sandwich, and has made it a rule to be there on April 1 for several years. This year was no exception, and on his return Mr. Brown told me that he had caught a nice string, the largest weighing 2¼lbs. He blessed his luck over and over again, for just as he got the large one safely landed the snell of his hook broke off at the loop. Joshua S. Duncklee, chairman of the Boston Board of Assessors, and a friend who has fished with him for many years, were out on the first day, and the sum total of their catch were nine good-sized trout. The stream they fished was only fifteen miles from Boston, and considering that it was very high and running over the meadows, they certainly did well. I have also heard that the Worcester anglers who were out on the 1st met with good success, but have had no individual account of good luck as yet.

Dr. H. C. Haven, of Boston, who has a camp at the Rangeleys, only three miles from the Upper Dam, has gone down to make some preparations for the coming season. As the Doctor spends eight months of the year at this camp, no little amount of work is needed to place everything in good shape. He has generally left these preparations to others, but thought this year he would go down in advance and get a taste of the Rangeleys in winter.

H. A. Harrington and Geo. P. Johnson, of Boston, whom I mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks ago as going South on a fishing trip, have just reached home. They have been to Homosassa, Fla., and report great sport in channel bass fishing. The tarpon were just beginning to arrive in the waters of that section as they were about to leave. They saw several, but did not do any tarpon fishing. Fine, warm weather prevailed during their entire trip, and letters from home containing accounts of the severe weather of the March just passed did not encourage them to return home earlier.

It is reported that two 20lb. salmon were caught a day or two ago in the Bangor pool with the fly. It seems to me this is a little earlier than usual, and no doubt the news will start some of the enthusiasts down there post haste.

The ice in Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., is strong enough to last all summer, according to the stories of people who live on its shores. Twelve to sixteen inches is its reported thickness, and yet the lake is generally the first of the large lakes of New Hampshire to welcome fishermen in the early spring. It is a favorite place with Waltham, Mass., anglers, quite a number of whom visit it annually as soon as the ice goes out. For landlocked salmon Newfound Lake is the place of pilgrimage. A few days later than Winnepesaukee is when it usually clears of ice, and the salmon anglers begin a race up there as soon as the news comes in.

For a long time many members of the Megantic Club have urged the board of directors to have an annual ladies' night, so that the club members and their ladies could meet and become better acquainted. The proposition has finally been consented to, and the evening of April 24 has been set aside for the celebration of the First Annual Ladies' Night. The affair will take the form of a dinner, entertainment, etc., and will take place at the Hotel Vendome, in Boston. Like all the undertakings of this popular club, it will probably be a most successful affair.

HACKLE.

The Massachusetts legal open trout season has been a cold one. The first day of April was fairly pleasant, and some of the local fishermen were off. But Thursday, Friday and Saturday were cold and windy, with the mercury below freezing the most of the time. Some of the members of the Monument Club were at their preserve, but few trout were taken. Mr. J. Russell Reed, well known to the FOREST AND STREAM for his efforts in the direction of fish and game protection and propagation, has been down to his favorite resort on the Cape, and he is understood to have taken fifteen trout the first day; a good score certainly.

The brant shooters at Monomoy are having cold fingers. Mr. Warren Hapgood, the veteran of the Monomoy Brant Club and one of its founders, was down last week with several members and invited guests. At this writing no reports of success have been received. What is termed the Boys' Party is to start for the home of the club on Wednesday, but the rough weather and the lateness of the season have aboutkilled their enthusiasm. At last accounts the gunners were reporting a good many brant seen, and "all young birds."

Salmon fishing has begun at Bangor, Me. The first day of April, the legal opening day, there were a number of boats on the swift water below the dam, but no salmon are reported taken. The river is full of ice and ice water, and since the opening day to this writing the weather has been cold and windy, with the mercury at 10 or 12° below freezing the most of the time; not very nice weather for fishing, to say the least. A Bangor, Me., special says that the State of Maine has received 40,000 brook trout eggs from the U. S. Fish Commission, from the hatchery at Greene Lake, near Bangor. The superintendent of the hatchery was directed to deliver 20,000 trout eggs to Commissioner Stanley and 20,000 to Commissioner Wentworth. The eggs have been delivered and are all being cared for at the Enfield hatchery. About 500,000 trout eggs are taken annually at the Government Hatchery at Greene Lake. The law provides that 25 per cent. of the eggs taken shall, when hatched, be returned to the waters of the parent fish. This leaves 375,000 to be distributed. Greene Lake brook trout are mentioned as particularly hardy and fine, and consequently the young fish from that lake are very desirable for restocking.

Later.—A Bangor special says that early on Thursday morning, April 2, Frank Cowen, of that city, hooked and landed a beautiful salmon on the Brewer side of the river; the first salmon of the season at the Bangor pool. The fish was large enough so that he got nineteen silver dollars for it in the market. A few hours after John E. Kent, of Veazie, got another salmon on to the land that weighed 17½lbs. Still the weather is cold, with the river full of floating ice; conditions very unsatisfactory for salmon fishing. It is understood that the above fish were both caught with bait, nothing having yet been done with the fly.

SPECIAL.

THE BONE FISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

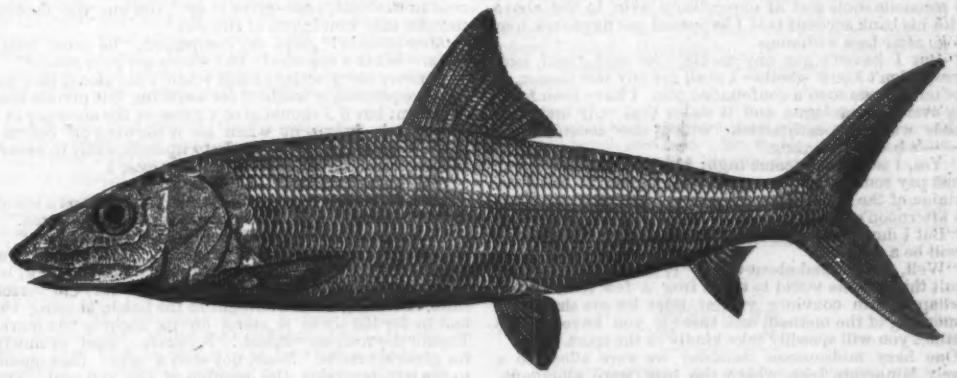
In your April 4 number F. S. I. C. describes his experience with a game fish which he believes superior to the tarpon, but its name and place in nature are unknown to him. Judging from the excellent description and from the name applied to the species in Florida it is almost certain that the conclusion reached by the Fish Commission in Washington is correct.

Possibly F. S. I. C. may have in mind the "bony fish" or menhaden of Northern waters when he says the "bone fish" of Biscayne Bay is in no way related to this, and if so he is right; but "bone fish" and "bony fish" are very different animals.

The best way to ascertain whether or not the game fish of Biscayne Bay is what the Fish Commission people claim is to examine the lower figure of plate 218 in Section I. of "Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States," or plate XXIII., figure 81, in the Nineteenth Report of New York Fish Commission.

If this suggestion proves well founded the Biscayne Bay fighter is the lady fish (*Albula vulpes*), and its pursuit and capture may delight the anglers of the West Indies, the Bermudas, Cape Verde Islands, Indian Ocean, the Red Sea and the coast of Japan, as well as those on both coasts of North America, extending occasionally northward to Cape Cod.

Dr. Goode says it is called "bone fish" and "grubber" in the Bermudas. W. I. de Nyse informs me it is sometimes caught in Gravesend Bay, L. I., where it is known



BONE FISH OR LADY FISH. (From Fisheries and Fishery Industries.)

to fishermen as the "cering." At the Bermudas Dr. Goode states it is considered a fine food fish, and he testifies to its value from his own experience. In the Caribbean Sea it is highly esteemed for the table.

Capt. Lewis B. Thurber, of Patchogue, L. I., secured a fine specimen of the fish in Great South Bay. The early writers on the fishes of New York, Mitchill and De Kay, do not include the "bone fish" and "lady fish" in their lists of fishes of the State. De Kay, however, refers to it as an extra-limital species under the name *Butirinus vulpes*, no common name being given.

All authorities agree that the "bone fish" is so named for cause, but it is unquestionably a fine fish, and now that its game qualities have been discovered we may expect to hear more of it. The beauty of the scales and the symmetry of the body combine to make it a striking object of the angler's art.

TARLETON H. BEAN.

NEW YORK, April 2.

NEW YORK, April 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue I notice an interesting description of the bonefish of Biscayne Bay, Fla., and also an inquiry as to its classification, etc.

While being a comparatively new fish to the angling fraternity, it is by no means new to ichthyologists, as it is recorded in "List of Food Fishes of the United States," of 1879, under the name of *Vulpes albula* (Linn).

During a ten years' residence on the east coast of Florida I have had a large experience with this fish and heartily agree with F. S. I. C. in proclaiming it "the game fish *par excellence* of the Atlantic."

As he says, sand fleas, fiddler and hermit crabs are the most successful baits, but I have derived more sport from using a medium weight fly-rod with large, gaudy salmon or bass flies. Jock-Scott, butcher, scarlet-ibis and parmachene-belle are my favorites, all tied on No. 3-0 hooks with twisted gut loops. There is some excellent advice to fly-fishermen intending to visit Florida contained in Dr. Henshall's "Camping and Cruising in Florida," and in the collection of papers made by C. F. Orvis and A. N. Cheney entitled "Fishing with the Fly," but the bone or lady fish, mentioned in these works, is a totally different fish in appearance, habits and habitat.

I will add that there is great and almost unknown sport in store for the Northern angler who will go to Biscayne and depart from the conventional bait and "billiard cue rod" and experiment with the fly along the sandbars and mangrove shores.

MAXIE.

An Episode of Opening Day.

THE first day of the brook trout season found the Corpulent Dentist at Willow Brook, sixteen miles away, wielding the daintiest of rods and tossing the most seductive of flies lightly on the turbulent stream. Ill fared it with the angler for a brave hour's work when, reaching an inviting riffle, the luscious fly dropped gently on the water and was instantly taken by what the dentist called "a veritable monster of the tribe of trout." It was a sturdy fight, carried on for a heart-breaking space of time, before the angler dared venture to lead the trout up to within reaching distance of him. Arrayed in wading boots and otherwise well equipped for daring aquatic feats, the portly Dentist, like Kipling's ship that found herself, felt tolerably safe in making a fearless attempt to capture his prize. With a strong right arm outstretched he stooped to conquer, slipped, and sat down heavily to his armpits in the rushing waters. It required a heroic struggle of two minutes' duration to get extricated from the icy bath, with rod and line badly tangled, and the "speckled beauty"—pardon the term, brethren—gone!

When the Corpulent Dentist emerged from a nearby farmhouse half an hour later attired in a flaming red flannel shirt, a pair of trousers lacking several inches in sufficiency of waist measure, cowhide boots having a low décolleté cut to them, a seventeenth century dicer and a frock coat that would have aroused the envy of a New Jersey hobo, he lacked all of the divinity that doth hedge a king. Although he realized fair success that day, our friend avenged his mishap of the morning only by reaching home at nightfall and having his most intimate associates mistake him for a Western road agent.

M. CHILL.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN SMELT.

NEW RUSSIA, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am surprised at the article on Lake Champlain ice fish in your paper of March 28. I am afraid the anglers our friend Cheney interviewed were a stupid and queer lot. While having the greatest respect for friend Cheney and his writings (from what I have seen for the last twenty years), I beg to differ with him, and would say, be it known to all it may concern, that as a rule Lake Champlain smelt and herring do not migrate to salt water, but at the approach of summer retire to the deepest part of the lake, where they find 200 to 400ft. of water. Here they stay at the bottom most of the time. When the broad lake freezes over they work up in shoaler water, where the fishermen take them through the ice. They are caught later in the winter at Port Henry, it being further away from the deeper part of the lake.

I have seen smelt in the lake every month in the year, and have caught them in most of the summer and fall months. While trolling off Cedar Beach in very deep water with a lake trout rig I caught a smelt 14in. in length. This was in July. I was running a good-sized dace 150ft. below the surface, using 1½lbs. lead. Also in August while trolling I caught a ½lb. smelt in the middle of the lake opposite Westport, where I was running a minnow 200ft. below the surface. When camping in August at Apple Tree Point, a little north of Diamond Island, I used to go out before sunrise to fish for wall-eyed pike in about 100ft. of water. Very often the pike would chase and drive schools of smelt to the surface. They would leap out of the water by hundreds; they were fair-sized smelt.

In September I was fishing on a reef far out in the lake opposite Westport. This reef has 18ft. of water on it, breaking off suddenly to 200ft. A strong current was running from the deep water over the reef. Pike were biting finely. Once in awhile the water would fairly boil close around the boat, caused by the smelt coming to the surface, driven up by large fish. Some of the pike threw smelt from their mouths after they were in the boat. Game protector Goper Liberty was with me at the time. Once while anchored on this reef in a still time with the current running as before, suddenly I noticed great quantities of air bubbles rising to the surface all over the reef. This was a mystery, but it was soon solved by the appearance of thousands of smelt leaping from the water apparently disabled and in trouble. It seems that the current brought them up from deep water and the diminished pressure expanded their air bladders to such a degree that it brought them to the surface in distress, notwithstanding that they expelled part of the air before they broke water.

I have taken fair-sized smelt from the mouths and throats of wall-eyed pike all through the summer and fall months; this was when fishing in and near very deep water; and have frequently used smelt so taken for bait with good success. My friend, Samuel P. Avery, Jr., tells me that he picked up a dead smelt on the shore of his island at Button Bay. He went out on his favorite reef and with this single smelt caught five fine wall-eyes. Smelt are the natural food of wall-eyes in Champlain and make the best of bait. I have never found smelt in black bass taken in Lake Champlain.

Sometimes smelt come to the surface toward night, and in cloudy weather when the lake is still observing persons can see them swimming about in large schools, making a wide and curious ripple on the water. This is generally seen at the middle of the lake, where the water is the deepest. Smelt can be caught in Lake Champlain in any of the summer months by going to the right place and using the right means, but I do not think to much advantage, as they lie in deep water and are more scattered than in winter; still, by a little effort enough can be caught to use for bait.

Here I want to raise a note of warning to those that think of introducing smelt to feed lake trout; they are ferocious little brutes and persistent destroyers of small fish living in all depths of water; they would destroy the young trout. This I think is one reason lake trout are not more plenty in Champlain.

BAINBRIDGE BISHOP.

BAIT-CASTING WITHOUT FRILLS.

THE above heading is not intended as a mere excerpt from the vocabulary of popular slang. On the other hand, it is an attempt at compactness which, transcribed with more verbosity, implies that the art of taking game fish can be acquired with the scientific accompaniment of light and effective tackle within a moderate outlay. The majority of writers on the pleasures of angling have too frequently assumed that skill necessarily accompanies an expensive outfit. Publishers have winked at these statements because it pleases dealers, who in return respond with profitable advertising. But the millionaire will not resent the impeachment of his purse, but will submit to the imposition in considering he is paying for the privilege of a monopoly. Hence it would seem that one of four things exists—that prominent writers are ignorant of the resources of the angling art, belong to the favored of wealth, are bidding for favors, or are not dealing honestly with the subject.

I was brought to an appreciation of the situation by an incident that occurred last summer. An acquaintance who enjoys a good enough salary in a Western city to give himself and family the comforts and moderate luxuries of a home had been in boyhood a simple pole-and-line slinger after the manner of youth. As with many others, business and family cares had detracted his attention until at length, finding some leisure hours coming his way, the old boyhood love returned. The angling literature current in newspaper, magazine and book form impressed upon him the extent of his rustiness in the sport and bespoke an exaltation of ethics commensurate with extravagant outlay if he hoped to come within the pale of scientific sportsmanship. The figures of $50 for a bait rod, ditto for a fly-rod, $20 for a multiplying reel, $10 for a "click," $15 for a book of flies and leaders, $10 for a tackle box, 15 cents a foot for lines, besides a small fortune in landing nets, creels, waders, boats, etc., etc., etc., showed an elevation of the art as commanding as high-priced. It was while he was trying to reconcile some sort of expenditure akin to the above with his bank account that I happened one day to ask him to go after bass with me.

"But I haven't got any tackle," he said, "and, look here, I don't know whether I shall get any this season, as the outfit costs such a confounded pile. I have been looking over this catalogue, and it states that only first-class goods will give satisfaction, which also accords with ——'s book on angling."

"Yes, I see, it does come high; but then you know one must pay roundly to be considered eligible to the good opinion of the fraternity. However, I can fit you out for an afternoon's sport."

"But I don't know anything about casting, you see, so I will be a nuisance."

"Well, never mind about that. It is not the most difficult thing in the world to toss a frog a few feet, which perhaps I can convince you, at least let me show you something of the method, and then if you have fishing instinct you will speedily take kindly to the sport."

One hazy midsummer Saturday we were afloat on a lovely Minnesota lake, where the bass were abundant, rowing to a favorite spot at a contraction of the lake, where a wooded point jutted out, half encircling a bay whose inner crescent was fringed with lilypads and an outward barrier of rushes, extending toward the open expanse of water. Here we rested, while I unpacked the tools. I had brought two types of weapons to illustrate my proposed exordium on the discrepancy between cost and sport.

One rod was a plain jointed lancewood that had seen some five seasons of active conflict and had never failed, and probably cost not to exceed $3.50. It was furnished with a nickeled open or skeleton reel listed at $2, and a braided line in which a quarter of a dollar may have been invested. The other rod, which by the way had been presented to me by a loving friend, was one of those symphonies in split-bamboo, silver and jet; the reel was a rapid multiplier as elaborate as jeweled bearings and aluminum construction would furnish, while the snaky black line was one to delight the most fastidious. The latter outfit probably represented a numerical value expressed in one figure and two ciphers. I never inquired the price for reasons obvious to any one who has been the recipient of a gift.

In external appearance and detail of finish the two sets were markedly different, but in the "hang" of the rods, that delicacy of balance so pleasing to the angler, there was little choice. When the "symphonic poem" was rigged ready for business my friend's expression of delight paid tribute to his appreciation of the beautiful.

"It's a dandy," meaning the bamboo.

"Yes, but the lance is a daisy."

"Correct; still it's cheaper," feeling both rods, "and it don't seem to be quite so stiff as the dandy."

"Probably; but you will soon see the discrepancy don't count."

I did not want to underrate the beautiful gift of my friend, while on the other hand years of associations with the older rod in many a plucky battle had wedded it to my affections. It had survived when a varied assortment of other rods had been laid aside, and although one of the cheapest, in cost, I had owned, it was also meritoriously one of the best. But I had a theory to put in practice that day, so said but little concerning merits, leaving the candidates to tell their respective stories and sing their own praises in deeds. Diving into the frog basket I inquired: "Which rod will you try first?"

"O, neither. I'd break them before I learn to cast that frog from so delicate a structure. Let me see you throw and I'll try and 'catch on.'"

"Well, then, notice that here is a half-grown batrachian, not too small to entice a hungry bass and hardly enough to stand the strain. Casting is fun for the angler, but I imagine is a serious business to a frog. One gets careless sometimes and don't thumb the reel in time, and then there occurs a crack-the-whip sort of action and froggy goes spinning away on his own hook, so to speak. So he must be strongly secured either by binding him with a thread to the hook, as well as inserting the latter, or by putting him in this little harness I have here. I use a big hook, which fly fishermen will stare aghast at, but a 4 pounder in this lake has a name that does not belie his appearance, and you want a hook that will catch somewhere and hold in his big maw, and besides fly-casting and bait-casting are not analogous methods.

"Now observe that the frog is reeled up within a foot or two of the tip. You can cast sitting or standing, to the right or left, but the knack is in swinging the rod so the frog does not go out around the tip. You do not usually cast directly in front, but toward a point nearly in line with the shoulders. If you wish to take a right hand cast lay the rod arm, unless you are left-handed, across the left breast and swing the rod upward and to the right, but don't let the tip travel much ahead of the hand or the frog will circle around and land on your head. Do you see that bubble—how far is it? No, not 100ft., call it three-quarters of the distance.

"Well, here goes." Zip, splash! and no rise. "See, I watch the frog in its flight, and as it touches the water my thumb presses the coil of line and the reel is checked; otherwise there would occur language unbecoming any one but a disgusted angler with an entangled mess of line on his reel. Now I'll reel in slowly and see if—well, here is the frog and no strike recorded yet.

"Note that little clump of weeds some 40yds. to the left. Looks inviting. Whir—bang! Blamed if he isn't a good one. No use waiting for him to swallow that frog; he's got the hook sure. It's all on account of his greediness in catching froggy on the fly, as it were, the moment it touched the water. Well, we will put on the breaks and see how he looks. Dandy, ain't he? And he is on a daisy rod.

"Cast your eye on to this 9oz. pole and I'll show you what it's made for. Bend? Well, I should smile. But look at the tough. Reckon he feels the spring of the old lance and proposes to hunt for cover among those ticklish reeds. Now mind the rod while I point the butt at him. Keep your seat; don't jump overboard, for it won't break. I've seen the tip lie alongside of my wrist a good many times before; but ain't he gritty, that is, the bass? Ah! here he comes. Cunning, but stupid, for he is rushing toward arms ready to embrace him, and I can reel about as fast as he can swim, and—biff! Thought he'd have to make another kick out of water. It's a good kick, but not high enough to loosen the grip of that big plebeian hook. So he seems to think, for he sulks and wants to rout in the mud, and—gives it up. Get out the landing net and take him in out of the wet."

"Jewhittaker!" gasps my companion, "he must weigh 10lbs. What a monster! But where are your scales?"

"I never carry scales except when I am alone; they are too exasperatingly truthful for anything but private consultation; but if I should give a guess on the accuracy of a fisherman's judgment when he is showing off before a pupil, I would brace my modesty up sufficiently to hazard that he will fall within 5lbs.—mebby over 4."

"But he is 2ft. long."

"Well, that depends on whose feet you adopt as a standard of measurement. But are you ready to try a cast?"

"No; you rig a frog on the dandy and throw again."

"All right, mark a cast to the right. Pass the rod arm toward the left shoulder, start the frog without a jerk, let the tip and hand fall into the trough of a curve of versed sines, flattening out to a straight at the finish, keeping the bait under the tip as it starts on its flight to the mark. Thumb the reel, so. Splash! No strike. Reel in slowly for general results. None, not even a pike. Cast again to the left, reversing the position of the rod arm. The dandy don't seem to be in it—no—yes. Well, I'll feel him with a turn of the wrist; and, by jingo! he is hooked.

"Clap your eyes on to the rod and see how it takes the strain. You will notice it don't yield from tip to hand piece with the lissom grace of the other rod. But it is quicker in its resilient action, which presupposes a stiffer backbone, but resistance to fracture is not greater. See, the bass has turned for deep water; wonder what the beggar means that he don't hunt for salvation among the reeds. Well, as long as he don't try to shovel up this tangled bottom I'll give some line to impart agility and confidence in the break for liberty. Hear that reel scream. Beats a Paderewski solo, eh? Wonder what *Micropterus* thinks about it, if his auricular apparatus is of any account. But they say fish don't hear very much, so he misses one of the best pieces in the entertainment.

"Mind the rod now while I clamp on the reel and big-mouth luffs on to the other tack, if he don't miss stays, and I reckon he won't from the headway he has on, in sawing the water with that little black thread, and you will see what the bamboo is capable of doing. Yes, it is a dandy, but excuse me from further eulogy on the rod's merits until this fight is over. A fellow at the butt can't calmly deal with nice points of comparison, or philosophize on ethics, while that little fiend at the other end of the line is stirring things up in such fashion. An instructor and moralist should punctuate his arguments with fervor, but moderation and dispassionate eloquence should prevail.

"Just now I'm fishin' and gettin' hot, and— Mind that oar! Great Izaak! The cuss is towing the boat around and making for the reeds! That won't work, *Mr. M. salmoides*, the spring of that tip is bound to hold you level if you weigh a ton, and durned if I don't think you do. What! Give it up? Well, then jump right in here alongside of your brother.

"Say, did I say anything unbecoming a fisherman?"

"No, nor a Sunday-school teacher either—that is, one who is placed under similar conditions."

"Well, the verdict?"

"Easy enough: the bass is a whopper—big as the other, and the rods are both of them dandies and daisies. Both fill the bill, I think, so far as good sport is concerned, and the cheaper one seems to be in it along with the costly one."

"Thanks on behalf of the rods and tackle. Now I'll rig on a frog and you try a cast."

"Excuse me, please. I will not make any attempt with those tools after their exploits to-day. But I wish you would help me in selecting an outfit within what I see can be done on a moderate amount, and then I'll essay first trials with my own weapons. But who invented bait-casting, anyhow?"

"S-h-h! Don't speak so loud, or we will be heard in Chicago. Those chaps in the Windy City (pet name, by the way) have been imposing on FOREST AND STREAM'S staff correspondent and making believe they have a "cinch" on the patent. Now, when we reach your home and go down cellar to open the ventilator, and are thereby safe from eager ears, where they will not hear even the drawing of a small cork, I'll whisper something that I had from good authority on an angler's word of honor. But mum is the word, or when you go to Chicago next summer you will find yourself in trouble with those jealous though modest egotists who angle along the Fox and Calumet."

CAYUGA.

New Jersey Trout.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., April 4.—Disconsolation reigns in the camp of the New Jersey trout fisherman. So far as I have learned not a line has as yet been cast to ensnare the spotted idol of the creek. Much preparation had been made and anticipation ran high among the craft hereabout, but the inclement weather and swollen conditions of the streams have held the most ardent in abeyance. Some good catches of white perch have been made, however, in some of our estuaries and lakes, and that sport had under proper conditions is not to be despised. The next few weeks will witness the opening of salt-water fishing, and we will see what the season has in store for us.

LEONARD HULIT.

Wisconsin Nets are Nuisances to be Destroyed.

OSHKOSH, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Supreme Court has declared the law that allows game wardens to take up and burn fish nets when found in the water constitutional. This will take the heart out of the fishermen on Lake Winnebago, who were looking for the law to be declared unconstitutional, so that they might get pay for the fifty miles of nets burned by the wardens.

AGAMOK.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 14 to 17.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's show, Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Alexander Glass, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

April 21 to 24.—Southern California Kennel Club's show, Los Angeles, Cal. F. W. Ingalis, Sec'y.

April 25 to 27.—Mohawk Kennel Club's show, Cohoes, N. Y. Wm. T. Ford, Sec'y, Cohoes, N. Y.

May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

May 13 to 16.—Seattle Kennel Club's third annual show. C. B. Yandell, Sec'y.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 23 to 25.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual show. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Sept. 9.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. —.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

BATTERY A'S COON HUNT.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several members of Battery A, D. C. N. G., were sitting around the armory smoking and talking when a pause ensued which was broken by Lieut. Marron saying: "Say, fellows, ever been on a coon hunt?" A chorus of voices broke in, "No! what's it like?" says one. "Any fun in it?" says another, and a third exclaimed: "I'll take it in, fun or no fun."

"Well," said Lieut. Marron, "I've got an invitation to go on one from Ed. Thorn and bring friends."

"Who's Ed. Thorn?"

"Why, he is a prosperous young farmer and lives about twelve miles from here."

The preliminaries were soon settled and Saturday, Dec. 14, 1895, was the day fixed for a start. A good team was secured and the wagon loaded with everything needful for a pleasant trip. The following comprised the party: Senior Lieut. Albert Robbins, Lieut. Marron, Sergt. Murray, Corporal Chase, privates Gus Marron and Joe Gates. Nothing of consequence took place on the trip down.

Arriving at the house, everyone was soon acquainted and all were especially introduced to Mr. Jack Loggins (a local colored politician), whose dogs Burr and Dash were to be used on the hunt. It is said that Uncle Jack in a game on a Saturday night can clean up all the coons on Eleventh street, S. E., and thence to Piscataway, and go to church next morning with the dignity of a United States Senator when voting for an increase of pay.

Mr. Albert Jenkins, John Jenkins and Jimmy Edlin were on the ground as invited guests. John Jenkins had a poodle dog which he called Miller. Just why he was called Miller no one but John knew, for he was of a darkish gray color and much resembled a coon. Miller followed his master to the hunt, who threw several stones at him and had the supposed satisfaction of seeing him recross the branch apparently returning home. Alas! poor Miller's affection for his master cost him his life.

Everything being in readiness for the start, Thorn approached Sergt. Murray with a guano sack containing a grubbing hoe, pick, axe, shovel and a coil of rope, saying, "Sergeant, you seem to be the strongest of the party. You had better bring this with you."

For a moment Jim's countenance became a study, and he looked as if he was sorry he had come. "Never mind," says Thorn, "we can send for them if we need them," and Jim is wondering yet whether Thorn was in earnest or not.

"Now, Jack, we'll proceed to hunt the *Didelphys virginianus* and the festive *Procyon lotor*," said Lieut. Marron.

"Lieutenant," said Jack, "if you'se gwine to hunt birds and sich you'd better wait till mornin', 'ca'se them dogs is only broke to coons and possums," and the party proceeded to Tinker's Run to hunt coons and possum. They had not gone far when the dogs broke into a full cry and every one went tearing through the bushes and briers, the countrymen in the lead, yelling and shouting to the dogs, "Hark! Hark! Hark to 'em! Sick 'em! Whoop 'em up!" etc.

The excitement was intense, and artillerymen and countrymen vied with each other to be in at the death fight.

The dogs were soon come up with and such a fight was

never before seen on Tinker's Run. "There he goes down the branch!" "Bring a light!" "Hit him with a pole!" "Shoot him, lieutenant!" "Sick him, Burr!" "Go for him, Chestnut! Don't let him get under the bank or he's a goner!"

Jack Loggins in the meantime, having secured a fence rail, hit the poor beast a fatal blow and was drawing him to the bank. "Bring us light here," and John Jenkins threw th› light of his bull's eye on the floating object and exclaimed in disgust, "Why, that's my dog Miller. Pa'er will be satisfied now, for poor Miller will never suck another egg."

Cries were heard up the branch, and Sergeant Jim being missed, haste was made for his rescue. He was found hanging over a foot pole, his voice nearly gone, and begging them not to let him drop. The countrymen lifted him to the bank and he was soon revived. When asked why he didn't get off the log and come to them, he said he was lost and wanted them to find him. Before making another start Thorn pulled down a long, wild grapevine and trimmed it up, and made a loop in the middle, which was placed around the sergeant, and with a sturdy countryman at either end, all possibility of Jim's getting lost again was reduced to a minimum.

The party returned to the house. About 8 A. M., as if by mutual consent, all hands began to yawn and dress, and Jim gave an exclamation of terror, and dressing quickly made for the barn. The others soon followed, and found Jim had a struggling black cat in one of his boots in one hand, and the severed tail of the cat in the other, rubbing himself vigorously around his loins. The battery men rushed in and asked what was the matter, when with a sorrowful countenance he told them that he had a bad case of "shingles," and if it had not been for the black cat bleeding on him he would have been dead in an hour. "Shingles, thunder! that is where that grapevine rubbed you last night." "Say, fellows, it's on me this time. You won't say anything about this and help to graft that tail on again."

The day was spent in talking, looking over Thorn's tobacco crop, and all the batterymen received a twist of fine tobacco and an invitation from all the countrymen to come down again, while the batterymen declared the countrymen were the most hospitable they ever met, and the latter reciprocated.

Corporal Chase, who had never seen persimmons grow, secured a small flour sack full, which he placed in the wagon without the knowledge of the others, and Private Gates sat on them during the ride home. Arriving at the armory, Chase drew out the bag and exclaimed, "That's a nice mess for me to take home," and Gates replied that he was in a nice mess to go home to his mother, who would say to him, "Why, Joseph!" and then he would feel like crying.

Lieut. Robbins, who had been treated with the respect due to his rank, soon pacified them, and all resolved that, while they did not catch a coon, they had had a good time.

OLD COON.

The Cedar Rapids Bench Show.

TO HOLD a bench show and have everything run smooth, no fault finding of superintendent, judges, etc., seemed to be one of the impossibilities of this life after reading the reports and criticisms of the different shows held throughout the country.

But nevertheless the Cedar Rapids Kennel Club, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., bears off the palm as having inaugurated and carried on a show without a kick from anybody. This may come about to a certain extent from the environments connected with the show, as it was held in the old Baptist Church and the proceeds were contributed to charity. The dates were March 24, 25 and 26. There were about 150 dogs in the building, and many of the classes contained some fine specimens, especially pointers and setters, and the competition was warm. The benches were made of dressed pine lumber. The feed was nicely boiled beef. Superintendent Calder and his attendants were ever on the alert, courteous and kind, and a cleaner and neater run show I never saw, and I have attended bench shows for twenty years.

The judging in the non-sporting class was done by A. G. Eberhart, and the sporting class was handled by Geo. E. Poynere, Williamsburg, Ia., and two more painstaking judges never stepped into a ring. They took plenty of time, examined every entry with great care, and when they made their awards they were indorsed by every exhibitor. This establishes the fact that there are few men their equals as judges. The officers of the club are a snappy, keen lot of business men, and, with the characteristic "get there" for which Cedar Rapids is noted, we predict for the future a bench show that will compare in size and quality with any show in the West.

OLD TIMER.

A Kansas Wolf Hunt.

OTTAWA, Kan.—One of the great events of the year is the Thanksgiving wolf hunt. The hunt must not necessarily occur on Thanksgiving Day, but that is the day usually chosen, because it is a holiday and all the crops have been gathered out of the way of the hunters.

That day was therefore appointed as the day for a grand circle hunt near this city and taking in the whole of Harrison township.

The day was very pleasant and a great many attended the hunt, starting from the borders of the township and moving toward a spot which had previously been agreed upon as the center.

At first the men and boys were in scattered groups, and their dogs, being so far apart, failed to start any game until they were half-way to the goal and formed into regular lines. There were three divisions: northwest, east and south; the northwest and east divisions met first, and formed a large semi-circle; then moving far enough toward the goal to get clear of the cornfields, they stopped and waited for the other division. They had not been there long when they saw the south division coming slowly forward, driving three wolves in front of them; but before the lines met and completed the circle, two of the wolves made a rush through the opening and escaped. The other wolf didn't notice that he was inclosed by a circle of men and boys until it was too late for him to escape the way his companions did, and everybody thought he was in there to stay.

The circle now contained, besides the wolf, about sixty prairie chickens, a number of owls, and a great many jack rabbits and cottontails. The birds seemed bewildered by the shouts of the men and barking of the dogs, and kept flying round and round in a circle, getting shot at every time they came near a man with a gun.

The circle was now complete and was closing in on the wolf when he realized that the men were looking for him, and it didn't take him long to decide what to do. A small corner of a cornfield was included in the circle, and the wolf made for this in a hurry, and everybody thought he would get away. In the cornfield were Paul Robinson with his dog Snap and Lewis Gill with his dog Don, and as the wolf came past they started the greyhounds after him. The two hounds followed him and the young dog Don downed him three times, but as Don is not yet grown, was not strong enough to hold the wolf. Immediately on coming out of the corn the wolf received a charge of shot from a mounted farmer, but ran just as fast as ever, pursued closely by Don.

Charles La Follet now appeared on the scene with his pack of trailing hounds, and after a long chase captured the wolf and carried the pelt home in triumph.

The hunt was not, on the whole, what might be called successful, but there was plenty of excitement, and some of those who had guns killed cottontails, jack rabbits and prairie chickens.

I heard of one accident which came near being very serious. Some one laid his gun down in a crowd, where it was stepped on and discharged. The charge of shot tore off the heel of one man's boot and then struck another man in the leg. The limb was pretty badly bruised, but fortunately for him only three shot entered the flesh.

F. B.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

In the course of a chatty letter we have this week received from Mr. Freeman Lloyd, who appears to have been doing good service as a war correspondent during the recent disturbances in South Africa, we learn that both fox terriers and collies are being boomed for all they are worth. "Doggying," writes our lengthy friend, "here is swifter than in England. Imagine a community all over money, fond of sport, and with anything of a free-and-easy manner. Bookmakers are allowed to stand up in the street, and we have Sunday entertainments, wonderfully swift, I can assure you!"—*British Fancier.*

It would seem that Owney, the post office dog, is growing a bit eccentric in his ways, as is becoming to greatness the world over. He recently arrived in New York, and of him the *Herald* says: "Owney, the post office dog traveler who arrived here from Washington last Friday, spent yesterday in prowling about the newspaper distributing department in the basement of the post office. He also invaded the men's smoking room, where he slept and was fed alternately. Owney has grown as fat as a spring lamb. His amiability has somewhat decreased since his last visit, and he reserves the right to snap at those visitors who displease him. A few months ago Owney took another flying visit to Japan, and before his arrival in New York he paid a visit to Albany, his birthplace, which he had not seen for two years. Here are some of the new tags that Owney wears on his collar: 'Owney, call again; Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Feb. 27, 1896.' 'Welcome, Owney; Rome, N. Y., March 7, 1896.' 'Hotel Ruhl; Jackson, Michigan.' 'Owney, wishing you a happy New Year, January, 1896. Campbell and Trubshaw, Tacoma P. O.' Owney has now acquired thoroughly independent habits. He scorns the idea of being shipped away from one place to another like a leather satchel. His stay here now depends entirely upon his own sweet will. When the mood seizes him he will jump upon one of the mail carts and board an express train bound for a destination to his own liking. 'Owney will suit himself, I guess,' said Superintendent Bradley, of the railway mail service. 'He may leave to-day at his own option or remain with us a week. He has obtained wonderful celebrity, as my mail testifies. Numberless articles have been written about him in the juvenile papers and boys' magazines. Not long ago I received a letter from the managers of a dog show in St. Louis asking that I send on Owney to be exhibited. Unfortunately Owney does not travel on scheduled time and his whereabouts were then unknown.'"

Humane persons will, our Paris correspondent says, be glad to hear that all stray dogs are not taken to the Fourrière, or Paris Pound, to be there killed or passed on to vivisectionists. There is a dog refuge at Garches, founded by nine English ladies in 1890. Besides the income from its capital, this asylum receives a subvention from the Society for the Protection of Animals. The Paris agent for receving masterless dogs, sending them on to Garches, is a Mme. Faure. She is seldom without a party of canine refugees. A neighbor of hers, Mlle. Mazerolles, is on the same lines a guardian angel to cats. She sends the homeless cats she discovers to Bezons, where Mme. Claude Bernard has founded a refuge, near which she lives, and in which there are eighty cats. An active benefactress of the feline race in Paris is a Mme. Donon, an aged lady of 70, living at Asnières. She has now eleven cats and sixteen dogs under her care, and for some years afforded hospitality to the dogs and eight New Caledonian cats of Louise Michel. Six out of these eight died. The survivors are Marguerite and Monmoutte. They both have short forelegs, and developed hindlegs like the kangaroo.—*London Daily News.*

Mr. Louis Steffen, secretary of the Northwestern Beagle Club, informs us that a meeting of the field trial committee will be held on Tuesday, May 5, at 2 P. M., in Milwaukee.

The entries of the Mohawk Kennel Club's show, April 25 to 29, close on April 17. The secretary informs us that the express companies will return free of charge all dogs on which charges have been prepaid.

Dogs will sometimes contract curious habits. It is on record that a north country butcher owns one that chews tobacco. This has been going on for three years. Indeed, it began when the animal was a puppy, its owner having started the habit by giving it small pieces of tobacco to play with. Now it has a preference for plug tobacco, and will not touch fine cut, and has become so accustomed to chewing the weed that it always looks for a daily quid.—*British Fancier.*

[Our esteemed contemporary would have given the above item more news value had it mentioned whether the dog spit on the stove or in the spittoon in man fashion, or threw its exhausted quid indifferently against the wall or out of the window.]

The English setter puppy Muncie Mark, by Gath's Mark—Belle of Blue Ridge, owned by Mr. G. G. Williamson, died of distemper recently. He won v.h.c. in the English setter puppy class at the late Chicago show.

On March 27 the Hamilton Kennel Club was reorganized at an enthusiastic meeting held in Mr. A. D. Steward's office in Hamilton, Ont. The last meeting was held in 1893. There were $30 in the treasury. The annual fee was placed at $1. The list of officers elected is as follows: Patrons: Wm. Hendrie, J. M. Lottridge, George Roach, Senator Sanford and Mayor Tuckett; President, E. Tinsley; First Vice-President, R. B. Harris; Second Vice-President, R. F. Woodehouse; Treasurer, D. S. Gillies; Secretary, Wm. J. Tulk; Executive Committee: All the officers and W. McDonald, C. W. Ricketts, Rev. Thos. Geoghehan, A. D. Stewart, J. J. Tulk, Dr. H. S. Griffin, Joseph Kennedy. The club will hold a show open to the world on May 9. At a later meeting on April 1 it was decided to hold a cat show for lady exhibitors in conjunction with the dog show. The entrance fee for dogs will be 25 cents. The following have been selected as judges: R. F. Woodehouse, cocker and King Charles spaniels; Dr. Griffin, bull terriers; A. D. Stewart, bull dogs and pugs; F. R. Close, fox terriers; W. H. Thompson, St. Bernards; W. J. Tulk, Russian wolfhounds and English greyhounds; E. Tinsley, pointers, setters, hounds, etc. It is likely that George Bell, of Toronto, will judge the other breeds.

Horace Smith, Monroe, N. C., in our business columns calls attention to his list of well-bred English setters. J. Kay, Pleasant Dale, Me., offers broken beagles. 21 W. Seventeenth street, New York, offers fox terrier. John de Morgan, West New Brighton, N. Y., offers mastiff. Standard Kennel, Georgetown, N. Y., offers broken beagles. Redstone Kennels, Huntington, N. Y., offer Irish setters.

The entries of the Baltimore show number 335. Spratts Patent will bench and feed. Mr. E. M. Oldham's skillful services will be devoted to the superintendency.

The Irish setter champion Tim, famous as a bench show winner, died last Monday at the kennel of his owner, Dr. L. C. Sauveur. His death was attributed to old age.

Yachting.

A HINT FOR A CHEAP OUTING.

IT is to be regretted that it is impossible for all of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to indulge in an annual outing. There are many, however, who never take a trip because they imagine that, in order to enjoy an outing, it is absolutely necessary to be the possessor of a fat pocketbook. Upon looking at the matter from this standpoint they ruefully decide to stay at home. Knowing by experience to the contrary, I hope to be able to dispel this erroneous notion from the minds of some, if not all, who may read this yarn.

It seems to me that when a sportsman knows of a way by which many of his fellows might be benefited, he should consider it a duty to in some way convey this knowledge to them. Who knows but it might be the means of restoring to robust health some unfortunate invalid in whose breast all hope has died.

Many a person who stays at home bewailing his hard lot through the hot summer months could indulge in an outing of a month's duration or longer, the total cost of which need not exceed the sum of $40. The good gained by the general health on such a trip would more than compensate for the money expended.

Strange as it may seem, of the outings in which it has been my good fortune to indulge, those that have proved the most beneficial and that always awaken the most pleasant memories are invariably the ones that have been the least expensive.

Of the kind of outing of which I will tell in this article, however, there is this much to say in the very beginning: Let no person indulge who is averse to roughing it a little; while a good roof would always be at hand to afford shelter and there would be a sufficiency of eatables, there would be no soft mattresses on woven wire springs on which "to woo the drowsy god." A straw mattress in a narrow bunk would be the bed, the bill of fare would consist of unlimited quantities of strong black tea or coffee, bread, butter, potatoes, meat, oysters, clams, fish and hardtack. I will guarantee that the appetite would always be in condition to do full justice to such food. Perfect digestion and that deep and refreshing sleep, known only by those whose lives are daily spent in the open air, would also be enjoyed.

In the line of sport fairly good fishing could be had, and there would be an excellent opportunity to become thoroughly familiar with the management of a small boat.

While such an outing would be different from a cruise on a yacht, inasmuch as there would be no sailing from one port to another, still the true elements of enjoyment of a yachting trip would all be present, and, it seems to me, more than could be found aboard a house-boat.

There would be ample opportunity in which to study some of nature's works, and to read, row, fish or take life easy by indolently lying on deck watching the passing commerce and at the same time receiving the full benefit of the healthful breezes and bright sunshine.

Another thing to be considered on a trip of this kind is, there would be nothing whatever to worry the mind after once getting aboard. All that it would be necessary to take along would be an extra shirt or two, a change of underclothing, some fishing tackle and the oldest and most dilapidated suit of clothes to wear aboard the boat that the outer could rake up.

Now to the ways and means. In the near vicinity of a number of Eastern cities are to be found numbers of small oyster growers, that is, persons who to be distin-

guished from the steamboat oysterman are called small growers because they have to depend on small sloops with which to gather their crops. Through the summer months, when business is dull, it would be an easy matter to obtain board on one of these boats at from $5 to $6 per week.

As oyster grounds need more or less attention all the time a great deal of sailing is done to and from them. It is on these occasions that the outer would have an opportunity to acquire a knowledge of boat sailing. The owner or whoever happens to be in charge of the boat is never averse to taking it easy while some one else handles the tiller; to him it is work to handle the boat, not pleasure. A better school than this in which to learn small boat navigation it would be hard to find. There are occasions too when a good-natured oysterman is not averse to taking a day off himself, mayhap to pay a visit to some favorite fishing spot. An idea of what might be experienced on such an occasion may be gained from the following experience of my own. I was then, however, not a boarder, but the guest of the owner of the boat, who has long since gone out of the oyster business.

It was one of those balmy June mornings which seem to be made in order to entice those who labor away from their toil. Not the faintest sign of a breeze stirred the water as the sun rose out of the mirror-like bosom of Long Island Sound, causing the Connecticut shore to stand out in sharply defined banks of verdancy in the clear atmosphere. The distant shores of Long Island hung suspended, a mirage on the sky. Here and there an island seemed set like an emerald gem upon a sea of glass. A flock of ducks floating on the surface, in the magnifying atmosphere, looked more like a reef of black-headed rocks than like living things. The only moving objects to be seen were two or three steamers which, on account of the mirage, seemed to be steaming through the heavens.

Such was the morning that Samuel Chard looked upon as he thrust his frowsy head through the companionway of the stanch sloop Guiding Star, of Greenwich, Conn. After gazing around and sniffing the fresh air for an instant, Sam yawned, then sneezed and that settled everybody's chances for further sleep that day on the boats anchored in Indian Harbor. It also caused two other frowsy heads to appear in the companionway. One of these heads belonged to Sam's hired man, George; the other being a part of my own anatomy.

"No wind, 'Skip'—no work to-day," said George, addressing Sam with a grin of satisfaction. He knew that his wages would run on, whether he worked or not.

"I don't care," said Sam. "If we should get some this afternoon though, we'll take a run over to the island and try to get a mess of eels. I'm eel hungry."

"Where will you find any eels over there?" asked George, who had evidently figured on a day ashore. "Why, over in that creek that empties into the Sound at the end of Lloyd's Neck. We'll take some eelpots along and set them to night when the tide is out."

It is unnecessary to tell how often I scanned the surface of the Sound that day for the first indication of wind. About 4 o'clock a light breeze sprung up out of the west and after getting our anchor, the Guiding Star, under mainsail and jib, glided out of the harbor into the waters of the Sound.

The Guiding Star is rather a swell among oyster sloops; she is about 45ft. on deck by 14ft. beam and will carry in the neighborhood of 1,000 bushels of oysters. Although she was built in 1876 her timbers and planking appear almost new to-day. Like most boats of her class, her cabin is placed well aft, so as to give plenty of deck room forward. She carries a mainsail, topsail and jib. With a capable man at the tiller she is as able as most centerboard boats are.

When the wind came the sail across the Sound was delightful; the air was soft and balmy, and there was just enough of it to round out the sails of such craft as depended on the wind for propulsion. It was in the neighborhood of 6 o'clock when we anchored in the Sound to the west of and close to the point that forms Lloyd's Neck. After furling our sails we got out the eelpots and putting them into the skiff we started for the shore. The creek, in which it was our intention to set the eelpots, flowed but a short distance from where we landed. After landing we carried the eelpots to the banks of the creek, and as the tide was out we each took as many as we could carry, and wading into the creek clothes and all, we commenced to set them. It took nearly an hour to set all of them. It was 7:15 when we got aboard the sloop again. After putting on some dry clothes I went on deck to watch the sunset.

Could I live to be as old as Methuselah I would always remember that evening. As the king of day sank in his rosy bed back of the shores of Westchester county he traversed the heavens with delicate tinted rainbow paths, which, rising higher and higher into infinite space, seemed to mingle, then melt, among the pale worlds which were beginning to flash their twinkling presence on the advancing night. The softest zephyr whispered through the rigging a low accompaniment to the complaining sob of the surf rolling on the point. To add to the soothing sensation imparted by the rhythmical courtesying of the sloop as she gently rose and fell on the smooth waves, the aroma of baking biscuit, steaming coffee and roasting oysters came forth from the cabin to fill my nostrils.

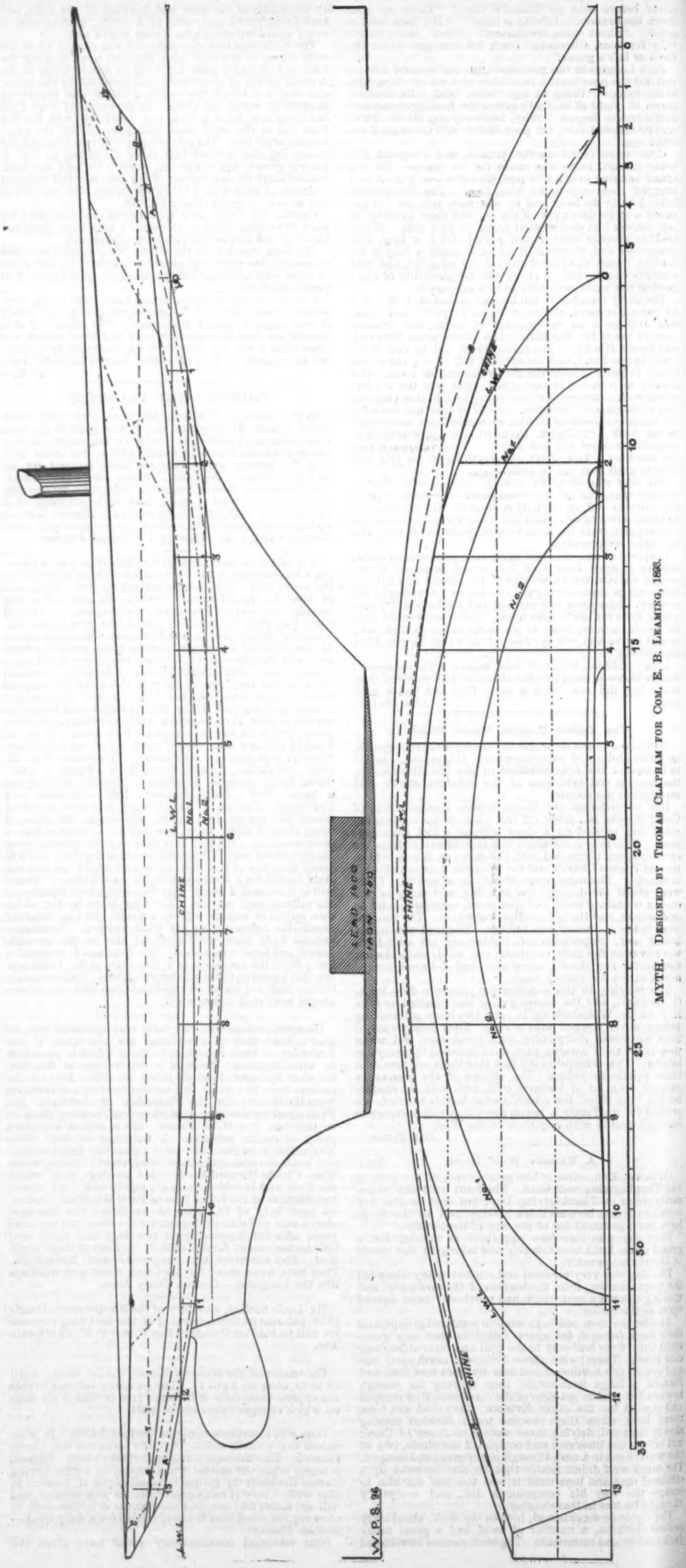
Just as the lighthouse on Captain's Island flashed its first warning gleam the cry of "Supper's ready" put an end to my dreaming. I can't do that supper justice, so I shall not try. When the dishes were washed and put away we lounged on the deck, smoked and spun yarns until well into the night, then taking a final look to see that all was right and that the riding light burned as it should we turned in.

Smash—slam—bang—crash! "Ugh! where am I?" I soon find out, as, rising suddenly in my bunk, I fetch my head a thump against the under side of the deck.

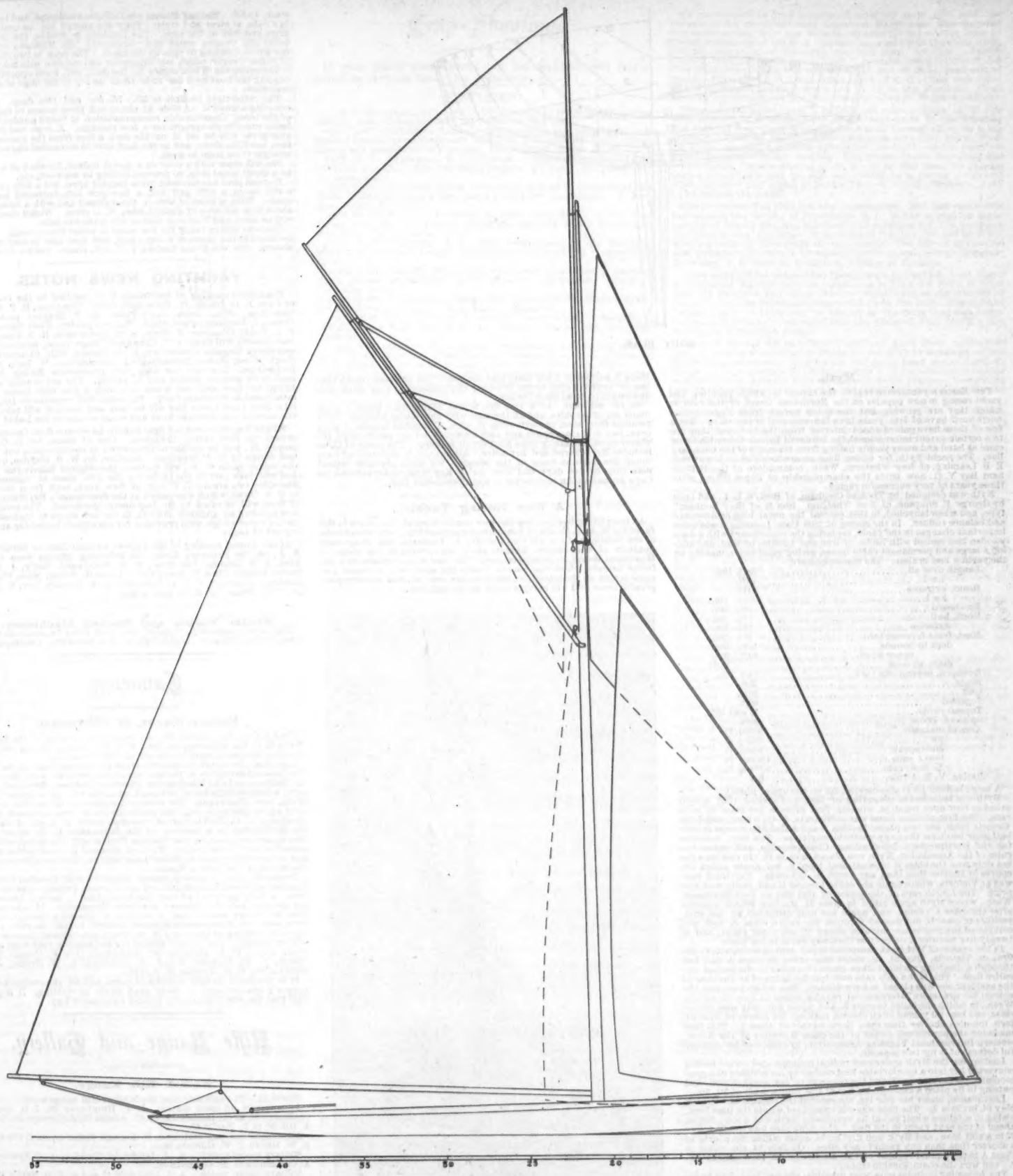
The sun is streaming through the cabin windows, but what a change from the peaceful night before. A gale of wind is blowing right out of the north and the Guiding Star is pitching her bowsprit into some of the seas. Another crash of pans and kettles causes Sam and George to tumble out on the double-quick.

Hastily slipping into our clothes, we hurried on deck to find a nasty condition of affairs. The Sound was covered with whitecaps and it was becoming worse every minute. We could not have anchored in a worse place had we tried.

Hurriedly tying a double reef in the mainsail, we tum-



MYTH. DESIGNED BY THOMAS CLAPHAM FOR COM. E. B. LEAMING, 1893.



MYTH—SAIL PLAN.

bled into the skiff and started after the eelpots. We received a thorough drenching as we landed in the surf, but we didn't mind that much. After gathering the eelpots together we carried them to the skiff. We had to make two or three attempts before we managed to get through the breakers again and headed for the sloop. It was a hard row, but we finally reached her all right.

After making the skiff fast we proceeded to get under way. It took fully twenty minutes of the hardest kind of work to get the sloop up to her anchor. Every time she dove into a wave a perfect deluge would come aboard and we would receive the full benefit of it. When we were nearly ready to break out her anchor we hoisted our double reefed mainsail, then all hands manned the windlass, and after nearly breaking our backs we managed to start the anchor out of the sand. Sam hoisted the jib (which we had reefed) and George and I hustled the cable aboard as quickly as we could.

The wind and tide were now taking us astern at the rate of three or four miles an hour. Hurrying to the tiller Sam tried to put her on the starboard tack, but in vain, as she insisted on going on the port tack. This was unfortunate for us, as it compelled us to head her for the shore, and we were already close enough as it was. Giving her a good full, Sam ran her within about 150yds. of the shore; then, after shoving the tiller down, the sloop came slowly up into the wind, where she stayed for an instant and, in spite of all we could do, she swung back on the port tack again. How to account for this strange action was a puzzle. However, there was no time to be spent in wondering idleness; what was to be done must be done quickly, or the Guiding Star would be in the breakers.

This was one of the many occasions on which I have seen Sam demonstrate his ability to handle a boat under all conditions. As a small boat handler, I never have seen his equal. If his superior in this respect exists, I would go a long distance to see him. He displayed not the least excitement or nervousness as he headed the sloop for the shore once more. "Go forward, George," he said, "and when we come about wait until I give the word, then shove the jib as far to windward as you can. Don't touch it, though, until I give the word."

It seemed certain that we would go ashore before Sam's cry of "hard-a-lee!" broke out; then, as he shoved the tiller hard down and the sloop swung sluggishly into the wind, we experienced an anxious moment. Slowly, slowly her bowsprit pointed up into the eye of the wind, then, when she seemed almost to stand still, Sam called out: "To windward with your jib—quick!" The word was given and the order obeyed exactly at the right time, for she slowly paid off on the starboard tack and we soon had the satisfaction of seeing the breakers slipping away astern.

We now discovered the cause of the sloop's strange actions in coming about. The anchor had gotten away and 6 or 8ft. of cable had run out, thus allowing the anchor to drop that distance below the surface, and causing the boat to act sluggishly in stays.

It was one of the hardest thrashes to windward, crossing the Sound that morning, that I have ever enjoyed taking part in. The green waves with their white crests gave us a battle royal before we finally anchored at our old berth in Indian Harbor.

It has been my good fortune to take part in many sails and cruises on the Sound, but for spice and excitement this June dash on the oyster sloop Guiding Star shines forth from memory's treasure store as one of its brightest gems.

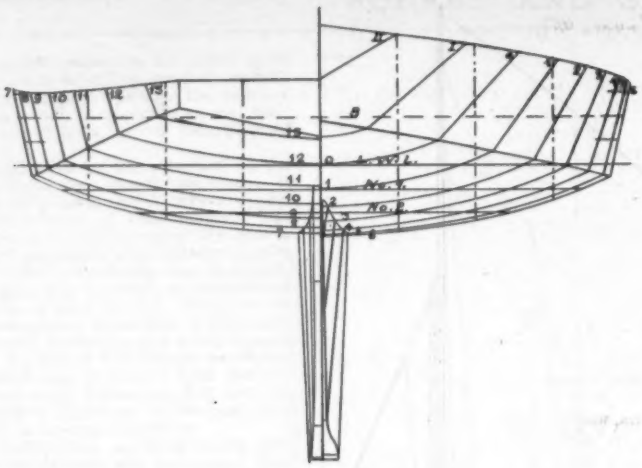
Sam's appetite for eels, however, was unsatiated, for when we examined the eelpots we found we had caught but one eel, and it was no larger than an overgrown angleworm.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Model Yachting.

THE annual meeting of the American Model Y. C. was held on April 3 at the club rooms, 227 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The following officers were unanimously elected: Com., James H. Lane; Vice-Com., Cornelius Van Ness; Sec'y, Geo. F. Pigott; Treas., Geo. W. Townley; Meas., Frank Nichols. Com. Lane appointed the following regatta committee: Frank Nichols, chairman; Geo. E. Davis and T. R. Goodwin. Trustees—James H. Lane, three years; W. W. Beebe, two years; Capt. W. H. Hooker, one year.

A challenge from the Wave Crest M. Y. C. for the American M. Y. C. perpetual challenge trophy was announced by the secretary, creating quite a furore. It was found that the accompanying vouchers were all correct. The club has thirty days from the date of receipt of challenge to decide, and will probably accept within that time. The interval will be occupied by trial races to select a yacht to defend the trophy; the name of yacht and owner being sent to the challenging club. The name of the challenging yacht is Ripple, owned by Wm. Wallen. L.w.l. 43in. This race and one for the *Outing* cup will make things lively this season for model yachting.



BODY PLAN.

Myth.

FEW Eastern yachtsmen realise the extent to which yachting and yacht racing is now popular on the Northwest Coast, or the rate at which they are growing, but the noble waters from Puget Sound northward have of late years been the scene of many races. Not a few of these have gained added interest from the fact that they are to a certain extent international, the border of British Columbia being close at hand and many yachts sailing from the north of the boundary line. The yacht Myth, for whose lines we are indebted to her owner, E. B. Leaming, of New Whatcom, Wash., commodore of the Bellingham Bay Y. C., now holds the championship of Puget Sound after three years of very successful racing.

Myth was designed by Thomas Clapham, of Rosiyn, L. I., and built by George E. Simpson, of New Whatcom. She is of the "Bouncer" type, and when launched, in 1893, carried the usual long centerboard and balance rudder. In the spring of 1895 Com. Leaming made some important changes in the yacht, replacing the centerboard with a deep wooden keel loaded with 700lbs. of iron and 1,600lbs. of lead, and adding a large and permanent cabin house, giving good room, making of the yacht a keel cruiser. The dimensions are:

Length over all	38ft.	10in.
l.w.l.	28ft.	
Beam, extreme	11ft.	
l.w.l.	10ft.	5in.
Freeboard	1ft.	3in.
Draft, hull	1ft.	3in.
extreme	5ft.	3in.
Mast, from fore end l.w.l.	5ft.	1in.
deck to hounds	32ft.	8in.
upper band	35ft.	3in.
diam. at deck		8¼in.
Bowsprit, beyond end l.w.l.	18ft	3in.
Boom	25ft.	
Gaff	25ft.	
Topmast	20ft.	
Topsail yards	16 and 23ft.	
Spinaker boom	30ft.	
Area of mainsail	973sq. ft.	
jib	306sq. ft.	
clubtopsail	289sq. ft.	
lower sails	1,979sq. ft.	
Y. R. A. rule	1,851sq. ft.	
Rating, Y. R. A rule	8.7	

A large balloon jib is also carried, set on the upper jibstay.

Myth was launched in the spring of 1893, and during that season sailed in four open regattas, winning first prize in her class in each race. The first of these races was at Victoria, B. C., where, under the Victoria rules, she was placed in class A and sailed the course in one-half hour less time than any yacht in any class. The next race was for the Northwestern International Championship, and, under the rules of the Association, Myth was placed in class B. In this race she not only won the class B International trophy, but again sailed the course in shorter time than any yacht in any class. Her third race was at Victoria, where again she sailed in class B and easily won first prize. The fourth race of the season of 1893 was at Port Townsend, Wash., where Myth again sailed in class B, starting fifteen minutes after the class A yachts, and again not only distanced all her competitors in class B, but passed through the entire class A fleet and completed the course ten minutes ahead of any other yacht, and in twenty-five minutes shorter time than any yacht in her class.

In the season of 1894 Myth competed in but two open regattas—the first at Victoria, May 24, in which she sailed in class A and lost through a disabling accident when about two miles in the lead of the entire fleet. This is the only race ever lost by her, and at the time of the accident she was placed a sure winner. The other race was the annual Northwestern International regatta, sailed at New Whatcom, Wash., in which she sailed in class B, and again not only won in her class, but beat all yachts of all classes, making the course in over fifteen minutes shorter time than Zora, winner of class A. This race made her the permanent owner of the class B trophy of the Northwestern International Yachting Association, by reason of her successful defense of it for two seasons.

Last spring the Myth underwent radical changes—her owner having converted her into a comfortable keel cruiser by the addition of a commodious, permanent cabin and the removal of her centerboard, and putting in its place a keel—giving her at this time a draft of 5ft. 3in.

Last season, under her new rig, she entered the regatta at Victoria, May 24, in Class A. The race was not completed within the time limit, owing to a failing wind; but at its conclusion Myth was about 30min. ahead of the next yacht in the fleet. The same race was resailed May 27 in a stiff blow, and Myth won first prize, again sailing the course in a shorter time than any yacht in any class. On July 24 she sailed in Class A in the annual regatta of the Northwestern International Y. A., and won the championship trophy.

The foregoing includes only open regattas; she has won first prize in her class in all the regattas of her home club.

Myth is to-day generally acknowledged as the fastest yacht on Puget Sound in any weather or under any conditions.

Navahoe's Cruise.

WE are indebted to Capt. G. L. Norton, of the *Marine Journal*, for the following interesting letter from Capt. F. F. Norton, of Mr. Carroll's yawl Navahoe, written at Jamaica on March 23:

We sailed out by Sandy Hook on Saturday, Jan. 25, at 5 P. M.; on Tuesday, Jan. 28, took pilot at 4:30 P. M., took pilot off Gibbs's Light, Island of Bermuda, making the run in about three days. Sailing thence on Feb. 5, we arrived at Port Castries, Island of St. Lucia, in nine days, including one night at anchor under Montserrat. After three days at St. Lucia, we went to St. Pierre, Martinique; from there to Fort Rosseau, Dominica; then out to the windward island of all, Barbadoes.

After five days at Bridgetown we got under way for St. Vincent, where we lay in the harbor of Kingstown one day and night. From there we sailed south along the Grenadines and by Granada, between the Island of Trinidad and the mainland of Venezuela, into the Gulf of Paria, and came to anchor off the city of Port Spain, Trinidad, our most southern port being about in lat. 10° N.

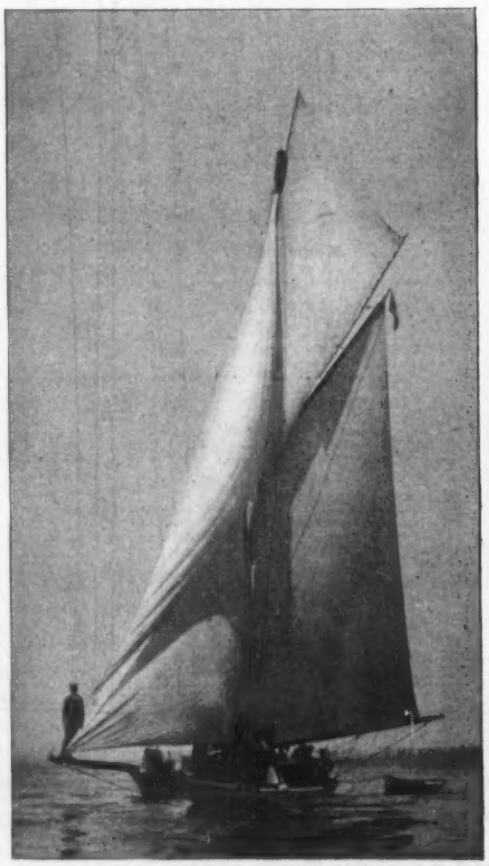
After visiting all points of interest set sail for La Guayra, the seaport of the city of Caracas, the capital of Venezuela. After three days there we set sail for the Dutch Island of Curacoa, where we arrived next day and remained four days, sailing on last Friday, March 20, and arriving here yesterday, March 23. From here we shall work along toward home, where we expect to arrive about the end of April.

Although it upsets all my old ideas in regard to a sea-going vessel, as to position of ballast, etc., I must admit that Navahoe is a very good sea boat indeed, especially in running in a high sea. I think well also of the yawl rig; we have reefed the mainsail but once since leaving New York, although we have experienced some pretty stiff breezes. It is amusing to listen to the comments and exclamations of the crowds of natives that surround us at most of the places we visit; such a vessel as Navahoe never having been seen before in these waters. They seem to take the greatest interest in the shape of the bows and the length of the mast, but seem not at all surprised that we go from place to place at almost steamboat speed, but rather think it curious if I tell them that the yacht will not make more than ten or twelve knots under ordinary circumstances; they think that she ought to go at least twenty.

So far we have had a very fine cruise, flitting from place to place under cloudless skies, and all the time with fine, warm weather. With awnings from stem to stern when in port, a naphtha launch, a good crew, two first-class cooks and two stewards, no one could spend the winter more pleasantly than Mr. Carroll is doing. The party of three includes Mrs. Carroll and her sister. All have their bicycles and have found fine roads on some of the islands. We shall probably remain here four or five days, and then go to Key West or Fernandina via Cape Antonio; then to Charleston and Chesapeake Bay.

A New Racing Yacht.

AN interesting boat among the new productions of the season is the racer for W. E. C. Eustis of Boston, now approaching completion in one of the buildings of the old iron foundry at Pocasset, the temporary quarters of boat builder Buzzell since the burning of his shops at Monument Beach, in December last. The boat is to replace the 33-footer Salmon, which was burned beside the shop, and is about the same length on the waterline, but is longer over all, has considerable greater beam and will carry a much larger sail plan.



MYTH.

In Salmon was tried the experiment of a narrow boat of Grilse type. While Salmon was fast with eased sheets, she could not lug canvas to windward with her beamier competitors, and it was pretty conclusively shown that the live ballast which kept the narrow 17-footer on her feet could not be relied upon in a 30-footer. Beam was what was needed. So at the time of the fire, Salmon was being rebuilt wider than originally designed. Her destruction gave opportunity for a new boat, and the one under consideration is the result.

The new boat has Salmon's light draft, long and easy lines, absence of all hollows and light displacement, but is a more beamy and consequently more bulky boat all around. She is built specially for racing, and is of very light construction. Buzzell is credited with her design, but suggestions have been made by the owner and his constant sailing companion, George H. Richards.

The new racer is 48ft. over all, 39ft. 6in. l.w.l., 13ft. beam and 1ft. draft. Her forward and after overhangs are about equal. The transom at the stern is about 5ft. 6in. across and 2ft. in depth. No attempt is made to gain length on the forward overhang, but the after overhang will be utilised to its entire length when the boat is heeled, giving her a very long side to sail on. The lines are long, sweeping and easy, and the slack bilge allows of a very easy boat all over.

The midship section shows a floor with quite a little dead rise, an easy bilge and a flaring topside. The easy sweep of the keel makes a very long floor, and the boat is booked for fast work off the wind beyond all question. She has an easy form to drive and not much of it, so that she should also be good in windward work if properly balanced in board and sail plan. Her beam and weighted board should keep her on her feet, even with a good-sized sail plan.

She will have a hollow bronze centerboard weighted with shot to a total of about 2,500lbs. The board will be made of 3-16in. plates on trussed frames to a total thickness of 1¾in., and will be raised with a winch. About 1,000lbs. of inside ballast will be carried for trimming.

The keel is of oak, and is in one piece from stem to stern, a splendid stick, 4×8in. The oak frames are 1×1½in. amidships, and tapering to ⅝×1¼in. at stem and stern. They are spaced 9in. on centers amidships and 12in. at the ends. The planking is double, the inside skin being ⅛in. Oregon cedar and the outside ⅛in. Michigan white pine, the whole finishing to ⅞in. in thickness. The deck is two thicknesses of 5-16in. Oregon cedar, laid diagonally and covered with canvas.

The centerboard box comes to the deck, and gives opportunity for bracing the boat by truss rods from its top to the bilge at about the waterline.

The watertight cockpit is 5ft.×7ft. 6in. and 16in. deep. It has no coaming around it. A slide at either end gives access to the interior of the boat. Considerable accommodation is found amidships, there being room to sit upright on a low transom. A post and rod rail of aluminum will be set in on the deck a foot from the gunwale. The boat has little sheer, and as the deck crowns somewhat she looks quite straight from stem to stern.

She will steer with a tiller on a metal rudder, forward of which will be a small metal skeg, to prevent fouling by seaweed, etc.

Her sail plan has not been quite decided upon, but a 45ft. pole mast, a 45ft. boom, a 22ft. gaff and a bowsprit 10ft. outboard have been made. With a hoist of 32ft. in the mainsail and with a small topsail above it, a sail area of about 1,400sq. ft. is given. Nickel steel rigging will be used, and Wilson & Silsbee will make the sails.

The boat will be ready for the water in about three weeks. She will be raced in the Buzzard's Bay races, and may also be seen in Boston waters. She will fit the Eastern Y. C. 35ft. class.—*Boston Globe.*

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Toledo Y. C. resulted in the re-election of Com. E. D. Potter, Jr., for a third term; Vice-Com., R. P. Mathias; Rear-Com., Wm. Gates; Sec'y-Treas., G. P. Brayley (re-elected); Treas., J. Hepburn; Fleet Capt., Walter Coakley; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. F. A. Todd; Directors: F. Frey, S. O. Richardson, R. G. Nelson, Herbert Bissell, Will Sapp, A. P. Crane and Hugh Hone, commodore and secretary; Regatta Committee: R. G. Nelson, Will Shumacher and Hugh Hone; House Committee: L. Cunningham, W. Sapp and Mr. Richardson. The club has been very prosperous during the year, both in its general affairs and in racing. The old station at Gard Island has been sold, and a new one, with a fine club house, will be established at Riverside Park. The usual club regattas on Decoration Day, July 4 and Labor Day will be held, and the club will take part in the races of the Interlake meet and other events on the Lakes.

Within the past week the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co. has taken orders for four racing 15-footers. One of these, for H. O. Havemeyer, Jr., will be similar to Ethelwynn in construction, but from a new design by W. P. Stephens. Another, for W. B. Hayden, owner of the steam yacht W. B., will be from the original Ethelwynn design, and will take part in the races for the 15ft. class at Ogdensburgh. The other two are for T. F. Day, of New York, both from the design by C. E. Davis, which was shown at the Sportsmen's Exhibition. One of these will be raced by Mr. Day about the Sound. The company is now building an addition 40×80ft. to the new shops at Ogdensburgh, on the water's edge, with provision for convenient launching and hauling out of boats.

At the annual meeting of the Yapewi Aquatic Club, of Bordentown, N. J., on the Delaware River, the following officers were elected: Pres., S. W. Beldon; Vice-Pres., R. S. Woodward; Sec'y, J. B. Reynolds; Purser, Chas. E. Burr; Capt., Louis W. Wiese; Mate, Walter R. Robbins; Directors, P. F. H. Brakeley, R. S. Murphy, Rev. E. S. Taylor, C. E. Force, Dr. B. W. Macfarland.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Canoeing.

Mahn-a-Wauks of Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 29.—At the annual meeting of the Mahn-a-Wauk C. C. the efficiency of Com. F. B. Huntington during his term of office was recognized by his unanimous re-election.

Last year the members did not attend the annual meet of the Western Canoe Association at Ballast Island, but several went into camp at Madison on Lake Mendota for about two weeks. This year, however, a large delegation of the local canoeists will go to Mullet Lake, Mich., near Cheboygan. The present membership of the club includes only active canoeists, and last night the roster was increased by the election of J. D. McWhorter, of this city, and N. H. Cook, of Chicago. Mr. McWhorter is a member of the Milwaukee B. C., which owns the house occupied by the Mahn-a-Wauks, and has sailed with the canoeists for several years. Mr. Cook is one of the best known canoeists in the country, and at Mullet Lake next summer he will race under the colors of the Mahn-a-Wauks.

Treasurer Gregg's annual report indicated that the club was in a flourishing financial condition and on a better footing than ever before. A fully equipped kitchen has been added to the club house during the past year and dinners are given frequently. In addition to this Mr. Gregg stated that a number of canoeists throughout the West who visit Milwaukee frequently desired to join the club, and at the next meeting of the board of directors non-resident memberships will be created. The officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows: Com., F. B. Huntington; Vice-Com., Guy F. Gregg; Sec'y-Treas., F. W. Dickens; Board of Directors, A. W. Friese, J. D. McWhorter, E. H. Holmes, H. A. Vietz.

It is proposed to hold a series of races, and all the canoes will be properly handicapped to make each event interesting. It is probable that the first regatta will be held Decoration Day.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Walnut Hill Range.

March 28.—To-day's scores at the Walnut Hill range were:

All-comers's off-hand match: J. T. Humphrey 83, J. H. Keough (military) 81, E. H. Bonney 79, C. C. Adams 77, J. Cooney, Jr., 70, M. A. Hill 69, S. D. Martin 67.

All-comers' military match: J. H. Keough 46 and 45, M. C. Cooke 43, A. W. Hill 40, C. W. Gilmore 38.

Military medal match: A. J. Litchfield 45 and 43, S. C. Sydney 44, A. Cummings 41, H. G. Smith 38.

Military badge match: A. J. Litchfield 43 and 42, S. D. Martin 41, A. W. Hill 37.

All-comers' pistol match: H. S. Harris 93, W. A. Stevens 86, M. T. Day 83.

Military revolver medal match, 50yds., 6 shots in one minute: J. H. Keough, 29, 29, 27, 26.

April 4.—The gale of wind that swept over the Walnut Hill range to-day kept many shooters from entering the contests, and also made good scores very hard to get. The results of the shoots were:

Military medal match:

G Chesley	4554444555—45	5453453444—41	
J W Blake	5444345585—44	5455444444—45	
F B Blake	5444445454—43	4445444445—42	
A W Hill	41	L Y Hunting	38
S D Martin	40	A W Hill	35

Military revolver match, 50yds.—6 shots in one minute:

J H Keough	545555—29	554555—29	555554—29
E P Ignots	554554—28	555544—28	.....
A W Hill	455445—27	444445—25	.....

All-comers' pistol match, 50yds.:

J H Keough	7	10	9	7	7	8	10	8	8	10—84
H Blood	9	8	7	8	8	7	6	10	5	8—76

M T Day.....74 A W Hill.....71
S D Martin.....73

Americans are Invited.

MONSIEUR PAUL MONOURY, a member of the Societe de tire de France, has written Mr. James S. Conlin, of the new Manhattan Revolver Club, that there will be a grand national shooting tournament this year from July 17–Aug. 3. Americans are invited to compete and will be cordially welcomed. Mr. Conlin informs us that special prizes will be offered for revolver shooting, and that in all probability some of the best shots in the new Manhattan Revolver Club will cross the water for the purpose of trying to bring back some of the trophies offered for competition.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., March 22.—The scores given below were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. In the team shoot Capt. Gindele's team scored 2,376 points, Lieut. Payne's team 2,231, Gindele's team thus winning by 45 points. The captain of the winning team again distinguished himself by making a clean score of 90. Mr. See used King's Smokeless powder in to-day's contest. Scores:

Gindele	8	9	10	8	9	10	8	10	9	9—90
	7	9	7	8	8	8	7	10	10	10—84
	6	10	9	6	10	8	9	9	10	7—84
	7	8	9	9	9	10	8	9	8	9—83
Louis	8	8	10	10	8	9	8	6	7	10—84
	7	8	8	9	7	10	7	7	9	9—78
	4	8	9	6	8	8	9	9	6	9—71
	9	8	8	8	6	4	10	8	8	7—70
Weinheimer	6	10	7	10	4	6	9	9	9	10—80
	9	7	9	9	7	8	8	5	6	9—77
	6	7	9	7	6	6	8	8	9	9—73
	6	9	9	7	6	9	6	8	7	5—72
Trounstein	6	6	7	4	6	10	7	10	9	10—75
	3	5	7	5	9	10	8	8	6	9—70
	6	8	7	9	7	8	6	7	1	10—69
	8	4	7	7	8	10	5	8	5	5—67
Hasenzahl	10	10	5	10	8	10	8	7	8	10—86
	7	6	6	10	10	9	10	8	9	10—85
	9	9	8	8	7	9	8	9	7	8—82
	10	5	10	8	7	8	8	7	9	7—79
Payne	7	8	9	9	10	7	7	9	10	6—82
	9	9	9	9	6	6	6	8	0	9—80
	7	8	7	8	7	10	9	9	5	9—79
	7	9	5	9	7	7	9	9	8	8—78
Hake	8	5	8	8	7	9	10	8	8	6—77
	7	6	8	6	8	9	7	9	6	8—74
	8	8	7	8	10	7	5	6	8	6—72
	8	7	6	7	6	4	3	4	8	10—65
Wellinger	10	8	9	7	9	9	8	8	10	6—84
	9	10	6	8	9	4	10	8	7	5—79
	10	6	8	8	8	9	8	5	9	6—77
	8	7	6	8	8	9	9	8	8	7—75
See	8	7	6	9	10	7	9	7	10	10—83
	6	4	9	9	10	9	6	8	7	9—77
	7	9	7	7	10	9	2	7	7	8—73
	6	6	6	7	6	9	7	9	8	6—70
Drube	9	8	7	7	8	9	10	10	9	10—87
	7	6	10	8	0	10	7	7	8	10—81
	6	6	10	6	8	10	8	6	8	6—74
	6	5	10	7	9	6	6	9	6	6—70
Strickmeier	9	6	8	8	5	6	9	4	9	7—71
	8	10	8	8	9	3	6	5	6	6—68
	5	6	8	7	7	6	6	8	6	9—68
	8	8	8	5	5	10	7	5	6	7—68
Gassman	7	5	8	6	10	6	8	9	8	9—78
	9	7	8	8	6	10	8	6	5	8—70
	9	7	8	9	8	6	6	4	7	3—69
	9	5	7	8	6	7	5	6	7	9—65
Randall	9	8	10	6	8	9	10	6	7	9—90
	8	7	6	8	9	9	5	7	6	9—74
	7	9	4	10	6	8	7	6	6	8—71
	8	10	5	6	7	6	6	6	7	9—70

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, Eng., March 13.—The revolver shooting season opened on March 4 at the North London Rifle Club, the South London not commencing for some time yet. Very few members of the North London have shot yet, and no scores of any account toward the revolver championship of the club have been made. Below are details:

March 5.—Series 1: stationary target at 20yds:

C Knapp	776757—29	W Lee	572535—27
Major H Palmer	576676—38	C R Howell	533553—35
A W Carter	647747—35	W Treadwell	640704—31
A J Comber	735756—33	C T Britton	405343—19
W Luff	654664—31	Brading	345344—22
Lieut Richardson	475335—28		

March 11.—Revolver series 11, alternate hands, 20yds., fixed target:

C Knapp	567776—36	Capt W Evans	255497—30
Lieut J Howard	657756—36	A F Allman	652536—28
A W Carter	677565—36	W Treadwell	955322—19
A J Comber	775755—36	C T Britton	330956—30
W Luff	775755—28		

The North London Rifle Club has challenged the French club, Le Pistolet, to shoot a revolver team match of five a side next July. Le Pistolet, through its president, Viscount Clarry, has accepted. Both clubs want Mr. Walter Winans (who is a member of both clubs) to shoot on its team. Mr. Winans will most likely abstain from shooting on either team to prevent appearing to put one club before the other. The French team is exceptionally strong (the members are not allowed to be specified) and will most likely win easily.

The second stage of the Kelso challenge revolver bowl, shot for at the Swallow Street Gallery, Piccadilly, London, has now begun. Mr. Walter Winans, winner of the first stage with a highest possible score, is leading with a score of 41 out of a possible 42 in this second stage.

San Francisco Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 22.—A wet, lowering day greeted the marksmen at Shell Mound Range to-day. There was no wind, and as a consequence the powder smoke hung like a fog between shooter and target. The chief event was a public shoot given by the Germania Schützen Club. A number of valuable prizes were offered on the Honorary target. Scores of 3 shots, $1 a ticket.

Winners: F. O. Young 71, Dr. Rodgers 70, A. Strecker 70, N. Ahrens 69, G. Alpers 69, McLaughlin 68, Schuster 68, Faktor 68, Bendel 68, Burland 68, Ginderman 67, Attinger 67, etc.

The result of the bullseye shoot is not yet known.

Columbia Club scores, Columbia target, smallest numerical scores win:

Blanding pistol medal, 50yds., 3 shots: J. E. Gorman 11, F. O. Young 11, C. M. Dalas 13, Hanlon 29, Eisenbach 51.

Revolver medal (for pocket revolvers), 50yds., 5 shots: J. E. Gorman, 26, 33, 36; H. Carr, 37, 49, 63; Pape, 46; M. J. White, 58; Kennedy, 64, 98.

.32cal. rifle medal, 50yds., 5 shots: E. Jacobson, 10, 11; M. J. White 30.

Unfred diamond medal, 200yds., 3 shots: Dr. Rodgers 14, F. O. Young 15, L. Smith 41.

Most 1in. centers during month with rifle: Dr. Rodgers 4, A. Fetz 2, Young 2, Strecker and McLaughlin 1 each.

An interesting pistol match between two of our leading pistol champions was shot for a trophy, 100 shots each: Smith Carr won with 461, C. M. Dalas 496. ROBBL.

Gotham Revolver Club.

THE new Gotham Revolver Club has met with success beyond the anticipations of its organizers, and it has already been found necessary to put a limit on membership. This limit has almost been reached, and it is only a question of a few weeks before the club will have a waiting list.

The gallery at 12 St. Mark's place will be open to members every afternoon and evening of the week, and Tuesdays and Fridays will be club shooting nights.

Among the latest additions to the membership are several of the old New York Pistol and Revolver Club men. Handicap shooting will be a feature of club nights, and everything will be done to make these nights profitable and enjoyable.

The officers of the club are: President, George E. Jantzer; First Vice-President, J. B. Burnham; Second Vice-President, R. L. Walterbeek; Secretary-Treasurer, William Maynard; Shooting Master, Wm. E. Petty; Executive Committee, Dr. John J Gorman, Edward Banks and Frank Lawrence; Committee on Membership, William Maynard and J. B. Burnham.

Manhattan Revolver Club.

NEW YORK, April 2.—This evening the shooting committee of the Manhattan Revolver Club awarded the prize for the best score made during the month of March to C. B. Bishop, who showed an average of 87.6 per cent. The conditions were: Best 10 shots, 20yds. range, .44cal. revolver. The scores for the month were as follows:

											Average.
Adams	88	87	86	85	81	81	81	79	79	79	80.5
Bishop	94	90	88	88	87	87	86	86	85	85	87.6
Boyken	87	87	86	86	85	85	84	83	82	81	84.6
Cohen	93	90	86	85	85	84	83	82	81	78	84.7
Coulston	95	87	87	85	85	84	84	84	84	81	85.6
Furniss	74	73	72	70	66	66	63	62	61	60	65.7
Westbay	81	81	80	78	78	77	77	77	76	75	78
Robinson	86	86	83	82	81	81	79	73	72	72	79.7
Summers	61	44	42	41	41	41	40	40	35	34	41.9
Sayre	76	73	73	71	70	70	67	66	65	65	69.7
Lynch	79	77	76	76	70	70	70	70	67	67	71.8
Wilder	89	87	85	80	80	79	79	78	77	76	81

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; $1400 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds. O. J. Loder, Sec'y.

April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Haney, Manager.

April 21.—NEWARK, N. J.—Third monthly competition of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

April 21-23.—ZEELAND, Mich.—First tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Zeeland Gun Club.

April 21-24.—OMAHA, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament; $1,000 added to the purses. Frank S. Parmalee, Sec'y.

April 23-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 28-29.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Seventh bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Open to all.

April 28-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap-Shooters' Association; also open-to-all programme; $1,975 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. R. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2,000 added money.

May 12-15 — MEMPHIS, Tenn. — Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club $2,000 added money.

May 19-20.—NEPONSETT, Ill.—Semi-annual tournament of the Neponsett Gun Club. E. H. Miller, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co.; $2,000 in cash added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—BRANCHVILLE, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Branchville Gun Club. Henry R. Cabrs, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; $500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; $770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-25.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; $500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Memphis, Tenn., *Commercial Appeal* gives the following description of the new grounds leased by the gun club: "The club which will give the great shoot is composed of men whose congeniality and enterprise would be admired in any circle, and for their spirit and ambition in maintaining the high standard of the club they deserve commendation. Two months ago their old grounds at Billings Park were given up, and they were at a loss to know where they would find a locality. To-day they have leased a section of six acres on the Raleigh line, perfect in surface and faultless in situation. No prettier shooting grounds can be found than those of the Memphis Gun Club will be when completed in line with present plans. They are already inclosed, and the entire six acres are covered with a heavy sod, which will be kept cut close and made to present at all times a velvet-like appearance. The club is having constructed a beautiful little club house 14x22 feet. It will be built of dressed lumber throughout, and about three sides of it will be a broad veranda. This little structure will be brightly painted, and it will be the resort of ladies who come to hear firing and see the targets fall. Inside the building there will be lockers for the club members in which the guns, shells and shooting equipments may be kept securely."

The State meeting of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League will be held at Zeeland, Mich., on April 21, 22, as already announced in our column of fixtures. The State three-men team race on the first day and the individual championship event on the second day are the special features of the meeting. The following, taken from the programme, is something out of the common line, and should therefore prove of interest to shooters: "At all shoots held by the League, 3 cents each shall be charged for all birds thrown in programme events, 1 cent of which shall be placed in a fund, and said fund divided equally among the visiting teams present at such shoot; provided that each member of said team shall shoot in at least 50 per cent. of the programme events of such shoot. In order for any team to be eligible to a share of this fund its members shall belong to the State League at least fifteen days prior to the date of said shoot, and must be members of the same gun club, or assigned by the president of the League to such team at least fifteen days prior to said shoot."

Many shooters will regret that fate (or rather business) compels Tom Keller to hie forth to the far West just at a time when he would fain stay East and meet those who will journey to the Empire City for the purpose of taking part in the E. C. tournament. During his absence from this city Tee Kay will take in the Atchison and the Omaha shoots, and will then make a beeline for the Pacific slope, where he will renew his acquaintance with old friends. His absence from the tournaments of "the circuit" will be much regretted, and will possibly cause the disbandment of the famous troupe of freaks of which he is sole proprietor.

The championship event at the E. C. tournament is the next big affair of any very great interest to trap-shooters in this section. The cup presented by the American E. C. Powder Co. to the winner of the title of champion at inanimate targets is a very elegant piece of workmanship. The race will be a most exciting one; the introduction of the expert rule and the doubles into the contest makes it an open question as to who will be the fortunate man to make the highest aggregate at the 300 targets.

Milt Lindsley left New York on April 4 and commenced to work his way back to King's Mills, O., by way of Philadelphia.

We have received a great number of inquiries as to who were the winners of the previous Grand American Handicaps. The simplest way of answering these queries is to refer the parties making them to the advertisement of the E. C. Powder Co., which tells the story fully, with the exception of Messner's win last year. On that occasion Messner, from the 25yds. mark, killed 25 straight, using 3¼drs. of Du Pont Smokeless; Elliott was second with 24 out of 25—1 dead out of bounds—from the 33yds. mark, using 4¾grs. of E. C.; Class was third with 25 straight in the race, and 7 out of 10 in the shoot-off; Class stood at the 33yds. mark and shot Schultze powder—50 grs. we believe.

When we first learned that S. J. Held had made a match at 25 live birds with Dr. G. V. Hudson, one of the best shots in the Emerald Gun Club, of New York, it seemed to us as if he was taking up a big contract. When we heard that the conditions were Held 26yds., Hudson 21yds., we put it down as a cinch for the doctor, and a most remarkable piece of match making. The result shows that Held was beaten easily, Hudson scoring 18 to 14. It is said that the pigeons were a remarkably fast lot, and were aided by a strong northwest wind that blew half a gale at Dexter Park on Friday afternoon, April 3, the date of the match.

The Pawtuxet Gun Club is a new organization that has come into existence in the vicinity of Providence, R. I. It has a charter membership of twenty-five, and starts off well equipped for the purposes for which it was organized. It is expected that the club will be in full working order by the middle of this month. The officers of the club are: President, William G. Crandall; Vice-President, George Crandall; Secretary, N. B. Horton; Treasurer, William H. Sheldon.

After a successful week at the Sportsmen's Exposition, Paul North transplanted himself and his magautrap to Elkwood Park, in order that the shooters and those present might have an opportunity of judging what the automatic trap could do in the field. The sight of "whole flocks of bluerocks" in the air at the same time was better evidence of the trap's real merit than the whole of Paul North's talk during the Exposition week.

Elmer E. Shaner will be in New York from April 12-25 for the purpose of getting everything in shape for the E. C. tournament at the Guttenburg race track; Jack Parker will be on hand about April 27. Traps will be in position by Saturday, May 2, so that Managers Shaner and Parker can give the boys some preliminary practice; everything will be in readiness for shooters to call "pull" at 8:30 A. M. on Monday morning, May 4.

Since the publication of the programme for the E. C. tournament the Hotel Bartholdi has been closed up. Headquarters for shooters during this tournament will therefore be the Hotel Metropole, Broadway and Forty-second street, a most convenient location for those using the Forty-second street ferry to Weehawken, the quickest and best way to get to Guttenburg. Special rates have been made for shooters.

The Brownsville (Pa.) Gun Club was permanently organized on the evening of March 19, with the following list of officers for its first year: President, W. T. Dougherty; Vice-President, W. H. Fisher; Secretary, E. H. Hormell; Treasurer, H H. Dawson; Captain, A. M. Sargent; Trustees—F. D. West, W. H. Herbertson and A. M. Sargent. The club starts out with 40 charter members.

Fulford used his single Francotte gun with much effect at the Apgar-Hebbard tournament on the Elizabeth Gun Club's grounds last week. R. D. said that he had found just what he wanted for targets; the above gun and his load of Schultze powder; from his scores it looked as if his judgment was about right, as the conditions were decidedly unfavorable for high scoring.

George A. Steck, secretary of the Palmetto Gun Club, Charleston, S. C., writes us as follows: "The steam yacht E. H. Jackson has been tendered to the club for the entertainment of visiting sportsmen at the Interstate tournament, April 14-16, and that on the following day the shooters will be taken to points of interest in the harbor and up the Cooper and Ashley rivers."

Noel E. Money, secretary of the E. C. Powder Co., writes that the company has already sent out over 3,000 programmes, and are having some more printed; he requests us to state that if anyone wants a programme, all he has to do is to send his name and address to the company at Oakland, N. J., on receipt of which a programme will be mailed to him at once.

The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association has suffered a loss in the recent death of its vice-president, W. J. Edbrooke, of Chicago. Mr. Edbrooke was also president of the Lake County Club at the time of his death; this organization owes its existence in a large measure to Mr. Edbrooke's personal efforts in its behalf.

A gun club has been organized at Eau Claire, Wis., with a membership of twenty to start with. The officers are: President, A. J. Rust; Vice-President, W. R. Scott; Secretary, E. M. Fish; Treasurer, J. T. Joyce. The club is putting in a full set of live-bird traps and bluerock target traps with electric pulls.

The Hingham (Mass.) Gun Club has issued to its members a list of prize shoots, one of which takes place every two weeks from April 20 to Sept. 7. The club gives six prizes for each class, A and B. A member must shoot in six out of ten contests to qualify for a prize; the six best scores count for averages.

The score put up by the Newburgh, N. Y., team against the Gobweb Gun Club's team on Friday, April 3, was a very high one, the team total for the 90 birds shot at being 77. The birds trapped were a good fast lot, many of them taking a lot of stopping in bounds.

Walter Watrous won the Knapp cup at the Carteret Club last week with a score of 44 out of 50 birds shot at; the birds were a fast lot, so the score must be set down as a good one. E. F. Thomas, W. S. Exley and H. B. Wright were close after him.

Dick Merrill left for the West on Monday afternoon, April 6. He will return with the swallows on or about May 1 for the express purpose of seeing what he can do in the way of carrying off the championship cup at the E. C. tournament.

Next week's list of tournaments includes the following: Interstate Association tournament at Charleston, S. C., April 14-16; Lou Erhardt's shoot at Atchison, Kan., April 14-17; Peekskill, N. Y., shoot on April 15-17.

Now that the tournament season is getting into full swing, don't forget that FOREST AND STREAM'S Tournament Squad pads save a club time and money in running a tournament.

APRIL 7. EDWARD BANKS.

Gilbert Defends the Du Pont Championship.

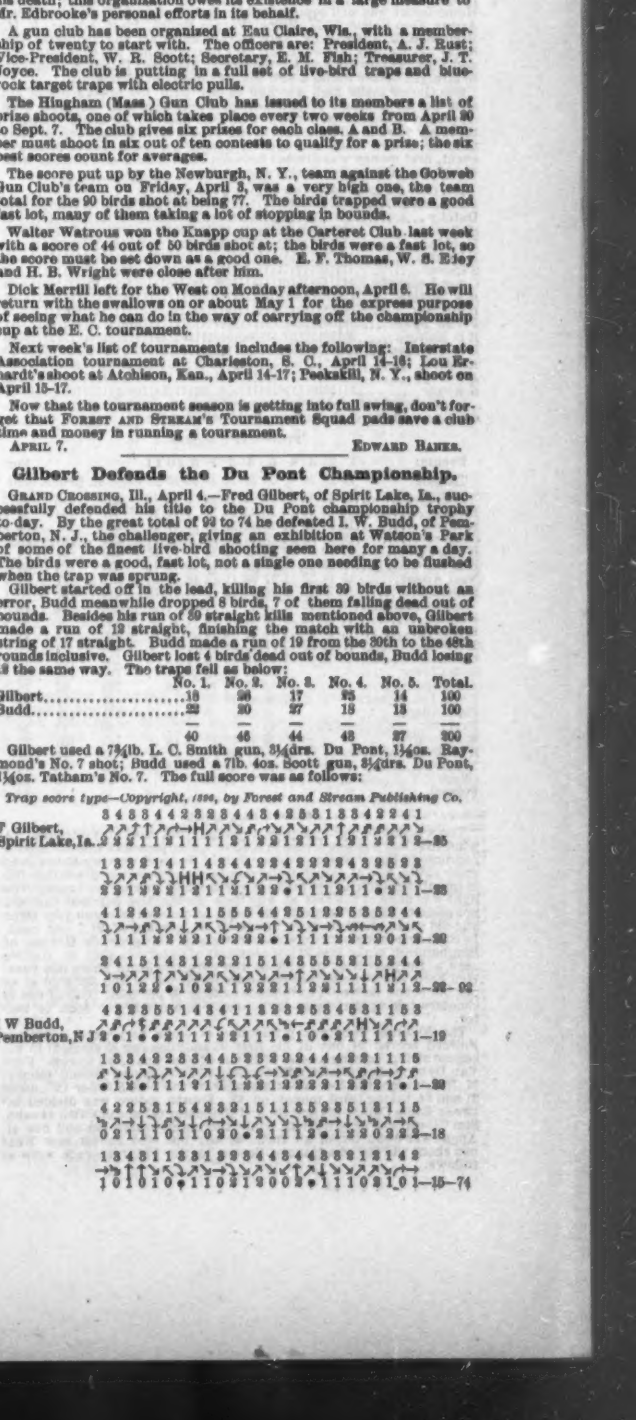
GRAND CROSSING, Ill., April 4.—Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., successfully defended his title to the Du Pont championship trophy to-day. By the great total of 99 to 74 he defeated I. W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J., the challenger, giving an exhibition at Watson's Park of some of the finest live-bird shooting seen here for many a day. The birds were a good, fast lot, not a single one needing to be flushed when the trap was sprung.

Gilbert started off in the lead, killing his first 39 birds without an error, Budd meanwhile dropped 8 birds, 7 of them falling dead out of bounds. Besides his run of 39 straight kills mentioned above, Gilbert made a run of 12 straight, finishing the match with an unbroken string of 17 straight. Budd made a run of 19 from the 30th to the 48th rounds inclusive. Gilbert lost 4 birds dead out of bounds, Budd losing 13 the same way. The traps fell as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Gilbert	18	26	17	25	14	100
Budd	22	20	27	18	13	100
	40	46	44	43	27	200

Gilbert used a 7¾lb. L. C. Smith gun, 3¼drs. Du Pont, 1⅛oz. Raymond's No. 7 shot; Budd used a 7lb. 4oz. Scott gun, 3¼drs. Du Pont, 1⅛oz. Tatham's No. 7. The full score was as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



In New Jersey.

TIMMONS VERSUS SMITH HILL.

March 28.—James Timmons, of Morristown, N. J., and Smith Hill, of Paterson, N. J., shot a race to-day at 50 live birds per man on Arthur Bunn's grounds at Singac. The conditions were: 30yds. rise, $50 a side, loser to pay for birds, Hurlingham rules to govern. Timmons won easily, making the good score of 46 out of his 50; Hill scored 41. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

S Hill (30)......2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2—21
0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 0 1 0 2 2—20—41

J Timmons(30).1 0 0 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2—23
2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 2 1—23—46

W. DUTCHER.

THE APGAR-HEBBARD TOURNAMENT.

The Apgar-Hebbard tournament at Elizabeth, N. J., although not attended by very many shooters, was a decidedly pleasant affair. The quality of those who took part in it cannot be questioned; the company was warm enough to scare off a good half score of Jerseymen who would otherwise have supported Neaf and Charlie. The unsettled state of the weather also had much to do with keeping down the attendance; March had not shown herself in any favorable light, and as a result it was too much to expect that men would come any distance to take part in a tournament, losing three or four days from their business, when there was a prospect of so much shooting in the near future.

Before reviewing each day's work, it will be well to say something about the management. With Billy Hobart as general boss and receiving teller, William Parker as paying teller and Nate Astfalk as universal provider of creature comforts, Apgar and Hebbard could afford to look on complacently and shoot if they wanted to. Hobart has a way of wheedling the last dollar out of a man who has the faintest suspicion that he can shoot; he kept the squads full all the time and hustled things generally outside of the cashier's office. In the cashier's office proper, Bill Parker was quiet but prompt, and a shooter's money was always forthcoming just as soon and whenever he wanted it. For this tournament Parker had added to the conveniences of his office a kind of pigeonhole arrangement that enabled him to put his hand upon a man's account instantly, each division being lettered alphabetically. The system, too, of keeping a shooter's account practiced by Hobart and his proteges, viz., Parker and others in this vicinity, originated first we believe at the grounds of the Boston, Mass., Shooting Association, being fathered by O. R. Dickey, manager of that association. Instead of making up pay envelopes for every event, a process that needs a great amount of change, and also takes up a lot of time counting up the right amount of money, an account card is made out for each man, his name is put on it, and every time he gets a place and a part of the purse he gets credit on this card; he thus can see at once how he stands, can draw his money each event if he likes to do so, or he can leave it in the cashier's care until all is over. The system is far ahead of the old pay envelope system generally used at tournaments nowadays.

FIRST DAY, MARCH 31.

The first day, March 31, was about the first spring day of the year. The sun was bright and very warm; spring overcoats could be dispensed with very comfortably during the day. Any quantity of newly arrived robins were busily engaged searching for the early spring worms in the club grounds, reminding one forcibly that winter had gone for good. Of course there will be some chilly days between now and midsummer, but spring is here for sure, and trap-shooters are aware of that fact. It is pleasanter to be able to sit or stand outside the club house and watch the shooting than to be cooped up with a host of others in a heated room, and then go out and nearly freeze to death while shooting one's score. To-day's warm sunshine was most refreshing.

From out of town came quite a number of shooters: E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y.; Kendall and Hobbie, two of the cracks from Binghamton, N. Y.; Dick Merrill, a well-known shooter from Milwaukee, Wis.; Sim Glover, of Rochester, N. Y.; Ferd Van Dyke and B. A. Bartlett, representatives of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Seth Clover, Fredonia, N. Y.; A. P. Pope, Olean, N. Y., etc. Home talent was well represented by Dutchy Smith, E. Sickley, Neaf Apgar, Tom Keller, E. D. Miller, Warren Smith, Platt Adams, R. H. Breintnall, E. A. Geoffroy, Nate Astfalk and Carl von Lengerke, the latter having only one week ago very nearly landed the Francotte gun and Schultze powder first for the Grand American Handicap, running 20 straight before losing a bird that fell dead out of bounds.

Sim Glover made high average to day with 186 breaks out of 210 shot at, an average of 88.5 per cent.; Hobbie and Bartlett were respectively second and third with 87.6 and 87.1 per cent. Twenty-three shooters in all took part in the events shot to-day, and of that number twelve made averages of over 80 per cent. In the 50-target event, first money was divided between Platt Adams and Dutchy with 46 apiece. The scores in this event follow:

No. 6, 50 targets, unknown angles, $5, 5 moneys:

Platt Adams......11111111011111111111111111011111111111101111111101111—46
Dutchy ....11111101111111111110111111111110111101111111111111111—46
S Glover.........11111110111111111111111111111110101111011111101111111111—45
Hobbie...........11111111111011111101101011111101111111111111111111111—45
E Sickley........11101011111111111111111111110101011111111111111111111—45
S Clover.........11110011111111111111111111101101111111111011111110—44
C von Lengerke...11111111110111111111101111111011101111111011111111—44
B A Bartlett.....11010111101101111111101011111111111101111111111111—43
R Merrill........10101111111111111111011111111111110111111111100111110—43
F Van Dyke.......01100111111011111111111111110111111101011110111110111—41
E D Fulford......00110101110111100010111111011111111111111111111111—40
E A Geoffroy.....01111111111011100111111011111110100101111101111111—40
Kendall..........11111111100111111100111011111101111011110111101100—39
A P Pope.........10111111111011111010110010011111111111111000110111—38
N Apgar..........11110101110101111110110111011110001110110010111—36

In tabulated form, showing number shot at, number broke, and percentage made by each shooter, we give below the

FIRST DAY'S SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11			Per
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*50*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*20*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.	cent.
E D Fulford	11	13	18	13	19	40	15	12	8	13	13	210	178	82.3
Hobbie	13	13	18	13	18	45	13	12	9	17	15	210	184	87.6
Richard	13	14	16	11	18	48	13	15	7	17	15	210	181	86.1
S Glover	12	15	18	13	17	45	13	13	7	18	14	210	186	88.5
F Van Dyke	14	13	16	13	18	41	13	13	..	19	12	200	169	84.5
B A Bartlett	13	13	17	10	20	43	15	13	10	16	13	210	183	87.1
Neaf Apgar	13	14	17	11	17	36	11	13	10	17	12	210	171	81.4
E Sickley	14	13	17	9	16	45	13	15	9	17	13	210	181	86.1
Warren Smith	8	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	60	44	73.3
Dutchy	..	11	17	12	16	46	14	12	..	17	12	185	157	84.8
E D Miller	..	11	14	11	10	..	12	13	..	..	..	100	71	71
T H Keller	..	..	16	11	17	..	13	12	..	17	7	120	93	77.5
Kendall	..	..	..	9	14	39	10	13	..	13	8	150	106	70.6
Seth Clover	..	..	..	..	20	44	11	10	..	17	..	120	102	85
A P Pope	..	..	..	..	18	38	8	12	..	18	..	120	94	78.3
C von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	18	44	12	..	..	..	..	85	74	87
Platt Adams	..	..	..	..	15	46	11	8	..	18	12	135	110	81.4
Fayette	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	11	55
E A Geoffroy	..	..	..	..	15	40	13	11	..	16	16	135	105	77.7
R H Breintnall	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	..	17	..	50	34	68
N Astfalk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	14	..	35	26	74.2
Chase	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	15	10	66.6
Folsom	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	15	8	53.3

SECOND DAY, APRIL

The weather to-day was quite a change from that of yesterday. A wind that had too much east in it to be quite pleasant necessitated a recourse to heavy overcoats once more. Toward evening it began to grow chilly, and at nightfall the rain that had threatened all day fell in quantities sufficient to make it worth while staying at home. The light was none of the best at any time during the day, but that did not seem to affect Fulford in the least; he pointed his gun just right and did some excellent work, breaking an average of 94.7 per cent. In the 3 events he shot in while we were at the grounds Hobbie, of Binghamton, broke just 92 per cent. out of 50 targets shot at; Hobbie uses a Burgess that he won at the Saratoga State shoot last year. Had Ferd Van Dyke broken one more target out of the 230 shot at as per our score, he would have made exactly 90 per cent. Out of the 24 shooters taking part in to-day's events 10 broke 80 per cent. or better.

The 50-target race was productive of some very good shooting: Fulford scored 24 out of his first 25 and then ran 25 straight in his second string, scoring a total of 49 out of 50 at unknown angles. Ferd Van Dyke made a 23 and a 24, totaling 47 and winning second money. M. Herrington, the New York manager of the W-A Powder Co., made 21 and 24, taking third money on 45. Fourth money was divided between Eddie Collins (24 and 20) and E. Sickley (22 and 22) with 44 each. Sim Glover was next with 43, while there were three 42s and one 41. Apgar was clean out of all form, as any one who knows how Neaf can shoot will see at a glance. Scores in the 50-target race were as follows:

No. 6, 50 targets, unknown angles, $5, four moneys:

E D Fulford......11111111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
F Van Dyke ......11101111111111111111101111011111111111111111111111—47
M Herrington.....11111011111101011111101111111011111111111111111111—45
E Collins........11111111111111011111111111111010111111101110011111—44
E Sickley........01111111110111101111111111111011111111111101111101111—44
S Glover.........11111001111111111111111111111011101111110110111111011—43
Dutchy ....11111100001011111111111111110111111111111111110011—43
F S Edwards......10110011111111111111111111011110111111111111110011011—42
Capt Money.......01110111111111111111101100111111011111111110011111111—42
B A Bartlett.....01111111111111111111111100110101100111110111111111110—41
A Schmitt ....11101111110110110111010101111111001110111110111111—39
N Apgar..........10010111110111101011111111111111101110011111100110—38

The great shooting done by Fulford during the day, with the exception of two extra events shot after we left the grounds, is well shown by the table which follows, giving the scores made by each man during the day:

Second Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12			Per
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*50*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	cent
E D Fulford	14	15	18	15	20	49	14	14	14	14	13	18	230	218	94.7
Dutchy	15	8	15	9	16	43	11	10	..	..	..	20	185	146	78.9
B A Bartlett	14	14	16	11	15	41	12	14	11	13	13	16	230	190	82.6
F Van Dyke	13	13	18	15	18	47	13	15	11	15	13	16	230	206	89.5
Capt Money	13	11	13	14	13	42	12	10	..	..	..	19	185	147	79.4
S Glover	11	12	19	13	19	43	13	14	12	13	14	19	230	202	87.8
F Sinnock	9	..	..	14	15	..	..	13	13	10	10	..	110	84	76.3
F S Edwards	10	13	18	12	16	42	14	11	11	13	13	..	210	173	82.3
A Schmitt	9	10	10	9	10	39	10	12	..	..	..	14	185	123	66.4
Ruban	7	3	..	..	..	..	7	..	4	7	9	..	90	37	41.1
E Sickley	11	12	17	13	19	44	15	15	..	..	12	19	200	177	88.5
N Astfalk	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	30	18	60
Al Heritage	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	10	..	60	39	65
N Apgar	..	..	15	11	15	38	8	13	..	..	..	17	155	117	75.4
Kendall	..	..	..	6	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	19	54.2
Seth Clover	..	..	..	12	16	..	11	12	..	..	..	..	65	51	78.4
A P Pope	..	..	..	10	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	15	50	35	70
M Herrington	..	..	..	10	12	45	10	9	..	..	..	13	135	99	74
T H Keller	..	..	..	..	17	..	12	10	..	..	..	17	70	56	80
E Collins	..	..	..	..	18	44	13	..	..	..	..	18	105	93	88.5
Hobbie	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	..	..	..	17	50	46	92
Fayette	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	..	..	..	11	50	37	74
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	12	35	19	54.2
C von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	16	35	28	80

THIRD DAY, APRIL 2.

The third day of the Apgar-Hebbard tournament opened up badly. Heavy, lowering clouds, rainstorms of more or less intensity, and a cold wind, all combined to keep shooters away from the grounds of the Elizabeth Gun Club. About 1 P. M. it brightened up considerably and the sun came out, but it was too late to redeem the day. Of those who shot through the programme, Fulford led with the capital percentage of 90.3, an exceptionally high average, considering the conditions of the early part of the morning. The scores in tabulated form follow, all events being at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			Per
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.	cent.
Bartlett	15	14	16	12	19	15	13	11	14	14	165	143	86.6
Glover	14	14	16	..	18	18	12	11	15	14	150	132	88
Fulford	13	14	16	13	20	16	15	14	13	15	165	149	90.3
Van Dyke	13	15	14	14	17	18	11	12	..	..	135	114	84.4
Apgar	13	11	19	13	16	18	12	13	13	11	165	139	84.2
Keller	11	12	13	12	18	..	11	13	..	..	115	90	78.2
Merrill	11	11	17	13	13	19	14	14	..	..	135	117	86.6
Dutchy	9	11	18	11	14	..	10	..	13	6	130	92	70.7
Collins	..	14	19	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	50	47	94
Clover	..	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	25	71.4
Heritage	..	7	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	22	62.8
Wanda	..	..	..	11	..	..	8	..	..	..	30	19	63.3
Pope	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	15	14	93.3
Astfalk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	30	22	73.3

Three other extra events were shot off, the results in each being as follows:

No. 1, 25 targets: Folsom 21, Herrington, Henry and Astfalk 19, Collins 18, Woodruff 17, Pope 15.

No. 2, same: Folsom and Henry 18, Herrington 17.

No. 3, same, with tie in last event shot off in this one: Herrington 14, Henry 13, Folsom 12.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

March 31.—The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, held its monthly prize shoot on its grounds at Marion this afternoon. Although the weather was favorable for target shooting the attendance was light. E. Ingram shot in great form, breaking 95 out of 105. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
E Ingram	1111111111111111111111111—25	1011111111111110111001011—20
A R Strader	1111100011111111011111111—21	1110011111000100010110000—12
G H Piercy	1111110111101110100111111—20	1111101011110111111011111—21
Frey	0011111011100010100001100—12	....
H L Corson	100111110100010w —8	1011011011101111111101011—19
Dr Fletcher	....	1110101101111110100111100—17

Other events were shot as follows, No. 2 being the prize contest:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	*10*	*25*	*10*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*25*	*10*	*10*	*10*
G Piercy	9	23	..	..	8	Frey	..	16	5	7	5
A R Strader	9	20	..	..	8	H L Corson	..	19	4	7	6
E Ingram	9	23	10	9	..	L Piercy	..	18	6	6	..
Dr Fletcher	8	21	..	5	7	Feffenberg	..	..	..	..	4

BRUNSWICK GUN CLUB.

March 28.—The Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick, N. J., held its regular monthly club shoot this afternoon. The club shoot is at 25 targets, unknown angles. W. E. Sperling led with 21 breaks. Scores:

R M Pettit.........0010011110011100111011101—15
H H Stevens........1010111101101111111110111—20
V S Voorhees.......1101110111111000110001110—16
C Oakley...........0111101001111111011101111—19
A L Mundy..........0101110011000111001111011—15
W E Sperling.......1011110111101111111110111—21
R McDowell.........1011011011011011111110011—18
E Reynolds.........1010010001010111111101110—15
H B Smith..........1001001011010000110111101—18
T Pratt............1100000110100000001000000— 5
M Allen............1111101111100110001111110—18
S Randall..........1110101100111101110111110—18
Dr Iredell.........0001110101110001110111000—13
I Hoagland.........1111111011101011000011110—17
G Endicott.........1001100101001111000010110—12
R Booth, Jr........1010100001010011111110011 14
R C Nicholas.......0101011001110111110011101—16
J S Voorhees.......0010110000110100111010111—13

H. H. STEVENS, Sec'y.

BRANCHVILLE GUN CLUB.

March 28.—The scores given below were made by members of the Branchville Gun Club to-day. The scores do not show the true colors of some of the shooters, a set of green trappers who did not understand their business very well bothering the shooters somewhat. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*4*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*4*
C Hays	5	3	8	5	4	7	1	H D Roe	7	6	7	9	8	8	2
E Cahrs	4	7	4	8	7	9	3	J Compton	5	9	9	8	..	..	..
G Space	6	7	9	5	..	..	..	H R Cahrs	6	9	8	8	8	8	3
J Vanauken	5	4	8	8	..	..	..	H Steffin	6	4	8	9	7	7	2

HENRY R. CAHRS, Sec'y.

SOUTH SIDE'S SATURDAY.

March 28.—There was a good attendance at the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, this afternoon. The weather was good and the scores were proportionately improved. The team race resulted in a close finish, Hedden's team only defeating Warren Smith's team by 4 breaks, scoring 115 to 111. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Breintnall	7	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	Clark	..	..	6	4	..	10	..	..
W Smith	8	7	..	7	8	10	9	..	Thomas	..	..	..	6	5	8	9	8
Whitehead	7	7	..	..	..	7	6	..	Folsom	..	..	..	6	5	6	..	5
F Sinnock	9	4	10	8	8	8	9	10	Hedden	..	..	..	6	10	..	..	..
I H Terrill	5	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	Kiersteed	..	..	..	..	7	..	4	5
Orton	..	4	4	..	..	..	5	5	Jewell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7

Hedden's Team.

Clark..............1111111111101111110111111—23
S nnock............1111101111111111011111111—23
Hedden.............1011111110101111111111011—21
I H Terrill........1001100111101111011110111—18
Jewell.............0000101101111111101110111—17
Kiersteed..........1001010111001111100000101—18—115

Warren Smith's Team.

Whitehead..........1111110111111110111111011—22
Smith..............0111011110111111111011011—20
Thomas.............1011001111101110111111111—20
Breintnall.........1110111101111011111001110—19
Folsom.............0011111001101111101000101—15
Orton..............1101110100101101001001111—15—111

ORITANI FIELD CLUB AHEAD.

March 28.—The Oritani Field Club and the Hasbrouck Heights Field Club shot a 5-men team race on the grounds of the Oritani Field Club. The conditions were 25 bluerocks per man, the Oritani Club winning easily by 79 to 50. Score:

Oritani Field Club.

Chaffee....................0010110001110011100111011—14
Conklin....................1011110101111111111110111—20
Holberton..................0100001110110100110001110—12
Ricardo....................1101111011000111111111011—19
Bell.......................1100111110011100010010101—14—79

Hasbrouck Heights Field Club.

Flagg......................0100101101000000011011101—11
Green......................0001000000110001000011000— 6
Cowles.....................1110100000000101010001110—10
Stoney.....................1000101000000010101011011—10
Raymond....................1111110011101010010000001—13—50

W. IRVING CONKLIN, Sec'y.

CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.

April 1.—The Coney Island Rod and Gun Club held its monthly shoot to-day at Dexter Park. W. H. Lair was the only one to kill 7 straight in the club contest. In the shoot-off of a tie for the club's badge Lair killed 6 more straight, Dr. Van Ord 5 out of 6, and Fred. Pfaender 1 out of 2. Scores in the club shoot were as below:

W H Lair (29)	1112212—7	Dr Van Ord (30)	0001222—4
Dr Littlefield (29)	22221•2—6	H Knebel, Jr (29)	2201100—4
J Schlieman (28)	1110221—6	Dr Parker (28)	•201220—4
F Pfaender (30)	1002221—5	Dr Raynor (28)	0012201—4
J B Voorhis (28)	1012021—5	H McLaughlin (28)	0112001—4
C Plate (30)	0001212—4	H Muller (27)	0110002—3

CRESCENT GUN CLUB.

April 2.—Only two members of the Crescent Gun Club put in an appearance at Dexter Park this afternoon. The weather was dull and threatening. L. C. Hopkins and G. E. Loeble shot their scores in the club contest, making the following records:

L C Hopkins.............1222202—6 G E Loeble..............2021201—5

HUDSON DEFEATS HELD.

April 3.—Dr. G. V. Hudson and S. Julian Held shot a match to-day at Dexter Park under very peculiar conditions. Held standing at 25yds., Hudson at 21yds. The birds were a first-class lot, while a strong northwest wind swept them off the traps as soon as the latter opened. Dr. Hudson won easily, as the following score shows:

Hudson (21)...........1202012122•12111220000221—18
Held (25).............2220020102202220020000•222—14

After the above match two sweeps at 5 birds, $3, class shooting, 3 moneys, were decided, E. J. Clark standing at 30yds., all the rest at 28yds.

No. 1: Clark, Ludwig, Hudson, Held and Moore 4, Dr. Littlefield 3, C. F. Wash 2.

No. 2: Wash 5, Clark and Littlefield 4, Ludwig and Held 2, Hudson 1.

VERNON ROD AND GUN CLUB.

April 4.—The monthly live-bird shoot of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club was held to-day at Dexter Park under very favorable conditions for pigeon-shooting, the day being bright and clear and the wind blowing a perfect gale from the northwest. Fourteen members were present and shot their scores. Of that number Warren H. Thompson was the only one to score 9 out of 10, one dead out of bounds. Five men tied for second place with 7, three tieing for third place with 6. The scores were:

W. H. Thompson (28), 9; F. A. Thompson (28), Bishop (26), Bender (26), O. Mulcahey (28) and Dr. Littlefield (29), 7; T. Barron (28), Remsen (28), J. S. Wright (26) and Emery (26), 6; Werisman (25), 5; Lott (28) and White (16), 4; Fiske (25), 3.

On Long Island.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

March 24.—The Hell Gate Gun Club's monthly live-bird shoot at Dexter Park to-day was attended by 34 shooters, all of whom shot their strings of 10 birds in the club event. Not a straight score was made, and only two of the shooters managed to stop 9 out of the 10, while four scored 8. This speaks well for the quality of the birds. Below are the scores:

E Steffens (28)	1122202212—9	J Leick (28)	0021100210—5
J Himmelsbach (28)	2212212101—9	G Nowak (28)	02112•0010—5
J P Eannefelser (28)	2101222101—8	E Regan (28)	2221000200—5
H Kohls (28)	1111120101—8	A Knodel (28)	1000201202—5
E Doenick (28)	222202•112—8	W Rabenstein (25)	12100220•0—5
A Kleckle (28)	2020222222—8	L Stoetzle (25)	0002012201—5
F Trostel (28)	2222220100—7	M Muesch (25)	2000110011—5
P Vogel (28)	2122210200—7	J H Black (28)	2000012001—4
A Schmitt (28)	0012111201—7	E Peterson (28)	0000120022—4
C Webber (28)	0212122200—7	H W Voss (28)	0022200020—4
C Rieger (28)	2202021201—7	C Rabenstein (28)	2021000100—4
R Linder (28)	2222001011—7	J E Franswick (25)	2000001022—4
S J Held (28)	2201002202—6	E Marquardt (28)	0200020001—3
J Schlicht (28)	2220010021—6	J Stadtman (28)	0000100220—3
E Metz (28)	0200202012—6	C Lang (28)	1000101000—3
J Sehm (25)	01202•1201—6	J Krebb (28)	0•0•2100'02—3
J H Voss (28)	0102202022—5	C Newman (28)	•000022000—3

FIRST GERMAN GUN CLUB.

March 25.—The monthly live-bird shoot of the First German Gun Club was held this afternoon at Dexter Park, eight members putting in an appearance. Wm. Michel was first with 8, G. Romig and A. Guth coming next with 7. The scores were:

Ph Neusch	1010100100—4	A Guth	1110010111—7
G Romig	1010011111—7	L Hoffmann	0100000010—2
Wm Soll	0000010101—3	H Schneider	1000010100—3
C Pfaff	1000101011—5	Wm Michel	1101011111—8

PHOENIX GUN CLUB.

March 26.—The Phoenix Gun Club met at Dexter Park to-day for the purpose of holding its monthly live-bird shoot at 15 live birds per man, 25yds. rise. Capt J. Smith was first with 13 out of 15, John Henry and J. Chasmer tieing for second place on 12. Scores:

Capt J Smith	121011111220122—13	J Akhurst	001202211010011—10
J Henry	110012201221212—12	W Hughes	122220001202012—10
A Botty	100212222202101—11	P Gardner	200022200202200— 7
D Freleigh	100022121101201—10	J Chasmer	211022102112021—12

FALCON GUN CLUB.

March 27.—The Falcon Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its monthly live-bird shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park. Only five members shot their strings of 10 birds in the club shoot. The conditions of this event are: 10 live birds per man, second-barrel kill to count as ½. According to this method of scoring Van Staden was first with 7 points. J. N. Herrmann came next with 5½, G. A. and John Moller tied for third with 4½ each, J. Bohling came last with 3 kills. Scores:

Van Staden	0111021112—7	John Moller	1102100010—4½
J N Herrmann	2001011101—5½	J Bohling	1000000011—3
G A Moller	1100210100—4½		

Jack Parker on the Atchison Shoot.

UNDER date of April 3 Jack Parker writes us from Detroit, Mich., as follows:

"For the benefit of those expecting to attend Louis Erhardt's amateur tournament, Atchison, Kan., April 14 to 17, I will give them some idea of what kind of a shoot it will be and how they will be received and entertained and about how many shooters will be in attendance.

"The writer had the pleasure of managing last year's shoot and witnessing the many attentions extended to visiting shooters by the popular Louis Erhardt (Airy Lou Hart) and the committee of business men who assist Louis in entertaining. Never did a shoot pass off more smoothly; not a kick was heard through the entire tournament. Every night the shooters congregated in Erhardt's store and general expressions of approval could be heard on all sides. The average attendance througout the shoot was 70; largest number of entries was 94 and smallest 54.

"For the benefit of experts, I would say that open sweeps were going on continually with from thirty to forty entries in each one. Taking last year's shoot as a basis, the tournament this year, with the added money and valuable prizes, the first one of the circuit (Atchison, Omaha and Joplin), and the number of people who have already announced their intention of attending, will entirely eclipse last year's shoot in every respect.

"I would also say to the Eastern trap-shooter who has never met the Western boys at the trap, that he will never meet a more gentlemanly and courteous lot of sportsmen than the shooters from Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa and the other Western States. I would therefore advise all amateurs and experts who desire a good time and plenty of shooting to get gun and shells ready and take in the 'big circuit'—Atchison, Omaha and Joplin. JOHN PARKER."

Fargo Gun Club.

FARGO, N. D., March 30.—The Fargo Gun Club held its second shoot for this season this afternoon. The following scores were made:

No. 1, 10 targets, known angles: Redmon 9, Guptill and Robbins 8, Lyon, Smith and Carpenter 5.

No. 2, 15 targets, unknown angles: Guptill and Robbins 13, Smith 12, Carpenter 11, Lyon 10, Redmon 5.

No. 3, badge shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles: Smith 21, Lyon and Redmon 20, Guptill and Robbins 19, Carpenter 16. C. E. ROBBINS.

Programmes for Forthcoming Tournaments.

WE have been unable for the past two weeks to do much in the line of noticing programmes of tournaments that are booked for the near future; the demand for space in the columns of our issues of March 21 and 28, due to the great show at the Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden, and the Grand American Handicap at Elkwood Park, necessarily crowded to the wall matter that could be held over for a week or so. Among the matter thus held over were the programmes for the Hazard Powder Company's tournament at Cincinnati, O., May 19-22; Lou Erbardt's tournament at Atchison, Kas., April 14-17, and the Interstate Association's tournament at Birmingham, Ala., April 29-30. Taking them in order of date, the first would be the programme for

LOU ERHARDT'S BIG SHOOT AT ATCHISON.

At this tournament, the title of which is "The Second Manufacturers' Amateur and Thirteenth Open-to-all Tournament," $960 in cash will be added to the purses; in addition to this there will also be 12 first prizes of the actual value of $440, making a grand total of cash and merchandise of $1,440. The E. C. Powder Company has also given a silver cup for competition at this shoot.

The "open to all" programme for each day is the same: 4 events of 20 targets each, unknown angles, $2 entrance, $25 added to each purse. The "amateur" programme is decidedly varied and really needs a close perusal to understand it properly. Each day there are 4 events of 20 targets each, known traps and angles, the entrance in each event being $1. In each of these events the 2d, 3d and 4th prizes are of uniform value, $15, $10 and $5 respectively. The first prize in each of the events Nos. 2, 6, 10 and 14 is $20 in cash; in all the other events the first prizes are guns that list from $80 and $75 down to $35 and $30. The E. C. cup will be shot for on Wednesday afternoon, April 15, the conditions being 30 targets, known traps and angles, entrance $1, with an optional sweep of $1, the sweep being divided into 4 moneys.

The "rules and regulations" state, *inter alia*, that there will be two sets of bluerock traps and two sets of empire traps kept busy all the time throwing respectively bluerock and empire targets. Of course, as soon as the programme is finished extra events will be run off to suit shooters. There is one item in these rules and regulations that Lou Erhardt emphasizes in full-faced type: "We are going to have a dead square shoot." His tournaments in the past are guarantee sufficient that what he says he will do. He will be assisted in carrying out his intentions by the manager of the shoot, Jack Parker, of Detroit, Mich. A fare and a third rate has been obtained on all railroads in Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri.

Besides aiming at having "a dead square shoot," Erhardt is after his 1895 record: Highest number of entries, Nos. 6, 7 and 8, 94 each; lowest number of entries, Nos. 14, 16 and 17, 54 each; average for the seventeen events on the programme, 70 entries.

THE BIRMINGHAM TOURNAMENT.

The Birmingham, Ala., Rod and Gun Club, under whose auspices the Interstate will give its tournament in that city on April 29-30, has decided that all the events shall be shot under the system used at all the Interstate tournaments in 1895, that is, shooters will be classified according to the plan set forth in the programme as follows:

"Shooters will be classified from the records they have made at their home clubs, or from the best information obtainable, into two classes—expert and amateur. That class of shooters whose usual averages rank them as experts will constitute the expert class.

"Shooters who are classified as experts must at all times shoot in accordance with the expert rule—which is targets from 5 unknown traps, known angles, rapid firing system. Shooters who are classified as amateurs must shoot at targets from known trap, unknown angles. Any shooter in the amateur class who wins or divides first money must shoot in the next event which he enters in the expert class; if in this event he fails to win or divide first or second money, he will fall back to known trap, unknown angles, in the next event he shoots in, and so continue to be graded. Shooters classified as experts do not receive the benefit of the sliding scale."

The programme of events is the same for each day: Nine events of 15 targets each, entrance $2, and one event of 20 targets, entrance $2.50; $10 in cash is added to each purse by the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club, making a total of $200 added money. The price of targets is included in the entrance moneys. The grounds of the club are favorably located and can be easily reached by electric cars that run every twenty minutes. The Morris Hotel will be headquarters for shooters during the tournament. For all further information address Henry S. Going, secretary of the club, Birmingham, Ala.

THE HAZARD TOURNAMENT AT CINCINNATI.

The Hazard Smokeless Powder tournament for amateurs and experts, which will be held at Cincinnati, O., May 19-22, will be the third tournament on the circuit for 1896. It immediately follows the Memphis shoot, which occupies the six days of May 11-16 inclusive, and like that shoot it offers the enormous attraction to shooters of $2,000 in cash prizes. This shoot, as was the Du Pont shoot of 1895, will be under the management of R. S. Waddell; it is no mere flattery of that gentleman to add that if he keeps up the high standard he attained in his management of last year's shoot the Hazard tournament of 1896 will be long remembered by those fortunate enough to be able to spare time and money to take part in it.

The programme issued by the company for its tournament combines the qualities of a history of the origin and growth of the Hazard powder works at Hazardville, Hartford county, Conn., and a programme of events to be shot at a four days' tournament. Another quality it possesses is one that is rather unusual in this style of literature: It is in so small degree a pamphlet of apt quotations, the best of which perhaps will be found at the foot of page 17: "Put money in thy purse."

There is so much matter in this programme that requires close attention on the part of shooters who may wish to take part in the tournament, that it has been thought better to reproduce fully Mr. Waddell's description of how this shoot will be run. There will be two sets of traps, A and B; at the A set shooters will shoot at unknown angles, and at fairly difficult flights of targets within the limits of the A. S. A. rules. At the B set all events will be at known traps and angles; this set of traps will be used solely by amateurs. In the matter of classification Mr. Waddell says:

"All contestants who have under their own or assumed names, at any tournament held in this country during the fifteen months preceding this tournament, made an average of 85 per cent. of the artificial targets shot at, and whose record of such percentage has been published in *American Field*, FOREST AND STREAM, *Shooting and Fishing* or *Sporting Life*, will be limited in all contests at this tournament to the use of A set of traps. All contestants who have not made a published record, during the time stated, of 85 per cent. of the artificial targets shot at will, until he or they have an average of 85 per cent. or better either in the Hazard prize events or the total events in which he may participate either day, be permitted to shoot at B set of traps.

"Any contestant at B set of traps who, on either the first or second days makes an average of 85 per cent. or better in the Hazard prize events or in the total of all the targets shot at, will be limited to the use of A the following day. Any contestant who makes an average of 85 per cent. or over at B traps the first day and in shooting at A traps the second day falls below 80 per cent., may return and contest at B set of traps the third day of this tournament. The control of the traps and the regulation of angles, speed and flight of targets will be entirely under the control of the manager, and it is hoped by this means to equalize the expert and amateur classes so far as practicable.

"Excepting the above conditions, all contestants will enter, shoot, and divide purses in the same events as though a single set of traps were used."

The next page of the programme tells just how the $2,000 in cash and prizes (the latter of the value of $100) will be divided, the whole making a generous list that is bound to attract shooters. A summary of the list may be made as follows:

Added money in events, $3.50 per day	$1,050
Daily averages, $50 per day	150
Hazard averages, cash, $400 } prizes, $100 }	500
General averages	250
To those using Hazard Smokeless, pro-rated	50
Total	$2,000

Under the head of "Important Items" comes the following: "Ten-gauge guns and black powder barred. There will be a good roof over the scores for the 12-gauge guns. Contestants using smaller gauges will shoot in separate squads. Bluerock traps and targets will be used. Emery Hotel will be headquarters for shooters. Loaded shells and guns can be forwarded to the Hazard Powder Co., First National Bank Building, Cincinnati, O."

Tuesday, May 19, is called "Preparation Day." On this date there will be two sets of traps in readiness at 9 A. M. At the A set there will be shot a programme of 12 events, 15 targets each, entrance $1, targets included, 4 moneys. At the B set 12 events of 10 targets each for practice. The programme adds: "This is your opportunity to try Hazard Smokeless."

The programme is the same for each day: Four 15-target events, $5 entrance, $30 added; three 20-target events, $2 50, $40 added; two 25-target events, Nos. 3 and 5, "Hazard Prize events," $3 entrance, $55 added. In regard to these Hazard events the programme gives the following instructions: "Contestants in events Nos. 3 and 5 each day will be required to use shells loaded with Hazard Smokeless powder only, and to go to the score in each of these events with boxes bearing the special seal of 'The Hazard Powder Co.' Parties wishing to supply their own shells for these events must ship them to R. S. Waddell, manager, for examination, marking and sealing, on or before May 16, 1896. The use of other ammunition will bar the contestants from sharing the purses and prizes in these events."

The following, also from the programme, is important: "The Cincinnati May Musical Festival opens in this city May 19, 1896, and continues during the week; this is the date our tournament begins. The railroads generally make a half fare rate from points within 200 miles of the city and reduced rates from more remote points. These rates have not been named, but we request that all who expect to attend the Hazard Smokeless Powder tournament write R. S. Waddell, manager, after May 1, when a circular giving full information regarding rates will be mailed to each correspondent."

The closing feature of an interesting programme appears on page 39: A pair of old boots (the illustration shows them to be in poor repair) is offered by the management for "the most accomplished kicker, the first recognition of his valuable services at a tournament—with the compliments of the manager."

Before completing our review of this programme, we wish to call the attention of all shooters to the following, which appears on the above page: "Nobody barred. This is a square race. No dropping for place will be tolerated."

PEEKSKILL GUN CLUB.

The Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club has issued its programme for the tournament it proposes to hold on its grounds on April 15-17. The Peekskill club holds a record for an 8-men team, 25 targets per man, known traps and angles; on Aug. 20, 1894, the club's team shot a match with the Marlborough (N. Y.) Gun Club under the above conditions, and succeeded in establishing the record of 193 out of the 200 shot at—an average 96.5 per cent.—each member of the team using Walsrode powder. Of this record the club is deservedly proud; it is without question a record that will stand for a long time.

The first two days of its coming tournament will be devoted to events at empire targets. The first day's programme calls for 195 targets, at a uniform entrance of 10 cents per target. It opens with a 10-target event; No. 2 is at 15 targets; then come five 20-target events, followed by two 25-target events; No. 10 is at 10 pairs. The second day's programme contains 11 events and calls for 195 targets, plus a team shoot of 6 men to a team, 25 targets per man, any 6 men to constitute a team. Under 12 entries, 3 moneys; over 12, 4 moneys. In no case will an entry be accepted in any event after the first squad in that event has shot out. This is an excellent rule and will be strictly adhered to. Interstate Association rules will govern all events, both live-bird and target. Black powder is barred. Shooters at the score are protected from the weather, rain or shine.

The live-bird programme for the third day, Friday, April 17, consists of three events: No. 1, 5 birds, $5; No. 2, 7 birds, $7; No. 3, 15 birds, $10; birds extra in this event, which is a handicap race. Orrin J. Loder, secretary of the club, is the man to write to for further information.

THE BINGHAMTON TOURNAMENT.

The Binghamton, N. Y., Gun Club, one of the many progressive gun clubs that claim New York State as their home, has arranged an attractive tournament for May 26-28. While the club does not add any money, it has drawn up a programme that in these days must command the attention of all shooters. There is a novelty about it and a boldness in cutting loose from old traditions that pleases us very much. It is true, the entrance fees are high in comparison to those that usually find their place in programmes of tournaments, but there is a compensation that must be borne in mind when figuring on the probable result of an individual's effort: All the purses are divided under the "straight-out" or "Rose" system. Under this system, one which we have often quoted as being absolutely fair and a positive bar to all dropping, pooling or combining, each man who gets a place receives his pro rata share, no matter how many men there may be in the same hole with him. The Binghamton shooters have tried this system in their home shoots and like it so well that they are going to give their visitors a taste of its sweets at this tournament.

The first day's programme consists of ten events, eight at 15 targets, $2 entrance, and two at 20 targets, $3 entrance; targets extra at 2 cents each. On the second day there are four 15-target events of a similar character to those above mentioned, and a 100-target handicap event, entrance the price of the targets, the prize being a silver cup presented by the American E. C. Powder Co. This event will be divided into four events of 25 targets each, with an optional sweep of $3 on each 25 targets. The conditions will be unknown angles, extra targets being awarded the shooters in such proportion as the handicap committee shall deem fit. All purses in the target events will be divided into four moneys.

The third day's programme is made up of three live-bird events: No. 1 is at 5 birds, $5, birds included, 3 moneys, class shooting, 28yds. everybody; No. 2, 7 birds, $7, birds included, 4 high guns, 28yds. everybody; No. 3, 15 live birds, $15, birds extra, handicaps 25 to 33yds., class shooting, 4 moneys. The above completes the programme.

The Arlington Hotel will be headquarters for shooters, and all guns, shells, etc., shipped in care of the hotel will be delivered at the grounds free of charge. Electric cars run past the hotel door every fifteen minutes, making the trip to the grounds in twelve minutes. The shoot will take place rain or shine, as shooters at the score will be well protected from the weather. The grounds will be open for practice on May 25. H. W. Brown, of Binghamton, will answer all communications in regard to the above tournament.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., March 25.—The members of the Meadville Gun Club turned out a good force to-day, 16 competing in the club event, No. 1, 25 targets per man. Adams led with 24, H. A. Johnson, Krider, Hayes and Belton coming next with 22 apiece. Scores:

Lashells	111111110101010111001000100—15
H A Johnson	1110111100111111111111111—22
Leberman	1111110110111110111111101—21
Reisinger	0111101111101111011001001—17
Krider	1111111101111111110111101—22
F W Smith	1111111111110000011011010 1—17
Hayes	1111111101111101110111111—22
Prenatt	1010100101111111110101111—18
Baker	0001111100111001110111010—15
Belton	1111111111111100101111111—22
Neal	0101000110010000001011111—11
Carscaden	1111110011110011111011101—19
Adams	1111011111111111111111111—24
Stein	1111111011101111001100111—19
Taffer	1001001100011001100000010— 9
Yates	0100110001111110101010101—14

Other events were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	10	10	10	Targets:	25	10	10	10
Adams	21	..	..	..	Belton	20	..	..	..
Lashell	19	4	10	8	Leberman	..	9	..	..
Hayes	19	9	9	8	Krider	..	7	..	..
Johnson	23	7	8	9	Reisinger	..	10	..	10
Smith	19	10	10	8	Yates	..	5	..	5
Prenatt	18	8	8	10					

J. H. REISINGER, Sec'y.

Marietta Gun Club.

MARIETTA, Ga., April 2.—The scores given below were made to day by members of the Marietta Gun Club at its first regular shoot; the event was at known traps, unknown angles. It was a very windy day—a gale blowing all day—hence the low scores:

Glover	1000000000101100100000001— 6
Setze	1011110010111011010100101—15
Black	1110100011101100011001100—13
Maurry	0001100111111011100100110—14
Meinert	0111110010101110101111011—17
Love	0101010011011101000110000—11
Thornton	1001001001001000010001000— 7
Wellons	0000001000001110010100100— 7
Reynolds	1111011100111101000100101—13
Bailey	0010001001000001010000001— 6
Gramling	0001010001011111011101111—15
Stiles	0101111111100111010111001—17
Austin	1011000110110011000110011—14
Mosber	1100000001000101101000010— 8
Stephens	0000010010000100111011000— 8
Whitlock	1001101101111111011001110—17

W. J. BLACK, Sec'y.

King's Smokeless Gun Club.

MADISONVILLE, O., March 28.—The King's Smokeless Gun Club, of this city, held its club shoot to-day, making the scores given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	20	25	15	Targets:	10	10	20	25	15
W H Settle	10	8	15	19	13	J H Mackie	10	9	18	22	14
Wirt	8	7	15	21	14	H Stevens	8	7	14	17	12
R M Burton	7	8	15	20	12	F C Tuttle	7	5	8	13	..
H Burton	7	5	14	18	13						

De Lancy School Scores Two Wins.

WISSINOMING, Pa., March 27.—A team of the De Lancy School shot a race to-day with the Chestnut Hill Club on the grounds of the Suburban Gun Club. The day was cold and very windy, everything being against high scores. Chestnut Hill was short a man, Grugan shooting as substitute. Scores:

De Lancy School.

Seymour	1010010111100110111010111—16
Harris	1011111101001111101110011—18
Vaux	1011111101001011101101111—18
Huber	0110010110111011111111100—17
Van Schaick	1011011000101110001000010—11
Du Pont	0101101011011111110110101—17—97

Chestnut Hill.

Furness	0111011011101010100001101—14
Newhall	0100010001010110111011011—13
Hayward	1110100011100101110111101 16
Benson	0100101000000000000000000— 3
Biddle	1111011111111011001011111—20
Grugan	0100001110001003111011111—13—79

March 28.—A team from the De Lancy School Gun Club won the Inter-Academic Association, of Philadelphia, championship to-day by defeating teams from the Penn Charter and Episcopal Academies on the grounds of the Suburban Gun Club, of Germantown. De Lancy's victory was an easy one, the team winning by the solid margin of 17 over Penn Charter and 37 over Episcopal Academies. Owing to the sickness of one of the members of the last-named team, Reese shot two scores, scoring 42 and 41 respectively. The conditions were 50 targets per man, 200 to the team. Scores:

De Lancy.

Harris	11110011000111111110110111101111011111101101101001111—38
Vaux	11111111111111111101111011111001010100101101111111101—39
Huber	1111111101111111110111101011111111111111111000101011—41
Seymour	01001101101001110110011111011101101110111011111110—34—150

Penn Charter.

Homer	10001110101111010011100110110111111110011101110111—34
Trainer	11001110101111011101101110011111101100110111101111—36
West	11010111011110011011111111111111111000101110110110—36
Jaques	01011010101001100100111010010111001100101101111001—27—133

Episcopal Academies.

Buxton	01000100000001000001010010000000000100010010000000000— 9
Reese	01111110111111111101011101111111111111111101111011111101—42
Page	10010010001100111100001000010100110111010000100101 —21
*Reese	00101111111111111111101101111111110110111111111110011—41—113

*Second score.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., April 1.—Once again a beautiful day greeted sixteen shooters at the Boston Gun Club, Wellington, Mass., this afternoon. Some new faces were noted, among them being Messrs. Milt. F. Lindsley and Geo. G. King, of the King's Powder Co., Cincinnati, O., who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the different moneyless events along with the rest of the company. This rampant notion that money is necessary to secure interest and sport is shown on these grounds to be a very great mistake. Just as much rivalry exists, though to tell the truth under these circumstances it is always of the good-natured variety, and compares very favorably with that where the gambling element is considered to be the principal means of enhancing the sport. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	5	6	10	5	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon (17)	8	8	2	5	6	3	2	6	8	8	9	10	9	8
Chester (14)	4	4	2	3	4	3	2	5	5	5	5	7	7	7
Sheffield (15)	8	8	2	1	4	4	1	6	6	9	10	6	..	7
Miskay (17)	7	7	3	3	9	3	3	5	5	5	7	..	8	..
Beveridge (16)	6	3	0	1	4	4	2	6	4	5	5	..	2	..
Lindsley (16)	8	5	2	3	5	3	4	8	2	6	..	..	..	..
King (16)	6	5	2	2	8	2	3	6	5	7	..	..	..	..
Moore (16)	8	8	2	4	8	2	3	7	9	7	6	..	..	..
Horace (16)	..	..	3	3	7	0	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sears (16)	..	..	2	3	7	1	4	5	5	6	..	..	..	..
Spencer (17)	..	..	..	4	4	3	2	7	5	6	6	5	7	5
Lennon (16)	..	..	..	..	8	1	0	1	..	7	6	..	..	..
Curtis (14)	..	..	..	..	1	2	1	1	..	..	1	..	..	..
Pond (15)	..	..	..	..	2	2	5	..	1	5	..	..	..	..
Nickols (16)	..	..	..	..	5	4	3	..	3	7	..	..	..	..
Parker (17)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	..	..	..

Events Nos. 2, 9 and 13 were known reverse angles; Nos. 3 and 6 unknown, Nos. 4 and 7 pairs, balance of events 10 targets, known angles. Events 5, 6 and 7 composed 13th contest in prize series with totals as follows: Miskay 15, King 13, Moore 13, Spencer 12, Sears 12, Nickols 12, Gordon 11, Lindsley 11, Beveridge 10, Horace 10, Chester 9, Sheffield 9, Lennon 9, Pond 9, Curtis 4.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., March 17.—The regular club shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to day. Mr. French, representing the Peters Cartridge Company, was a guest of the club. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	10	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	10
Nelson	21	21	22	22	23	7	Moorman	21	15	16	19	18	5
Terry	20	20	18	21	19	7	Dornin	21	22	23	21	22	7
French	11	19	15	14	..	..	Stearns	18	14	16	20	19	..
Scott	21	18	15	21	16	8	Tunstall	19	11	9	..	..	..

March 27.—Several members of the Lynchburg Gun Club held a shoot this afternoon, having for their guest Mr. W. C. Collins, agent for the Du Pont Powder Company. The following were the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	10	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	10
Collins	9	9	10	8	12	..	Scott	22	17	17	21	18	9
Nelson	15	19	19	21	21	7	Tunstall	9	18	22	12	17	3
Moorman	17	10	21	16	17	4	Stearns	17	9	13	19	17	5

F. M. D.

At Watson's Park.

GRAND CROSSING, Ill., March 28.—The following scores were made to-day at Watson's Park by members of the Garfield Gun Club:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	Ties for 2d.	No. 3.	Ties for 3d.
T P Hicks	122111022121111e0221—18	10111—4	10 —1	00221—3	111—3
Dr Shaw	1221e21111122021 21e0—17	01211—4	1120—3	02110—3	0 —0
S Palmer	111e111212e01212e212—16	21221—5	....	01011—3	220—3
W H Palmer	11012020001221122211—15	.....	....	12102—4	...
Dr Liddy	20112002120111020122—14	02100—2	....	02110—3	221—3
A Patterson	21121e20120200210201—13	22101—4	2222—4	01012—3	111—3
B Barto		10121—4	220 —2	21022—4	...
J H Amberg		21001—3	....	.....	...

In a 10-bird sweep the following scores were made: Patterson 8, Wilcox 7, J. Bemis 6, Amberg 4.

A miss-and-out resulted as follows: Barto 7, W. H. Palmer 6, S. Palmer 5, Dr. Shaw and Dr. Liddy 1, Patterson and Hicks 0.

In a practice shoot at 20 live birds Dr. Shaw killed 17, missing his 8th, 17th and 19th birds. At the target traps Amberg broke 41 out of 60, Wilcox 38 out of 60 and Barto 23 out of 40. RAVELRIGG.

Joplin Gun Club.

JOPLIN, Mo., March 23.—A Republican Congressional election and bad weather kept a good many shooters from coming out to our last club shoot. Trap-shooting is now at a premium in this portion of the United States, and we expect to have 150 shooters (including Lou Erhardt) at our tournament, April 28-30. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
E D Porter	18	17	16	18	20	19	19	C W Green	18	17	16	18	16	20	16
W Huntley	16	17	16	19	18	16	18	B F Wilson	18	17	18	20	19	16	18
T S Molloy	19	18	17	16	20	14	12	T Cox	20	16	20	17	18	15	17
J Cragan	17	18	16	14	16	18	16	T Kinmonth	19	18	16	20	17	14	16
J Thurman	20	18	16	18	16	18	14	A Dixon	17	17	16	18	17	15	10
W E Morgan	14	16	18	17	19	18	15	H Dixon	19	18	17	18	16	12	19

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., March 27.—The following sweeps, all 25 targets, unknown angles, were shot to-day by some members of the Binghamton Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Kendall	18	20	17	20	21	Rose	16	17	19	18	19
Hobbie	19	21	21	21	22	Brown	17	18	19	20	21
Vance	20	19	21	22	21	Winans	18	..	..	..	..
Hall	14	18	19	18	19	Kane	13	..	..	..	..

H. W. B.

The Newburghs Defeated the Cobwebs.

The third and final match between the Cobweb Gun Club, of Baychester, N. Y., and the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., took place on Friday, April 3, on the grounds of the Cobweb Gun Club. The result was a decisive victory for the visitors by the score of 77 to 70. Each team was composed of nine men, although the original conditions called for ten men on a side. Newburgh, however, was a man short, and although B. C. Everingham was on the ground, not having a gun and not being prepared to shoot, only nine men shot, Mr. Everingham declining to run any chances of dumping the visitors. Thus each team shot at 90 birds, making the Newburgh's average of kills just 85.5, a high percentage, that was the direct result of about as even a piece of team work as one ever sees. Two men scored all 10 birds, one man 9, and the six others 8 each.

The day was favorable in every respect for good sport at the traps. A high northwest wind drove the birds off to the right at a great pace, while the bright sun and cold, sharp air were bound to make the birds feel good and put snap into them. As a matter of fact the birds were a good lot taking them altogether, though the scare ropes were needed several times to start some that would not leave the trap. There were any number of brilliant shots made, and generous applause greeted some excellent second-barrel work on the part of more than one shooter.

The Cobwebs started off very poorly; McKeon, Brady, Donnelly, Train and Knapp all lost their birds in the 1st round, the Newburgh men going to the front with 9 kills to 4. In the 2d round the Cobwebs picked up 1 on their opponents, scoring 7 to 6; in this round Harry Higginson, captain of the Newburgh team, made an excellent second-barrel kill of a fast bird from No. 1 trap. In the 3d round Gus Greiff made a capital shot on a very nasty right-quartering driver from No. 3 trap; he duplicated this shot in the 6th round on a precisely similar bird. Taggart also in the 3d round centered a swift-flying circling incomer with his first barrel in a manner that caused his friends to call out in chorus, "Good boy, Boxer." Where so many good shots were made it is hard to particularise and make a note of each one. Besides those mentioned above, Dain's 7th, Brady's 8th, Greiff's 9th, Donnelly's 7th, Train's 9th and Pilkington's 6th were all capital pieces of work with the gun.

The three low scorers on the Cobweb team were Train, Donnelly and Knapp; Train had the misfortune to lose 4 birds dead out of bounds, while both Donnelly and Knapp were out of form at the beginning; it is only fair to state that Donnelly's right hand was badly crippled with rheumatism. Knapp missed his 3 first birds; he then killed the 4th, but lost his 5th dead out of bounds; settling down to his usual quick shooting, he snapped the next 5 birds before they had a chance to get hard. Pilkington, the only straight on the Cobweb side, was loudly applauded when he scored his 10th bird.

A surprise party to many was W. C. Gibb, the secretary of the Newburgh Club, who stopped some fast birds, scoring 8 out of 10; he was handicapped by a bad attack of toothache, spending the time 'tween shots nursing the molar that caused the right side of his face to swell and give him a more generous expanse of cheek than usual. Frank Southard and Jack Halsted both shot well, as they always do, while Jimmie Taylor had the hardest kind of luck in losing his 4th bird, which just topped the wire before falling dead. Harry Higginson drew a very good bird in the 8th round and spoiled his chances of a straight score. Dain, usually one of the most reliable shots in the Peekskill or Newburgh clubs, let 2 birds get away from him that were far easier to score than some that he stopped during the shoot; Dr. Horton and E. C. Likely both did good work for their team.

The following table shows the scores made in each round and the totals of both clubs at the end of each round:

Number of round:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Newburgh's score per round	9	6	8	7	7	9	6	8	9	8
Newburgh's total at end of round	9	15	23	30	37	46	52	60	69	77
Cobweb's total at end of round	4	11	18	25	32	40	47	55	62	70
Cobweb's score per round	4	7	7	7	7	8	7	8	7	8

From the above it will be seen that the Cobwebs did not make a clean score in any one round, while in the 1st, 6th and 9th the Newburgh team negotiated its 9 birds without a loss. It will be noticed also that the lead of 5 in the 1st round and the majority of 2 in the 9th round make up the total of 7—the difference between the team totals at the end of the match; in the other 8 rounds both teams scored 59 out of 72 shot at. The full scores were:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Newburgh.

```
                                  1 1 5 3 2 2 4 3 2 4
                                  ↑ ← → ↗ ← ↘ ← ↘ ↑ ↓
J B Halsted ....................  1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—10
                                  2 3 5 3 3 4 3 4 1 5
                                  ← → ↙ ↗ ↘ ↓ ↙ ↗ ← ↗
F Southard .....................  2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—10
                                  2 1 5 1 4 3 5 5 1 5
                                  ← ↗ ↘ ← ← ← ↗ ↗ ↖ ↗
H C Higginson ..................  2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2— 9
                                  3 2 3 5 4 4 1 5 3 5
                                  ↖ ↗ ← ↗ ↖ ↖ ↑ ↗ ← ↖
H P Dain .......................  1 0 1 1 0 1 2 1 1 2— 8
                                  2 4 2 5 1 1 1 5 3 2
                                  ↑ → ↓ ↘ ↗ ← → ↘ ↑ ↗
W C Gibbs ......................  1 2 2 1 0 2 0 1 2 2— 8
                                  2 3 3 5 2 4 1 5 5 3
                                  ↗ ↑ ↗ ↘ → ↑ ↘ → ↑ →
Dr Horton ......................  2 2 0 2 2 2 • 2 2 1— 8
                                  1 5 5 4 2 5 3 5 5 5
                                  ↙ → ↑ ↙ ↓ ↖ ↖ ← ↑ ↘
E C Likely .....................  2 0 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 2— 8
                                  3 5 2 3 1 1 2 3 4 4
                                  ← ↗ ↘ → ← ↙ ↑ ← ↗ ↘
G Taggart ......................  2 2 1 2 1 1 0 2 2 •— 8
                                  4 3 3 2 1 5 5 5 2 3
                                  ↑ → ↗ → ↓ ↗ ↖ ↖ ↑ →
J Taylor .......................  2 0 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2— 8—77
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Cobweb Gun Club.

```
                                  2 4 4 5 2 5 4 3 5 5
                                  → → ↗ ← ↑ ↗ ← ← → ↗
J Pilkington ...................  1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2—10
                                  4 3 2 2 2 1 3 4 1 5
                                  ↘ ↗ ↑ → → ↗ → ↑ ↖ →
D B Brady ......................  0 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1— 9
                                  3 3 3 4 4 3 5 2 2 2
                                  → → ↖ ↘ ← ↗ ← ↗ ↗ ←
G E Greiff .....................  1 1 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 1— 9
                                  5 5 1 4 2 5 5 4 5 2
                                  ↘ ↔ ↙ ↖ ↓ ↖ ↗ ↙ ↖ ↘
F J Hendrick ...................  2 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 1 2— 9
                                  5 2 5 4 1 5 3 5 5 2
                                  ↓ ← ↑ ↗ → ↓ ↗ ↖ ↖ ↖
G S Nicholls ...................  2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2— 9
                                  3 3 5 4 1 5 1 5 5 3
                                  ↑ ↘ → ↖ ← ↖ ↑ ↗ ↑ ↖
P F McKeon .....................  0 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 • 1— 8
                                  3 2 5 4 5 2 4 4 3 2
                                  ↘ ↘ ↗ → ↑ ↖ → ↖ ↑ ↖
A D Knapp ......................  0 0 0 2 • 1 1 1 1 1— 6
                                  3 3 2 1 1 4 2 3 4 5
                                  ↗ ↗ ↘ ↙ ↓ ↘ ↗ ↗ ↑ ↖
F L Train ......................  • 2 2 2 2 2 • • 2 •— 6
                                  3 3 2 2 4 5 4 2 3 1
                                  ↗ ↑ ↖ → → ↑ ↗ ↘ ↑ ↙
C M Donnelly ...................  • 0 • 2 • 0 2 1 0 2— 4—70
```

The following sweep at 5 live birds was also shot, all at 28yds.:

Dr. Horton	10112—4	R R Merrill	22222—5
N Apgar	11201—4	A P Pope	22•02—3
G E Greiff	22112—5	Seth Clover	11122—5
H P Dain	2002•1—3	H C Higginson	22222—5
F Southard	21•0•—2	Jarvis	20212—4
D B Brady	01222—4	P F McKeon	11222—5
J Taylor	11222—5	F L Train	22222—5
J B Halsted	22221—5	F J Hendrick	01020—2

Edward Banks.

Washington Gun Club.

Conshohocken, Pa., March 21.—The following scores were made by members of the Washington Gun Club, of this place, at the club shoot held here to-day:

Club shoot, 25 blue rocks per man: Con Williams 22, T. Smith 20, S. L. Carter 17, John Keyser 16, D. Kriebel 14, G. Haines 10, J. Ruth 9, J. A. Smith 8, N. Haines 7, G. N. Kriebel 22, H. M. Johnson 19, G. Righter 16, T. Mitchel 15, J. Bestnie 11, G. Gaysor 10, J. E. Carter 8, P. Johnson 7.

George H. Kriebel, Cor. Sec'y.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

Missoula, Mont., March 15.—The Missoula Rod and Gun Club held the first shoot of the season of '96 this afternoon. The dozen shooters who attended made fairly good scores considering the exceedingly unfavorable conditions. However, the boys will have to improve their scores somewhat if they expect to retain at home any of the benefits of the State tournament of May 22, 23 and 24.

The club's old standby, Bob Rogers, knocked out the highest score, 16 out of 20 singles, at unknown angles. Scores:

W Cave	11110001000101110011—11	J M Evans	10100111011110111111—15
E Mix	11111111110100011010—14	A Sterling	10101011111110100000—11
Thompson	00001011111100111110—12	J P Menard	10101111101100110001—13
C Searles	11001100110111110100—12	F Allinson	01101101001101111111—14
R Rogers	10101111111010111111—16	W Brayton	10111100111100011111—14
CA Lemley	10010101011101110111—13	CW Bishop	11010000001110111010—10

Missoula, Mont., March 22.—A day perfect as any in midsummer brought out but a half score of shooters to the Missoula Club's grounds to-day. A marked improvement in the shooting over that of the previous week was noticeable in the medal contest, which was won by the field captain on a score which recorded but one miss in the 20 shot at, and in the practice shooting which followed there was still better work done by all of the boys.

Will Cave	11101111111101101111—17
C A Searles	10111111111111111111—19
L L Hunt	10011000001011001111—10
J P Menard	11000011110001001111—11
F H Allinson	01011101000000100101— 8
C W Bishop	01011101000111011101—12
W P Brayton	11100111011001011111—14
H W Thompson	01011010011111111111—15
C A Lemley	01110110110010111111—14
J M Evans	1100100100w

March 29.—The weekly shoot of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club was to-day much more conspicuous for the presence of a sweeping, twisting, howling March wind than for that of club members. At the last meeting of the club it was decided to change the hour of the shoot from 3 P. M. to 10:30 A. M. on account of the fact that as a rule during the spring months the mornings are bright and pleasant, while the afternoons are cloudy and windy.

This was the first trial under the new order of things, and we found Dame Nature in a contradictory mood, and the shoot profited little by the change of hours. Notwithstanding the wintry aspect of the weather, eight of the shooters put in an appearance at the proper time, and the following scores were made, H. W. Thompson carrying away the gold medal and C. W. Bishop the silver, after a shoot-off of the tie:

A Class.

Brayton	00001100001011111101—10	Searles	11011111111011111111—18
Menard	10111111101000011111—14	Mix	00000000011111110111—10
Thompson	01111111111111111111—19	Cave	11101101110111111111—17

B Class.

Allinson	00000101101000011110— 8	Bishop	10101001000110010010— 8

Will Cave, Sec'y.

Sutton Junction vs. Waterloo.

Sutton Junction, P. Q., March 18.—Owing to stormy weather and bad roads the return match between the Waterloo and Sutton Junction gun clubs booked for Feb. 27 was not pulled off until to-day. The conditions were 25 targets per man, unknown angles. The home team won the race with a score of 148 against 188, the visitors being somewhat handicapped by their use of No. 6 shot at fast birds. They are a lot of first-class fellows and took their defeat with good grace, expressing a determination to do the Sutton Junctions yet. The scores made were as below:

Sutton Junction.

H E Hibbard	1101110101011111111111111—21
A W Westover	1111101110101011111101101—19
S Draper	1110111111101111011111100—20
Dr Page	1010100101000110100100111—12
E G Smith	1101011001111001110001100—14
W R Safford	1011001011101011111111110—18
A Hibbard	0100101110001100110101111—14
N P Emerson	0110100111101111010000110—14
E Greely	1101000011011111000010010—12
J Crandall	0110101001001110011101011—14
J Clark	0001101010000010011000000— 7
G Clark	1100001000011100011001010—10
J Grocott	0101111010011100101001001—13—188

Waterloo.

J E McFarlane	0100100110111001110101100—13
Dr Clark	0001011010000001011111011—13
R F Shaw	0100011011101111010101100—14
Geo Moynon	1110110011101100101011000—14
Rev J T Strong	0010001010010000111001110—10
A McFarlane	1000101010011100011000110—11
S H Martin	0000001000011000111101101—10
W McDougall	0100000010101101110011101—13
A S Newell	0111100011001 00000 00111—11
H E Allen	0000011110000100010010000— 7
E J McKunne	1100111001010010100000110—11
C A Nutting	0011111000110000101011010—12
Arthur McFarlane	0100001000000110110101110—10—148

Westover.

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 21.—The members of the Audubon Gun Club held their regular weekly shoot this afternoon at Audubon Park. Thirty shooters took part in No. 1, the badge shoot, 25 targets per man. C. S. Burkhardt led in this event by breaking 23. Nos. 2 and 3 were at 15 targets, No. 4 at 5 pairs. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Kelsey	20	12	11	..	Storey	17	..	..	..
Bennett	21	12	9	5	Williams	20	10	12	..
Miller	11	5	10	4	Rounds	15	..	..	..
C S Burkhardt	23	10	12	6	Dr Sauer	10	4	5	..
E C Burkhardt	18	11	10	9	Swope	17	8	9	..
Hanks	17	6	14	..	Friese	17	11	..	..
E W Smith	20	10	..	6	Alderman	17	11	..	..
Reinecke	12	8	..	4	Stacey	12	12	8	..
Mcarthur	17	10	..	..	J Koch	11	11	8	..
Reed	16	8	6	3	Chapman	10	5	..	..
Woodbury	9	6	..	..	Eaton	18	..	..	..
Talsma	14	..	..	..	Brown	13	13	8	..
Coombs	10	..	..	..	Porter	18	8	9	..
Meyers	20	11	..	..	Russell	..	10	..	..
Sweet	11	4	..	..	Ackes	..	9	..	..
Klinck	13	4	..	..	Genemany	..	..	10	..
Norris	19	13	13	..					

Forest Gun Club, of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 21.—The Wilmington, Del., Rod and Gun Club sent a 7-men team to-day to try conclusions with a similar team of the Forest Gun Club, of this city, the race taking place on the ground of the latter at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue. After an exceedingly close contest, the home team won by two breaks, scoring 123 to 121. Scores:

Forest Gun Club.

McDaniel	1111101000101010111111101—17
Walker	0101110000111000001011000—10
W N Stevenson	1111111101111101111111111—23
H B Stevenson	0111011001110001010110011—14
Rowcroft	1111110111110111111111101—22
Morison	1111001101101111100111001—18
Thurman	1110111111011011111001101—19—123

Wilmington Rod and Gun Club.

Jersey	0100101011010010110101110—18
Bilderback	1111111111111111111011101—23
Hartlove	0010111111110010011000101—13
De Vue	1111111111101111101101011—21
Evans	1111111111101111111100110—21
Grubb	0110011010011000110001001—11
Cleaver	1011011111011110111001111—19—121

Wm. Morison, Sec'y.

Binghamton Gun Club.

Binghamton, N. Y., March 23.—Some of the more enthusiastic members of the Binghamton Gun Club braved the cold and disagreeable weather that prevailed to-day, going to the traps to have a little practice. Judging from the scores made they need some practice very badly. Really the scores are not fit for publication, but—here goes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Kendall	13	15	17	20	19	18	Smith	15	17	18	16	20	17
Brown	14	17	15	21	19	19	Ashley	12	15	..	..	..	..
Hall	11	16	18	16	17	..	Clark	..	16	17	16	19	16
Winans	13	..	..	..	..	..							

All events were 25 targets, unknown angles.

H. W. B.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 21.—The New Utrecht Gun Club held a 100-target handicap race on its target grounds to-day, the race resulting in a victory for the scratch men. The conditions were 25 targets at each of the 4 following styles of shooting: Known angles, reversed order, unknown angles, and unknown traps and angles. Wash and Deacon divided first money with 70 breaks each. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	Extras.	Total.
D Deacon	16	19	15	20	..	70
C F Wash	23	15	19	13	..	70
J Gaughen	17	13	19	14	..	63
P A Hegeman	14	18	15	14	1	62
O'Brien	15	13	12	11	10	61
Dr Shepard	16	9	12	10	10	57
R E Gray	15	9	14	11	1	50
Fleet	13	6	6	10	14	49
Littlefield	15	10	11	5	5	46
Van Brunt	12	13	10	10	..	45
Sterling	6	1	10	8	7	32

No. 1 was at known traps and angles; No. 2 at traps in reversed order; No. 3 at unknown angles; No 4 at unknown traps and angles. The allowances were: Hegeman 5, Gray and Littlefield 10, Shepard 15, O'Brien 20, Sterling and Fleet 25. Van Brunt did not shoot off his allowance.

March 28.—There was a good attendance this afternoon at the New Utrecht Gun Club's live-bird grounds, at Woodlawn, L. I. The programme called for the regular club shoot and also for a contest for the E. C. Powder cup. In the club shoot the winners in their respective classes were: Class A, Morfey; class B, F. W. Duryea; class C, Frost. The E. C. cup was won by F. W. Duryea, who killed 10 straight, being the only one of fourteen entries to accomplish that feat. Morfey won first money in No. 3 with 5 straight. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
T W Morfey (A, 31)	0222222222—9	2222220220— 8	22222—5
C Furgueson, Jr. (A, 30)	2220222•22—8	22•22220	20222—4
O M Meyer (A, 30)	20222•2221—8	•222112222— 9	.....
Dr Wynn (A, 29)	1000200101—4	00101	.....
F W Duryea (B, 27)	22••211122—8	1112222222—10	.....
R E Gray (B, 28)	2202222202—8	2220202202— 7	10010—3
Conny Furgueson (B, 27)	2002222202—7	2202222220— 8	22022—4
J Gaughen (B, 28)	2012•12120—7	1212012212— 9	22201—4
Dr Shepard (B, 27)	1•10011212—7	....	20012—3
P Adams (B, 28)	0200221102—6	211020	00002—1
A Eddy (B, 29)	0222120010—7	20210	.....
Sterling (B, 27)	00000w	....	00022 2
S Allen (B, 28)	20200•2000—3	•2000	.....
S J Held (B, 30)	2•22202200—6	00200222	.....
Frost (C, 28)	00101•2111—6	•2111•	.....
D Deacon (A)	....	22•2222222— 9	.....

April 4.—The members of the New Utrecht Gun Club held a target shoot at the club's new target grounds, Bay Ridge, this afternoon. The high wind made the scores very rocky, the targets taking the most erratic courses in their flights. Capt. Money successfully defended his claim to the challenge plate by defeating the challenger, D. Deacon, after a close contest. The conditions are 30 targets, known traps and angles, and 10 pairs, the challenger depositing $5 against the plate. The scores were: Capt. Money, 19 out of 30 at known angles and 11 breaks out of 10 pairs, total 30; Deacon, 18 out of 30 known angles and 10 out of the 10 pairs, total 28. In the club shoot at 25 targets, known angles, Capt. Money, with an allowance of 1 extra target to shoot at, tied with J. Gaughen on 18. On the shoot off Money won after a long struggle, scoring 22 to 21 out of 25. Score of the club shoot was as follows:

Capt Money (A)	11101001011110111101101011—18
J Gaughen (A)	0010011111001111111011111—18
*M Herrington	0101010111011101111111101—18
*F S Edwards	0011111011111101101010011—17
A Hegeman (A)	1110111110101111011011000—17
P Adams (A)	1100111001110110110110101—16
M Van Brunt (A)	0101010111010011111110110—16
D Deacon (A)	1111111110100100001000100—11
C Fleet (C)	0100101000100001000000000— 4

* Guests.

Other sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Capt Money	11	5	8	9	6	4	5	6	Van Brunt	6	..	..	..	8	8	9
J Gaughen	10	3	5	8	9	6	..	..	F Edwards	12	6	3	6	6	7	6
P Adams	9	4	6	8	7	7	8	6	Herrington	10	6	8	8	8	7	8
A Hegeman	7	..	..	..	3	6	5	4	D Deacon	..	8	7	7	6	..	..
C Fleet	7	..	..	..	1	0	..	8								

No. 1 was the Hegeman prize contest at 15 targets, known angles. Capt. Money was the winner with 11 out of 15, Ewards being a guest of the club. All other sweeps were at unknown angles.

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 27.—In very pleasant, spring-like weather, the members of the Audubon Gun Club held their regular weekly shoot at their grounds, Audubon Park. There was a good attendance of members, twenty-six shooters taking part in the five events shot during the afternoon. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Kelsey	6	14	14	14	..	Talsma	6	8	..	..	..
P G Meyers	1	11	11	9	10	E C Burkhardt	5	9	7	9	9
Bennett	7	11	11	10	9	B F Smith	9	13	..	..	..
Robinson	6	9	13	10	..	E W Smith	6	..	12	..	..
C S Burkhardt	8	10	11	11	11	A Heinold	5	11	11	7	1
G O Miller	7	8	6	9	8	Hammond	7	15	12	..	..
Reinecke	9	9	11	8	9	Eaton	6	11	10	10	7
Forrester	8	8	9	11	10	Ikey	..	11	..	11	..
Williams	7	7	9	11	11	W Haigh	..	12	10	6	7
Norris	8	13	15	11	11	C J Haigh	..	7	..	..	6
Ackers	6	..	..	..	..	Dr McMichael	..	..	8	7	..
Sweet	6	11	10	9	9	Dr Sauer	..	..	4	6	5
McArthur	5	9	7	10	8	Brown	..	..	12	11	10

West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association.

Newburgh, N. Y., April 2.—The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association held its regular monthly shoot this afternoon. The club contest is at 25 targets, divided as follows: 10 known traps and angles, 3 pairs and 9 known traps and unknown angles. A. Leicht led at the finish by virtue of his handicap allowance of misses as breaks. Scores:

	Known angles.	Pairs.	Unknown angles.
A Leicht (5)	1111111111	10 10 01	110100111—8
E C Likely (3)	1111111111	10 11 01	101110110—8
Iowa (10)	0110000110	10 10 10	101111001—8
Jas Taylor (0)	1111111111	10 11 10	110111111—8
H C H (0)	0111111101	11 10 11	011111111—8
Stansbrough (3)	1101111010	10 10 11	011010111—8
Wood (3)	1111010110	00 10 00	110110111—7
Anthony (3)	0100001010	01 10 01	011000000—1

David Brown.

Rome Gun Club.

Rome, N. Y., April 2.—The Rome Gun Club holds shoots for a prize gun, the man winning first place three times to become owner of the gun. The following scores were made in to-day's contest, M. B. Kingsley winning a beat for the gun:

M. B. Kingsley 22, L. E. Betson and W. P. Rayland 18, H. Barnard 17, G. Bennett and W. L Kingsley 16, F. Buttles and G. Haacke 15, R. Beach, E. Cummings and A. H. Golley 14, H. Beach and W. Fillmore 13, O. D. Bassett 10.

W. P. Rayland.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Tide of Travel to Mountains of Western North Carolina.

The tide of travel is headed for the glorious mountains of western North Carolina (Asheville and Hot Springs), "the Saratoga of the South." Thousands are visiting these attractive resorts for pleasure and health. So famous has this region become among the tourists and pleasure seekers that at this season of the year the Vestibuled Limited trains of the Southern Railway, "Piedmont Air Line," are going crowded with those going to a region where every breath is one of health and joy. The scenery around Asheville is most charming. The most magnificent panorama of mountain views is spread before the vision. The scenes change with the hours: for the rosy lights of morning, the glare of noonday and the deepening shadow of the evening gives each in their turn a new and varied charm to view. A visit to Asheville is a "brace up;" this is not generally understood. It is the influence of altitude on vitality. The Southern Railway reaches these resorts with magnificent equipped trains, leaving New York daily at 4:30 P. M., with through Pullman Car Service, and as the trip is made within twenty-two hours, is in easy access to those who desire to go and spend a few days of rest and recreation.

New York Office Southern Railway, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*